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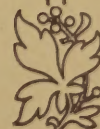


# The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts

November 1939









# The Cambridge Review



CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL  
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

NOVEMBER, 1939

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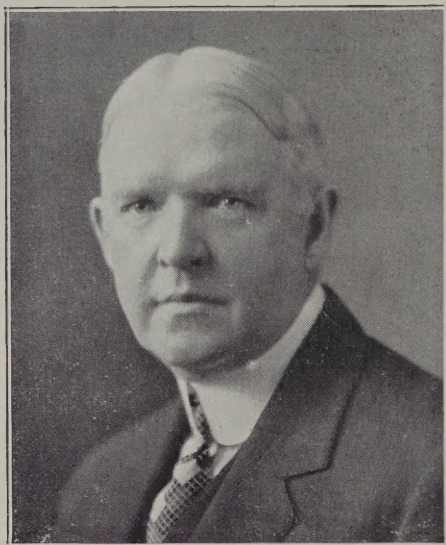
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## In Memoriam



MR. BLISS

CHESTER M. BLISS came to the Cambridge English High School in 1907. In 1910, that school was united with the Cambridge Latin School to form the Cambridge High and Latin School.

Mr. Bliss was in his thirty-third year of continuous service when he left us.

For many years his work was in the class room and that work was effective, sympathetic, and scholarly. He possessed to a marked degree certain qualities that are fundamental to good teaching — a genuine interest in and liking for young people, a fine appreciation of scholarship, a willingness to give very freely of time and energy. Mr. Bliss could not do careless work. He was his own severest critic and nothing less than his best could pass that critic.

His students will remember his kindlinesses when they discussed with him their problems.

He left us in the prime of his service and yet the total of his accomplishment was large.

We shall remember him as a man of high ideals, fine scholarship, and devoted interest in young people who gave over thirty years of his life to the school he loved.

LESLIE L. CLEVELAND.

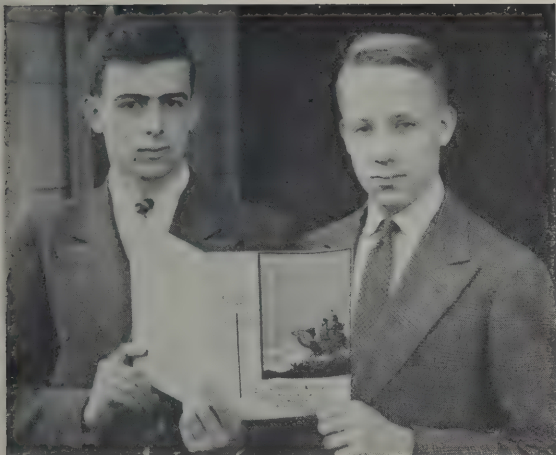
WITH the death of Chester M. Bliss in October, our school suffered a heavy loss. Anyone who has come in contact with his kindly personality must mourn his death as that of a dear friend. A graduate of Amherst with A.B. and A.M. degrees to his credit, he came to Cambridge in 1907, and ever since has worked unceasingly for the good of the school and its students. As a teacher he was very versatile, running the gamut of studies from Latin to History, guiding the Chess Team to its present high status, and attaining the office of Assistant Headmaster. Not only these accomplishments, but also his great gift of befriending everyone around him, endeared Mr. Bliss to all who knew him.

### MISS HARDY

NO one was more devoted to the school than Miss Georgia Hardy. She loved teaching so much that even her death did not halt her good work. Her spirit carries on in the Georgia Hardy Spelling Prize for the best Senior speller in the Commercial Department. Miss Hardy taught here since 1922, when she came here from private teaching, and was always admired for her work with Commercial students. Her death was a really great loss to the school and to her students, all of whom respected her highly.



## THE EDITORS



## EDITORIAL

SOON will come what all too many of us refer to as the next vacation. True, it is the next vacation, but as any child from the second grade up can tell you, it was originated for a very different purpose from simply giving us a timely holiday. As a matter of fact, Cambridge has always been most generous to us, giving us the days before and after Thanksgiving as well as the day itself, originally with the intention of allowing the teachers time to reach the back woods of Maine to visit their parents. If you are one of those who count the days before Christmas and the end of school,—and which of us is not? — you have something to be thankful for in the generosity of the vacation itself.

But there are deeper things to Thanksgiving. You have doubtless heard time and again that everyone of us from the richest to the poorest has something to be thankful for. As one person we know used to put it, we all can be thankful for health, for three meals a day, and for many other things so common in our lives that we seldom realize they are there; there are many who do not have these things, yet I will wager that even these people may well say they are thankful that things are no worse. Things are never so bad that they could not be a great deal worse.

I suddenly realized we can be thankful that, despite the many wars that have broken out in various parts of the world, as yet there is no chance that the United States will have to sign another armistice. If you have been reading the magazines lately, you know that as soon as we are eighteen, the army has a job waiting for us if necessary, and we will be "over there" pumping cartridges and dodging bullets sooner than has hitherto been possible. I imagine there are few of us who are not thankful that that hasn't yet happened.

MEMBERS of the class of 1943, we give you greeting and a cordial welcome to the Cambridge High and Latin School. You are entering into a fine and honorable heritage but with that privilege you must assume the responsibilities also. See that you do your part toward preserving the century old traditions of your school — traditions of integrity, honest effort, and fair play. How can you do this?

By being honest to yourself, you will be loyal to your school.

Once more — welcome — and may you enjoy four happy and successful years.

L. L. CLEVELAND.

"IT'S *your* magazine, not ours." Doubtless more editorials and campaign speeches have been made on this subject than on any other; yet, unless human nature has suddenly changed, the effect of such appeals is seldom great. We are all inclined to say, "Yes, I suppose so, but after all, I am terribly busy. Besides, there are a great many people who can do much better than I. They are the ones you need." Letting the other fellow do it is certainly very popular with us, and it is natural. We all have, in the moral sense, that quality which the physicist calls *inertia*. In other words, it takes infinitely more pushing to get us started than it afterwards does to keep us going. However, if we realize that we are letting this inertia get the better of us, we have ourselves half started already. After all, we needn't be literary geniuses to be of help to the REVIEW. True, the literary department can always use more contributions, for then it is possible, by wise choice, to include not only good work, but a variety of subjects as well. There are, however, other departments which need a great deal of hard work and help from *you*, the person reading these words right now.

For instance, how often have you read a really funny joke in the REVIEW? Not casting any aspersions on former staffs, I can safely say that there have been very few — so few, in fact, that we seriously considered omitting the jokes entirely, but that didn't seem quite right. That is just one example, and one that ought to keep a good many people busy; it isn't easy to gather together a collection of genuinely amusing jokes. If you don't agree with me, try it yourself — and hand the results in to us.

Don't think that you haven't the ability to help us; all you need is a little ambition and the perseverance to follow up your ideas. By the way, there is more to that quality of inertia, as any physics student will tell you; once we are going steadily forward, it takes a great deal to stop us.

## SWIMMING AND SUNBASKING

IT is a sweltering summer day in the middle of July. I am gingerly dipping my big toe in the tiny, little waves which are playing tag with the soft, velvety sands of the beach. I discover the water to be deliciously cool, and I bravely take three steps in. What a shock! The waves foam about my ankles, numbing them with icy precision; my whole body trembles like a bowl of Jack Benny's Jello. Back to the shelter of the warm sands I rush, in order to recover. But soon those frothing waves, like the top of a vanilla ice cream soda, tempt me again. This time a deep determination to overcome these waters which seem to mock my fear, creeps over me. I take a deep breath, shut my eyes tightly, and run in with a great deal of splashing. The next thing I know, I am swimming about and beginning to like it. Yes, I believe I do. When, on returning several minutes later to my favorite spot on the sand, I meet some people shivering on the edge of the water, and debating as to whether they should go in or not, I smile at them with great superiority. "Sissies," I say to myself.

Now, having removed my cap, I stretch myself out in the sand, nature's softest mattress. Some people like to read on the seaside; I like to do just nothing. As the sun's rays take possession of me, and a lazy drowsiness creeps through me, I enter a region somewhere between Sleep-land and Awake-land. It is the land of Day-dreams.

First, I see a young woman who bears a striking resemblance to me, bowing and smiling on the stage of a famous theatre. The ovation she is receiving is deafening; the audience seems to have gone mad in order to express their appreciation. As I look more closely, I find it is really I. I have just finished playing in *Elizabeth the Queen* at New York. But my fame does not end there. I am known all over the world, but am especially the toast of France, England, and America. King George and Queen Elizabeth ask for command performances; the President and the First Lady invite me to the White House; Hollywood begs me incessantly to sign a contract; the critics hail me as the second Sarah Bernhardt.

Thus I leave the great actress at the peak of her success, and continue my journey through the land of Day-dreams. I come upon a dilapidated building in the midst of a deserted forest. As I enter it quietly, I find it to contain a large laboratory. Working diligently with a test tube and a collection of bottles is a woman. Yes, it is I. I have devoted my life to discover a cure for tuberculosis. Against innumerable odds I struggle year after year, there, alone in the woods. At last, at a ripe old age, after many heart-breaking defeats, I find the cure. I die, happy in knowing that I have done something to lighten human suffering.

I am also out of my Day-dreamland now; but before I leave, there is someone I must meet. It is Prince Charming. What girl does not dream of him! So, Prince Charming, a blend of Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, and Rudolph Valentino, riding his handsome white horse, comes to meet me on the last lap of my journey. But something is happening; he is growing dimmer. Suddenly, shouts and laughter announce the arrival of my friends on the beach, and somewhat reluctantly, I leave the land of Dreams to join them.

EOS SPIROPOULOS, '40.

## IN A CHURCH

THE sound of the twilight chimes drifted along the evening breeze, as I closed the doors of the little white church behind me. Far down the aisle, on the altar, among the lilies, gleamed the wavering light of the candles, while on either side of me, the tall carved pillars of the church stood like stately seraphim, guarding a sacred trust. Above my head, their flickering candles throwing strange shadows on the white-paneled walls, two great crystal chandeliers sparkled in the half-light.

Outside, the ringing of the bells ceased, and quiet, like a benediction, lay upon all, broken only by the scuffling of my feet.

As I proceeded down the aisle, the soft notes of an organ began to fill the air, berathing out their message of beauty into the night. Finally, reaching my goal, I knelt and bent my head, while the music of the organ swelled to a crescendo, thrilling and vibrating through the church. Then, as the sound of the organ faded into the shadows, I rose and returned to the door of the church.

When I turned for one last look down the austere, peaceful interior of this House of God, the words above the altar, lettered in gold met my eye, "Mine eyes shall behold a bright land that is very far off."

PHYLLIS GILMAN, '41.

## THE EXILE

How often have I heard it sadly said,  
"Oh, but to travel, but to see the world!"—  
And angry, lonely, passionate, have hurled  
Back to the speakers: "Travel? I have fed  
On that rich cake of travel,—and for bread,  
Good, wholesome, homely bread of family cheers,  
Have wept for very longing bitter tears,  
And wished, in my cold exile, to be dead!  
I am too old, too old now to go back;  
But in the life I thought would be so rich  
In learning and contentment, all I lack  
Of that one gift of all things greatest, which,  
Since I am old, I long for; simply this,  
My home, my garden, and my mother's kiss!"

BERTHA HUMEZ, '40.



## STAINED GLASS

IN the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Chartres are the most beautiful stained glass windows that I have ever seen. I have seen stained glass windows in many churches, even those in the Sainte Chapelle which are said to be some of the most beautiful. Those in Chartres appealed to me most. I remember them especially clearly from the first time that I ever visited the cathedral. It was a hot, sunny day when I entered the quiet, cool, and peaceful semi-darkness. On the floor before me were the patches of blue light made by the sun, shining through the great windows high above.

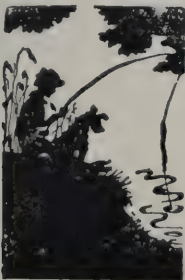
The windows in this cathedral are especially remarkable because of the predominance of blue in them. This is not a bright purple or a light blue but a deep, rich, medium color. The red stands out in sharp contrast. The scarcity of the other colors gives a very imposing effect. Yet one does not tire of the blue. The atmosphere of Notre Dame de Chartres is much more calming and restful than that of any other cathedral. I am sure that the blue windows make this difference.

The windows are made up of many little pictures and scenes, forming together one design. Each window is entirely different from the rest. There may be a series of large circles with separate little scenes around these. Or the design may be in the form of a number of diamonds, placed one above the other. Or one may be composed of only small, equal squares. Usually every window tells one story. Each small picture is a part not only of the design but also of the whole story. There are dozens of little figures in one window. Each is a work of art.

The most beautiful window of them all is the great rose. It appears to be made up of jewels, of the most exquisite coloring, especially blue, set into the deep blackness of the wall. These different parts, which are circles of different sizes, join to form one unit, a rose window, so beautiful that I cannot describe it.

These windows are, justly, one of the greatest treasures of France.

EVA HEGEMANN, '40.



## CHARLES RIVER

A LITTLE child, just like the numerous other children in the classroom, stared gloomily through the window and then with a deep sigh turned her rebellious brown eyes back to the messy sheet of paper on which she was painfully drawing a crooked, black line. 'Twas torture to watch her work, her lips so compressed, a deep pucker on her usually smooth brow as she slowly printed the letters "Charles River" by the side of the crooked black line. Not a thought had ever come to that child that she would sometime see that line in reality and that it would not seem so crooked then. .

'Twas a cool autumn evening when I left the house and made my way briskly through the crowded, noisy streets; through the unpleasant pressing atmosphere towards the grassy banks of the Charles River. What a change, a pleasant change one can get by taking a few steps forward! There, before me, as I stood by an old green bench, I saw the shiny waters of the Charles River in all their glory; peaceful and undisturbed by the tooting horns of the motor cars and the low rumbling of the tram-car wheels, as if they wished to get out quickly from this place, grumbling in their annoyance for the delay. What beautiful reflections on the other side of the river where the smoky factory buildings stand! They are so different in the evenings with only dark distant outlines forming their structure and their windows softly lighted, like some pearls that dimly shine from under the dark folds of some dowager's velvet dress. Such numerous colors are reflected in the tranquil waters, mingling with the bright lights of the street lamps, black, yellow, red — and somewhere — peeping through some dark corner is a delicate tint of blue — or dark green.

The numerous lights of the cars as they speed swiftly along the busy banks opposite me seem like flaring torches. As I look at their bright reflections in the Charles, it somehow carries me back into the sombre past — perhaps one thousand years before Christ first saw light on earth. Indeed, as I watched, it appeared as if a long procession was passing by; somehow the thought of Druids comes to my mind, as I see their far-off torches burning brightly on the solitude of the night.

The moon seems to look upon it coldly. It stays in one place, partly silver and partly gold. I do not see its reflection in the river; nor that of the single star that twinkles merrily in the measureless sky, distant and serene like a tiny jewel on a velvet cushion.

Farther off, I can see the dark outline of a man as he gazes musingly at the river. I wonder what his thoughts are . . . Is he seeing the luring beauty of the Charles or are his thoughts sad and dark?

I think that his thoughts are gloomy for he turns abruptly from the banks. As he passes by me, I see an angry face, half-hidden by a turned up collar, turn towards me — gleaming with hatred and despair. Why does he look like that? What have I done — or the river . . . I start and wonder but he is gone, leaving behind the still and calm Charles River.

As I sit on the broken bench and look at the Charles between half-closed eyelids, I think of many things — mixed thoughts in my head that I understand but can't convey into words. How the river changes in its shape! Perhaps it's just my imagination that when I look at the buildings, with their lighted windows, the street lamps with their brilliant flames, and the colorful reflections, they appear to me as just the center ornament of the limitless grey sky and the soft, grey waters of the Charles that join together and form something measureless, unknown, and queer.

Far away — somewhere — I hear a joyful and rather coarse shout that shakes me from my pleasant thoughts and makes me realize that I am not dreaming. Soon, clearly outlined against the grey, blinking waters are two long canoes, gliding stealthily on the peaceful river. Once more a shout is heard, this time louder and so harsh that even the mysterious Charles seems to protest; its waters ripple reproachfully — gently. "One-two-atta boy-one," with equal strokes that splash in the deep waters the canoes glide on making a pleasant, rippling sound that soon grows softer as they vanish into the dark distance and finally die away.

The Charles is quiet now and very peaceful. Everything is tranquil in me — even the shrill horns of the motorcars and the grumbling noise of the tram cars seem to have some sort of rhythm. It is getting late and the dusky red in the sky turns into a greyish colour slightly tinted with yellow. Another star, smaller and less bright than the first, has come out and peeks mysteriously from under its soft blanket casting a quiet reflection on the calm river.

Suddenly, quite unexpectedly, the river seems to sense some disturbance as if some foreboding thought had passed through its vast mind. Its waters burst into many gentle ripples, so strange and disturbing; it becomes louder as the waves come nearer the shore — the reflected lights tremble slightly and in these golden lines I can see hundreds of little flares that sway together quickly and merrily, sometimes intermingling, and at times separating for some distance.

It is getting darker and the river reflects more lights. As I walk slowly along the little path on the shore, I look back for just one last look at the luminous river, that dark, peaceful body of water that has given me a feeling of tranquility — and also of fear. I wonder why they called it "Charles,"

those brave men that first settled on its shores? That delightful monarch of England was in no way like this moody river — nor was it like him. He probably was a tall, skinny man with a broken nose and a powdered moustache who thought of the river not as it is, but as a crooked black line — a small, black line slightly twisted in places like a wiggly caterpillar; scratched on some crumpled sheet of paper, its course directed by a child's unwilling hand — just as a caterpillar crawls slowly and painfully on a light, green mulberry leaf. That is what the Charles is in imagination. I'd rather see it like that, than in reality, on a cool evening in autumn when its waters ripple too gently to be comforting, when its colour is too grey and powerful in its greyness; sinister in its tranquility and calm — too calm perhaps. For though it is beautiful it inspires fear in me and dreary thoughts of the past.

Mysterious river! What long ages of history must have passed you by! I wonder who first came to worship your smooth waters. Perhaps it was a savage redskin who stumbled upon you unexpectedly, through high swishing grasses and coarse trunks of trees, staring in astonishment at your cool, beautiful waters. I can imagine his brown glistening body, painted with odd colours, as he warily comes towards your shores. Perhaps he stumbles and slips into your waiting arms while your waves ripple slightly and sweet bubbles rise on your surface. Perhaps he lies there still, his remains having mingled with the ground on which you flow. But deep river — you are calm, unknowing, mysterious, and cold. I fear you and so I leave.

As I walk on I can hear from the distance the happy voices of the boys in the canoes as they glide once more on the river. The moon seems to mock at me and I fearfully walk away. What a beautiful river — the Charles! How calm and peaceful — too calm perhaps. Boys on the river — I ask you — beware of this cold, dark river.

TAMARA POLEVOY, '40.

### SILENT SERVANTS

AT this time of the year, especially, the eyes of America are upon automobiles. It is now that the new models are making their flashing debut. The 1940 automobiles are not only more beautiful, but are much nearer to mechanical perfection than ever before. These modern genii are even more dependable and faithful than the one in the bottle. Startling developments, such as the complete elimination of clutch and shift in the Oldsmobile, automatic folding top on the Ford, and fourth speed forward on the Nash, high light the new edition of the great American servant, making him one of the most efficient, economical, beautiful, and powerful aids ever available to the common man.

PAUL KIRBY, '39.



## MUSIC PICTURES

IT is very possible that if I ever told a music lover of the ultra-extreme type that I sometimes see music rather than hear it, he would form the firm conviction that I am a case for a psychoanalyst. Strange as this statement may seem to the casual hearer, it is nevertheless perfectly logical when regarded in the right light.

Who can hear beautiful music without, perhaps subconsciously, seeing a picture in its melody? If one has a vivid imagination, as well as a love for music, it is very easy for the picture evoked by music to become so clear that the music becomes, as it were, a mere background to the imagined scene.

I can never hear Debussy's exquisite "*Clair de Lune*" without seeing, in my mind's eye, a great Egyptian temple, and, dancing before its altar, a single rapt maiden clad in flowing robes, her hair streaming down over her arms. Is not a picture like that, beautiful in itself, clear enough to stand out as a listener's impression of the immortal lovely music?

Then I challenge any music lover, especially a devotee of the opera, to hear the brilliant and stirring "*Ride of the Valkyrie*" without seeing a rushing scene flare into being in his mind. I can see a whirling wind raging around a bloody battlefield; and on the wind I see horses ridden by the great goddesses of Valhalla, swooping down with their triumphant "Ho yo to ho!" to take back to the home of the immortal gods those men who have fought bravely and well.

There are so many pictures! I can never hear a Chopin mazurka or waltz without seeing a band of "sylphides" in their white ballet skirts dancing joyously and freely in a stage woodland, their lovely arms waving in beautifully symmetrical patterns. The wild "Fire Dance" brings a picture of a madly gyrating witch doctor leaping and twisting around a red and purple fire.

If I am queer, it is unfortunate; but as I can get so much more out of music by my melody-visions, I am satisfied.

BERTHA HUMEZ, '40.

## THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

DOWN the dark, rain-swept alley drifted two large, wet umbrellas. Reaching a dimly lighted doorway, they passed momentarily, then slowly descended, revealing us, two quaking quizzers.

Here was our goal, the Boston Opera House, and we had only to wait a few minutes to realize the peak of our ambitions, an interview with the star of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" himself, Raymond Massey.

In the cramped quarters of his dressing-room, the actor, a former gunnery master at Princeton and Yale, became the target of a barrage of questions fired by his interviewers. "No," he said, nervously puffing a cigarette. "Even though the author and I are old friends and I have wanted to play Lincoln for a long time, I never would have attempted this part without the background of my Massachusetts ancestry. Sandburg's "*Life of Lincoln*" and a few other books helped me in studying the unknown phases of Lincoln's life."

Hesitatingly, we asked, "Do you think that Lincoln has any counterpart in literature?"

"No," he began, and our hopes nearly fell, "I don't believe so, unless perhaps Hamlet. They both have the same melancholia, the same reluctance to face reality. I don't try to bring this sadness out; that's an interesting question, though."

Pride then warmed us as we glanced around the small room, littered with costumes, greasepaint, wigs, props, whiskers, and putty for artificial noses!

On the perennial question of stage vs. screen, he seemed to be neutral. To him there is an everpresent reality on the stage, yet the treatment in the motion pictures is more explicit. One is actual; the other, an impression.

From our scribbles we learned: the Boston audiences are fairly er—er—reticent . . . The size of the Boston Opera House makes it necessary for an actor to throw his voice a great deal . . . There is no special formula for early stage success—Mr. Massey just went and got a job . . . His make up, putty nose, whiskers, shaggy wig, takes nearly 45 minutes to apply . . . This war will have a great effect on the theatre . . . Usually, audiences appreciate the plot rather than the character . . . So far, Mr. Massey has no future plan. He lives, so he says, from day to day, from hand to mouth . . .

When Mr. Massey learned that we had not seen the play, his wife graciously gave us seats for the superb performance. This play, by Robert E. Sherwood, is the greatest we have ever seen, and we wish it, and all those who have made it great, continued success. It escapes the dullness of the average historical play by presenting its point not as a sermon but as a human drama.

JUNE JACKSON, '41.

MARGARET MILLER, '41.



## SUZANNE, CZARINA

THERE was no doubt about it; David, Crown Prince of all the Russias, was very happy. Swinging his cane gaily and whistling a popular tune, he looked little like a prince. He was dressed as well as any young *Boulevardiere*; and why shouldn't he? He was little more than that. For David was young; David was free. His father was Czar and David preferred to let him worry about the government. Some day he would have to rule Russia, unless some Bolshevik or Anarchist "took care of him." Until that day arrived, however, the Prince was going to have his way.

Czardom was re-established in 1952. Nicholas, Czar, ruled well; but in a country like Russia, how can one man be popular with everyone? There were Bolsheviks, Anarchists, Socialists, Communists, and every other kind of fanatic. One of these had only to pull the trigger to start a Republican revolt against monarchy.

Even such a fate as this did not worry David, as he executed his commission. He walked through the Government Building searching for the office of Chief Counsellor Nardoff. He did not notice a solitary scrubwoman, waxing one of the floors. She had seen him when he entered; she had poured nearly the whole bottle of wax over her floor and rubbed it in, briskly. Then as he approached, she rose.

"Is the floor dry?" Half the people of Moscow never recognized him, and the other half didn't know he existed.

"Yes, quite dry," the girl quickly replied with a strange gleam in her eye. He proceeded, replete with dignity which he soon lost along with his balance. Not only did he fall, but he slipped along the surface for ten feet while the girl shook with rather malicious laughter.

Attracted by the commotion, Counsellor Nardoff hurried to assist the Prince and to apprehend the criminal, both of whom he escorted into his office to avoid the gathering crowd.

"Are you sure that Your Highness is quite unhurt?" he cried solicitously, the moment the door was shut.

"I am perfectly all right," David assured him, "but the defendant seems to have a grudge against me."

"You should be thankful," the girl remarked, as she insolently sank into a chair, "that it was I who saw you rather than an Anarchist; he would have thrown a bomb, while I satisfied myself with seeing you lose your dignity."

"Young lady, why did you wish to cause the loss of my precious dignity?" he asked.

"Because you caused the loss of mine! Because your father's filthy bodyguards murdered my father!" She was crying unrestrainedly now, on the arm of the chair.

"Yes . . . yes!" murmured David softly. "I remember you now. Suzanne, the girl who aspired to the throne of Russia. You and your Bolshevik compatriots who clutched the monarchy by the throat tried to murder my father, the logical heir to the throne, but his protectors shot the whole wretched mob! They did that deed in justice!"

"No, No!" she cried frantically.

"In justice, I tell you!" he repeated. Then he began to muse. "Alexandrina Catherine Suzanne Lezensky; why, if you desire so passionately to play the great lady of Russia, do you not arrange to have my father and me murdered; then your Bolshevik friends could seize the rule again. You would probably marry Alexander as his Queen, Queen to an imitation Czar."

"I marry that weak, tremulous braggart! Never!"

"If he stood in your way, you could remove him as well as us."

She was tired, weak, unhappy. "I could kill no one; if I were ruthless, my weapon should have been a dagger rather than a can of wax."

Having dried her eyes, Suzanne looked up at the desk. A door has just opened softly behind David; a man with a pistol ready for action appeared, a man whom Suzanne recognized as her cousin, a member of her band. Assassination! She should be glad! Why wasn't she? She was frightened, horrified, and in that moment she screamed. The shriek came in time to warn the prince, who turned and grappled with the would-be assassin. In a minute, the guards arrived, and taking the prisoner in their charge, they divested him of his gun.

"Well, my dear," smiled David, looking slightly less like a well-dressed gentleman, "you hate me, yet you save me. I am puzzled, but grateful."

"I am afraid," the girl whispered when she was alone with David once more. "It is horrible for I save my enemy's life and fear my friends."

"Why do you fear them?"

"They will find out that I have betrayed Dimitri, the assassin; I cannot escape."

"Do not be afraid." David was suddenly very kind. "You shall come to my royal home. There you will see how a Czarina might live. Perhaps I can reform your warped ideas and show you that our principles are the real, honest ones. At any rate, I shall try. Will you come?"



She made no reply but as he took up his hat and cane and left the room, she followed him.

Months later David and Suzanne were sitting quietly before a ruddy fire. It was pleasant for the fall evening and was just cool enough to give a chill to the air.

"David, I have a confession to make. All these months you have talked with me, tried to instruct me, laboured with me in every way. Your patience has been wonderful, for you have been striving to make me believe the doctrine of you and your father and your government." Her voice was very low, as if she were almost ashamed to continue. "David—I believe. I can see now that the code of my former compatriots is all wrong. Why it's—it's mad, inhuman, vile. They brag of doing all these great acts wholly for Russia's sake, while their only motive is greed."

"I am glad. It impresses me, too, that in the time that you have lived at the Royal residence here with my cousin Stephana, your health has improved. You look so much better."

"I am happy. I am happier now than I ever shall be again; it is because I am, for the first time in my life, totally free and because, also for the first time, I have real friends. Here, I have been treated like a human being, like a woman and not like a caged animal. This feeling between your family and me is the only true friendship, for it consists of happiness and kindness."

He leaned towards her and whispered, "And you no longer hate me?"

"Hate you? I am only grateful that if you dislike me, you have concealed it from me."

"No, no, I—I—" Since he could find no words with which to express himself, David leaned over and suddenly kissed her. She broke away, startled.

"This is mad!" She was trembling as if a wave of cold wind had passed through her. "Mad, mad!"

"Why is it?" he asked. "You once aspired to be Czarina!"

"As a Bolshevik!"

"That is over. I have given you new principles, new creeds; you have forgotten the old thoughts."

"David, you must forget me."

"Never! I love you and I am not ashamed to admit it." His hands felt like bands of steel on her arms.

"Let me go, David—please."

"I have frightened you." He freed her from his grasp. "Good night, dear Suzanne."

She mounted half way up the stairs before she spoke.

"Poor David,—poor, dear, silly David." She hurried upstairs as she began to cry.

(Continued on page 21)

## MARS AND MUSIC

"ISN'T it terrible, the way the Germans are disrupting Europe and the world! I, for one, intend to boycott Wagnerian opera and Beethoven concerts. My son is studying German now; I think I will have him drop it. It's the patriotic thing to do in days like these."

The patriotic thing to do! What is patriotic in banishing the music of the masters because those men happened to belong to a nation now belligerent? It is not the German people against whom Britain and France have taken up arms; it is their government and its threat to democracy. The war-time hysteria which rocked the country in 1914, sweeping before it the art, music, and literature of Germany threatens to do so again.

Last year's wave of destruction in Germany against non-Aryans shocked the world. Probably it so infuriated the person whose words are quoted above that he decided to shun all German works. Perhaps he did not realize that he was doing the same thing which had so irked him!

In the World War, the compositions of Beethoven and Wagner, the writings of Goethe and Schiller, the voice of Johanna Gadski, the great dramatic soprano, and the genius of Fritz Kreisler, an Austrian, were all more or less banned. If a living German artist is involved in espionage, then his efforts should be given as scant honor by Americans as the broken promises of the head of the Nazi regime. However, if he works for the sake of his art alone, why should he be made a martyr? Why should the geniuses which that country has produced be penalized just because they are German? The same holds true for their language.

It is not only futile to do this but childish and intolerant. Efforts should be made to erase these thoughts from the minds of an otherwise sensible people. Such efforts can be summed up in three words — Abolish bigoted propaganda!

MARGARET MILLER, '41.

## WISHING

I wish I were a lovely rose,  
With petals bright and soft;  
I'd be the sweetest flower that grows,  
And hold my head aloft.  
I'd bathe each morning in the dew,  
And sun myself all day;  
I'd lift my face up to the blue  
Of God's great sky, and pray.

ANNE FARR, '43.



## JANE WITHERS

The following is a study of Jane Withers given by her to Robert Guest, C. H. L. S., '42:

WELL, I promised to tell you about my newest hobbies and pets and school studies and everything, so here they are:

My favorite sports are ice skating, lasso-ing, swimming, horseback riding, badminton, roller skating and dancing. I like to knit and crochet sweaters, bags, boleros and belts.

My most favorite mystery story right now is "Who Killed Aunt Maggie?" by Medora Perkerson. My favorite kind of other books is biographies of famous people, like "Royal Girlhood," which tells the child life of all the famous queens of history, and biographies of famous men like the one about Edward Bok who collected stamps and autographs and came to America to get the autographs of Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes. My favorite movie stars are Don Ameche, Alice Faye, Linda Darnell, Una Merkel, Baby Sandy, Henry Wilcoxon, Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Patsy Kelly, Gene Autry, Mickey Rooney and Gloria Jean.

I have seven dogs — Blue Boy, an English sheep dog; Rex, Belgian Police; Duke and Duchess, points Leo Carillo gave me; Suzie-Q, Pekingese; Napoleon, a Chihuahua; and Princess, the white Spitz who comes to school in my dressing room at the studio with me every day. My cats are Jitterbug, a Tortoise-shell, and Blinker, a red Persian. My deer, Dot and Dash, grew too big to keep at home, but I go to see them at the zoo. I still have Senorita, my parrot; Ranger and Maud, the big turtles; turkeys, chickens, two Chinese Silkies, 10 pheasants, three Texas red squirrels, lots of rabbits and a pair of lovebirds. Henry Wilcoxon is taking care of Lady Bess, the calf, for me, and Fidel, our gardner, keeps my Sicilian donkey and my goats for me because the neighbors objected to them.

My favorite picture is "High School," because there were about 300 kids in it, and we had a swell time together. We had to do a lot of exciting things for the picture: we had a Lasso club, and we ended up with a formal dance in which we girls wore long party dresses and the boys wore swell uniforms, and they let us keep on dancing to the orchestra after they'd finished the last take. We organized a club called the "8-and-8 Club" — 8 boys and 8 girls — and we all take turns giving parties or going ice skating or roller skating or to football games together.

My teacher, Miss Gertrude Vizard, has promoted me to the ninth grade, so now I'm a Freshman in High School, and among my studies, history, Spanish and English are the three solids that will count

for college entrance. I'm crazy about school this term because I study so many new and interesting subjects. There's social history, which includes the history of civilization, with particular emphasis on stories of Egypt and early Greece. The stories about Egypt made me realize how important and fascinating archæology is, because when you realize that the hieroglyphics on old stones reveal the life of people of past ages, it's pretty exciting.

That's all I can think of right now, except that my favorite ambitions are to organize an all-girls' softball team good enough to beat a boys' team, and to become a costume sketch artist.

## PEP TALK

THE day of the big game dawned cold and clear. Bill Wadsworth jumped up out of bed. Muscles ripped over his heroic torso. He took his usual brisk morning shower, then dressed carefully in his every day clothes.

"Time enough to get down there — I can't wait till I get the old outfit on again," he thought.

Bill Wadsworth rummaged around and got his old uniform together. "We'll see if old Dartmouth really has something on the ball," he commented grimly to himself.

He walked slowly across the campus to the ivy covered stadium where the crowd was already streaming in. Its faint murmur was invigorating. How often had he run across that springy turf, knowing that he was part of that great conflict and pageantry!

The coach stood near the Maroon bench. As Bill passed him, Jones winked and said, "Just five minutes to dress, boy."

His muscles tightened as he said, "We'll see what they've got, coach."

Five minutes later, Bill Wadsworth trotted out on the field. A cheer broke from the assembled throng. Raising his head proudly, he waved his hand at the roaring crowd.

"Peanuts! Pop corn! Five cents!" he shouted.

WIN HOLLAND, '40.

ON the dean's list at Tech appear the following names of C. H. L. S. graduates:

## FIRST HONORS

John Lyons

Jean Pearlson

Elliott Shaw

## SECOND HONORS

Thomas Crowley, '38      Eloise Humez, '38

T Mello, '31 and Ira Habeshian, '33 graduated last June from Northeastern University.





### JOKES

*Chem. Teacher:* "Tell me about nitrates."

"Er, ah, er — they're somewhat cheaper than day rates."

*Joe:* "Well, Moe, how did you find yourself today?"

*Moe:* "Oh, I just pulled back the covers, and there I was!"

*Jim:* "When I was born, they shot off a cannon."

*Slim:* "Too bad they missed!"

*Mistress:* "Mary, we have breakfast promptly at eight a. m."

*New Maid:* "All right, Ma'am; if I ain't down, don't wait for me."

*Teacher:* "Now, John, if you put your hand in your pocket and pulled out two quarters and a dime, what would you have?"

*Johnny:* "Some one else's pants."

Joe's a human dynamo: everything on him is charged.

"After the game did they have to put stitches in?"

"Naw, I just pulled myself together."

*He:* "Women can never keep a secret."

*She:* "Yes, they can. I have kept my age a secret ever since I was twenty-five."

*He:* "But one day you will let it out."

*She:* "No, if I can keep a secret for eight years, I can go on keeping it."

### WIT' AND HALF-WIT

Wodehouse Witticisms: She looked as if she had been poured into her clothes and forgotten to say, "When!"

He looked as if Nature had intended to make a gorilla, and had changed its mind halfway.

When asked to name three signs of the Zodiac, the Honor Class student replied, "Leo, the lion; Cancer, the crab; Mickey, the mouse."

Following the current course of our so-called humor, the man who took sleeping pills is christened "The Wizard of Snooze."

I remember Mr. Derry's story of the pupil who asked him, "If a rivulet is a little river, and a piglet, a little pig, is Hamlet a . . ." Oh well! You can guess the rest.

When Mr. Sullivan told us of the poll tax which men pay to vote, he remarked that there is a bill up to make women pay a like tax. It seems that for the past five years men have voted down the bill saying that, after all, "The man pays and pays and pays!"

### THE RADIO ANNOUNCER EATS BREAKFAST

"GOOD Morning, good morning! And how are all our early risers this cheery morning? The time? At the sound of the gong it will be exactly quarter past seven, courtesy of Pulova Watch Company."

"Well, well, so we have Crackle cereal for breakfast! Crackle cereal is put out by Fellogs Fancy Foods, Rattle Creek, Michigan. It contains Vitamins A. B. C, and Q."

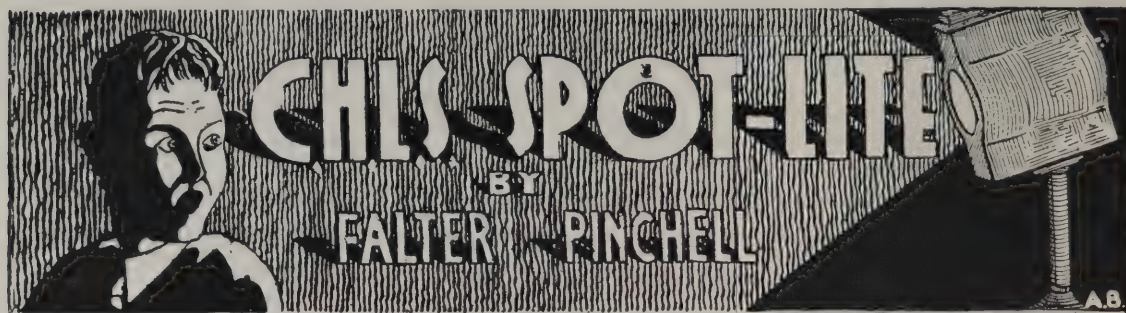
"Barlington Sausage? Oh good! Are you tired of the same old thing for breakfast? Not me, dear, the food! Try Barlington's Sausage for a change."

"Smell that lovely coffee. Folks, Sase & Cham-born's coffee is really wonderful; you can get it at your neighborhood grocer."

"I must hurry. Kiss? No kiss, dear. Your lipstick smears; you should use Banshee cosmetics!"

"What? Leaving for Reno this morning? Can't stand me anymore? Fly! Go by the W. I. Z. air-lines. Speed is their motto! Goodbye!"

J. L.



## THE C. H. L. S. SPOTLITE

by

FALTER PINCHELL

GREETIN's, fellow Latinites! The Spotlite weighs anchor this year with a new skipper, a new crew, and the wish to sell you some real solid Pinchellism. The other day, we saw John White struggling like the proverbial bee, carrying books—for the teachers. Jean Alden—'nuff said! For your information, Betty Groden is trying to kill yours truly by ramming him as he comes into the hall. I have it on good authority that Bob Dick and Jack Sohmer are just a couple of wizards down there in their German class. What's this about Marjorie Coleman and Merlyn Cook being as much together as fused quartz? Paul Richards is going to grow up and write two encyclopedias per annum, besides holding down his regular job as third assistant janitor at C. H. L. S. Margie White is the coy thing who smiles at you from behind Marie Flynn. Phil Baird, that debate club man, informs us that he is an animal lover. Lena Smerlas wants us to put Charlie Smerlas's name in here. Well, Lena?

Seen gabbing on the school bus; Paula Hillery, with an armful of books . . . Scoop Nestor, who attends "Broadway University" over the hill . . . Muriel Mahady, who *always* does her homework . . . Buck O'Connor and Emmy Lynch, just a couple of the "boys" . . . "Prexy" Bulger has that different walk, we notice . . . Jean McMan sure is tall. Whew! . . . I'm glad to say that the school spirit is getting a little better. Keep it up! . . . Bob Peers knows in which room to study, all right. Ask him . . . Rosemary O'Connor, Eleanor Quinn, and Bobbie Nauffts, we also notice, are always together . . . (we notice a lot of things, don't we, Barbara Johnson?) . . . Take a good look at "Dapper Dick" O'Donnell, the slow driver . . . AND now Laddees and gentlemen, I am proud to be able to spell the name of Gregory Yanacopolis! . . . Mary Feeley is the sister of last year's famous Dartmouth athlete . . . Phil Strowman, that speed demon, ought to be called "lightnin'" . . . Doesn't Henry Jezi-

erski look like a slinky old mystery serial? . . . Mim Harney is one of the best subscription getters on the REVIEW staff . . . (by the way, have YOU, YES, YOU, subscribed?) . . . According to Joe Stokes, who has a brother in our midst, Jim O'Connell has a new name. From now on you may call O'Connell "Jimsy-Boy" . . . Will the thing that signs itself "Monsieur Bob" please stop sending me so much useless material, pleeez? Freshman Information: Charles Hooker is the muscle man board eraser down there in room three . . . Rita Interelli has great difficulty in deciphering seating plans for us . . . Marion Hyah is the girl who is anxiously trying to see what is being herein written about her . . . George Menez uses his notebook to camouflage his spyings . . . James Collins informs us that his favorite sport is gum chewing . . . What does Eugene Flynn find so interesting on Loraine Walters' test papers? By the way, there are quite a few Walters floating around here . . . John Sheridan is the man with the little black bag . . . Dot Vargas wants us all to know that she is a girl scout, so she wears her scout clothes to school . . . Rosalie Woodbury gets many of her vitamins from a much chewed pencil . . . Hal Threhane is sooo graceful ! ! ! Marie Henry sure knows what good sportsmanship is . . . Betty Lee is definitely not a slim *brunette*; she is very *blonde* . . . Irene Hodgen seems to know all the answers down in her civics class . . . the only trouble is that she is bashful . . . Irving Wasserman is a swell feller, but a poor speller . . . Ow! ! A football coach's dream of Utopia; a place where all of his athletes are on the honor roll . . . Bernadette Drollette is really smart! . . . Wow! . . . Your reporter is dazzled by the snowy locks of one Beatrice Walsh . . . Lillian Powell has her subscription to the REVIEW we see . . . and we see Dot Taylor dodging around the corridors . . . Hmmm, Powell and Taylor . . . June Jackson and Peggy Miller may usually be found torturing the typewriter up in the REVIEW office . . . Who sez that Lester Katzen looks like Edward G. Robinson? . . . We'll bet that Eleanor Carter doesn't attribute her beauty to a certain well known brand of liver pill . . . Dan Shrago is one of those boys



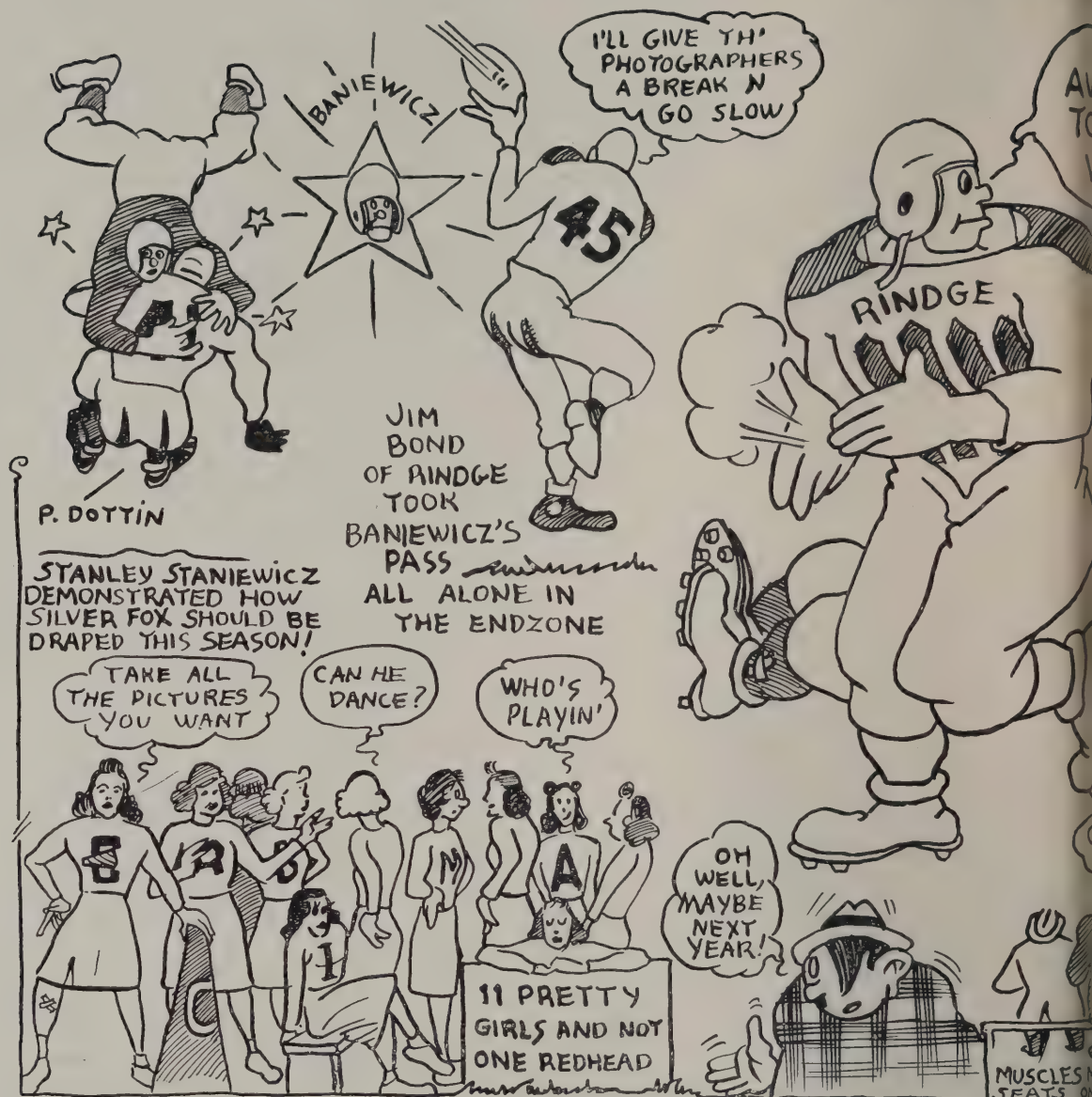
who is always doing homework . . . Nelson Waldman sandwiches a trip to "the fair" between Friday and Monday . . . Betty Murphy is one of the REVIEW's most pleasant and successful subscription getters . . . After graduating from C.H.L.S., Lorraine Keefe is going to be my secretary . . . "Deacon" Doyle says that it isn't always bad luck to have a black cat following you; it all depends, he says, on whether you are a man or a mouse . . . We honestly fear that Salvi Mangano and Ted Adelson are going to have each other's scalps in one of those History class debates . . . Say, Sarah Denaro, how come you never get called on for special assignments? . . . Marshall Slater is too smart for this little newsboy to keep up with, that is, as far as book larnin' goes . . . Rosamond Nigro is one of those people who come around to tell you that you should go to this or that game; thereby busting up a beautiful "B" program during which you intended to finish up that homework . . . Angie Bonsignore is really hepped to the jive . . . so he says . . . Add Brass, the girl who shares her desk with me, fills the thing up with paper and then writes me a note and tells me that I had better clean it out "or else" . . . Genevieve Herlihy is the "what's going on here" girl up there in Chemistry . . . Somebody ought to show Jim Sellers how to tie a bow tie; the poor kid doesn't seem to know what the score is when it comes to tying a tie . . . Just give them a little time and Russ Brown and Frank Mallahan will blow up the school, judging from their actions in Chemistry . . . Joe Harrington likes to sneak up and down the unfinished stairs. Trying to break a leg, Joe? Joe Mallahan's nose looks more like an orange than a nose, now that someone stepped on it for him . . . Scotty McCann provided this year's voters with the best bookmarks they have seen for a long time . . . Jean Shumway says in her sleep, "Wanna buy a raffle ticket?", I think . . . (yes, I do think once in a while) . . . Who says that Paul Butler looks like a cherub? . . . That Rhapsody in green up in '74 is none other than "Doc" Lawlor . . . Bertha Humez is one of our foremost literary critics, and boy, can she criticize! . . . Ellen Sullivan has our votes for "best everything" . . . Rita Rothfarb obviously goes in for lipstick . . . (pardon me while I duck that book she is about to throw) . . . One of the candidates in the Junior elections was heard to say, "May the best man win, and I'm afraid that he will." . . . A thing I'd like to see: Frannie Mulvey in school for two days straight.

Any time you're puzzled with your Biblical references, just apply to Bob Fishman or Eva Hegeman . . . Dija ever see Betty Fawcett out with her dog "Sonny"? . . . Do you have difficulty with your Geometry problems? If you do, bring 'em to Roland Moody . . . Gardner Magnu-

son, Pat Herlihy, and Sam Zadoorian are three of our biggest football players . . . Olive Carmon is the girl who can pantomime . . . Claire Harney sports socks which lace up the front . . . Boy, what a load of books under Evelyn Hoyt's arm! . . . Cecil Cantrell wants more in here about the annex. Well, we'll see what we can do . . . The blonde brutes, Russ Boudreau and Jim Carter . . . Bill Mullins has a new name . . . "Brutus" is the present handle . . . "Et tu Bill?" . . . George Garoin is the little man who's right there . . . Joke (just in case you didn't know). Man at circus: Say! Look at that freak over there with his tongue tied in a knot. I wonder how it got that way? Second man: Oh, him? He used to be a tobacco auctioneer until somebody bid sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents . . . Morie Martel is so naïve that he thinks Manual Labor is a Mexican . . . Say, tell me, stranger, why does a baby duck walk softly? . . . Because he can't walk hardly. (I shall now dig a hole and bury myself in it) . . . We wonder why Lorraine Livermore is so frightened when she travels on the elevated trains . . . Helen O'Brien is the official greetress down at the Trowbridge Street door . . . What would Tom Donohue do without his watch and chain to fiddle, in a difficult moment . . . Joe Bain and Bob Croke are always talking together at the beginning of school . . . What's up, boys? . . . We think, honestly and truly that George Kopp and Sonny Bergeron get here early enough to open the school . . . Ruth Mueller is the one who is supposed to be doing this typewriting, but it seems that she had other and more important things to do . . . Eos Spiropoulos and Elizabeth Tsanggos are the ones who hold room 74's Latin Conferences . . . but it seems that every time they get going, they are interrupted and corrected by one Loretta Ciani . . . Those disturbances in the fifth study period may usually not be blamed on Charlie Mulvey . . . he's such a sweet thing, and so quiet, too . . . Don't you think that foliage on Cyron Barber's head comes from playing too much chess?

Mary Farrell, why do you bellow so loudly? . . . Jim Elliot is about the blondest blonde we've seen in a long time . . . Ernest Dzendolt is the proud possessor of the most beautiful satin-like shirt ever created! . . . June McConnell can't leave her sleeves alone. She's always pulling them up above her elbows or pulling them down over her wrists or something . . . I don't know what? Do you? . . . Frank Lopresti is just about the happiest Latinite that ever smiled . . . That questioning look on Harvey Thomas's face is really quite deceiving, so don't let it fool u . . . Jackson Walter ought to go out for the track team. He can go places faster and more dishev-

(Continued on page 16)



## FOOTBALL

**Somerville 14**

**C. H. L. S. 0**

The Cambridge boys suffered their first defeat at the hands of Somerville by the score of 14-0. Many fumbles caused the downfall of the Cantabs. Starting for Cambridge Latin were Captain John Randall and "Whitey" Magnuson. Mannie Rego scored all 14 points for Somerville.

**C. H. L. S. 6**

**Newton 6**

Cambridge Latin traveled to Newton to take on the speedy Newton team. There was no scoring done in the first half, but Captain John Randall kept the Newton boys on their toes by his superb running. In the third period, Randall plunged over for the first score, but Babajtis failed to convert. Donn Ashley picked up a Newton fumble and ran thirty yards to tie up the ball game. Newton failed to convert thus the game ended in a 6-6 tie.

**Saugus 12**

**C. H. L. S. 0**

The Cambridge lads suffered a set back at the hands of Saugus by the score of 12-0. Cambridge Latin played brilliantly for the first three periods but was disheartened when they lost the services of their star quarterback and Captain John Randall, and Saugus, seizing the opportunity, scored two touchdowns, but failed to kick the extra points.

**C. H. L. S. 6**

**Chelsea 0**

The Cantabs engaged in their second night game of the season and downed the highly favored "Red Devils" by the score of 6-0. The Cambridge touchdown was scored when Captain Randall threw a long pass.

**C. H. L. S. 13**

**Belmont 0**

Cambridge Latin looked like giants in comparison with this light but scrappy Belmont team. Amid a series of Belmont injuries, the boys won to the





tune of thirteen to nothing. Randall rushed the ball over the goal line for the point after the touchdown.

## North Quincy 13

C. H. L. S. 6

This was a very exciting game. Cambridge Latin, after getting used to the double wing-back formation, scored a touchdown in the first quarter with several off-tackle plays. Randall cut his lip on the first play and had to have a stitch taken, while on the field. In the last quarter, North uncorked a series of razzle-dazzle plays and passes for two touchdowns. No better playing was done in any game that afternoon than that of Captain Randall, who put everything he had into it.

## Lawrence 13

C. H. L. S. 0

After holding off an inspired and heavy Lawrence all afternoon, tired Latin gave them two touchdowns in the last five minutes. Captain John Ran-

dall sustained a foot injury and "Deacon" Doyle, star end, hurt his shoulder.

## Cantab Capers

At the Somerville game, many Rindge football players were favorably impressed with the playing of our boys. Angie Bonsignore that jitterbug guard had a swell time at Saugus . . . Chelsea was surprised by the marvelous showing of our boys in gold and maroon. Their new stadium was beautiful . . . An ambulance called for one of the Belmont players who was quite seriously hurt. Pat Herlihy had a recurrence of a "charlie horse" and had to be carried off the field. At the start of the second half, he was in there fighting again. Thanks to the expert care of "Red" Linske, who really deserves a vote of appreciation for his help with the team . . . There were not enough fans at that North Quincy game! How about more support! I'll be willing to

bet with anyone that C. H. L. S. would have won 20-0 over North if there had been more of you there! . . . Lawrence was inspired by a victory over a strong Rindge the week before. "Jazz" Whalen was up in the radio booth helping the announcer of the game pick out the players. This game came over station WLAW. Jackie Moriarty complained that the players' bench was too small. He ought to know . . . Good bye, and I'll see you at the game.

WIN HOLLAND, '41.

### Watertown 13

### C. H. L. S. 0

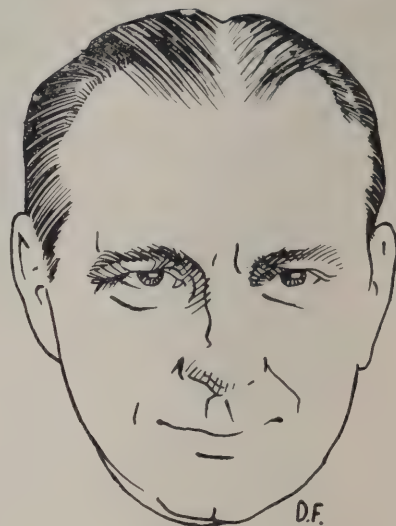
Almost before the spectators had a chance to sit down, Boyce of Watertown threw a pass to Ruggerio which resulted in a touchdown. Cambridge then held them until the last quarter in a riot of fumbles and intercepted passes. Then in that last period, Nelson caught a pass thrown by Herb Boudreau and intended for an unknown Latinite for the second touchdown. Light converted. The Cantabs almost tied up the game when "Deacon" Doyle got his hands on one of Boudreau's over-the-goal-line passes. He dropped it, however, when a Watertown man grabbed his arm.

(Continued from page 13)

elled than a track star . . . Speaking of stars, Emil Star nearly chokes to death on some of those collars he wears, I presume . . . Mary Haney is the source of our early morning piano seranades . . . Arthur Perros is the man who almost runs you down in his haste to get to his sixth period class . . . I'll bet that you don't know who Paul O'Rourke's big brother is . . . Craig Williams, Chester Sargent, and Paul Slepian are the cause of all that deep mathematical talk, up there in room 74 . . . Caswell, where did you get that scarf? . . . Paul Kirby eats, sleeps and drinks INK! . . . Jeannie of the light brown hair refers to none other than Jean Bilodeau . . . Bob Koslowsky is room 45's example of the strong, silent type . . . Bob Shaine is our bewhiffled door-man outside of room 45a . . . Annie Najarian sure does like hairy clothes; have you seen her new suit? . . . Bob McAuliffe seems to be getting just a wee bit blind; he can't even read those eye charts . . . Or is it lack of sleep, Bob? . . . We find that Ruth Benthale likes to get lost in the corridors during the "C" programs . . . Claire Nugent is the sweet who takes about ten minutes from each period to get the books she needs . . . Bill Montgomery is room 76's page out of Esquire . . . What a dapper! . . .

BILL STENZEL, *Editor*.

WINN HOLLAND.



*Adam F. Elcewicz*

WE welcome to the school Mr. Elcewicz, not only as a teacher, but what is more important, as a rescuer of our football team. If anyone can help it to win, he surely can.

In the past, he was an all-scholastic end while attending Rindge, and an all-American end while playing for Fordham under the great Major Cavanaugh. He really knows football!

He was the assistant coach under Mr. Sheehan, who is now the head master of the Annex, and during this time was an instructor at Rindge.

He insists on rigid training in the fundamentals of football. This has been shown in the improved blocking and tackling of our team so far this year. In spite of this, he is not a martinet in any sense of the word; he is a fine man and a friend of all the players.

The REVIEW wishes luck to our new history teacher and football coach, Adam Elcewicz, and to his assistant, Frank Frisoli.

WIN HOLLAND, '41.

If I were picking out a cast of characters for an all male production of "Snow White" I would have:

John Delaney as Doc.

Chick Meehan as Dopey.

Greg Fitzgerald as Sleepy.

Joe Kochanski as Sneezzy.

Ted Deroode as Grumpy.

Tom Mulaney as Bashful.

Leonid Pallevoy as Happy (not Slap).

Dick Neale as the Old Witch.

Rocks Leary as Prince Charming.

And last but not least, Moose Makris as Snow White!



-BUT I TELL YA  
I DON'T PLAY FOR  
FORDHAM - I PLAY  
FOR CHELSEA HIGH.

GANGWAY!

"MUSCLES"  
MOOSE MAKKIS  
DID ABOUT EVERY-  
THING BUT CARRY  
THE WATER BUCKET  
AND SELL PEANUTS ON  
THE C.H.L.S. SIDE.

THAT JOHN  
RANDALL WAS  
AS SLIPPERY  
AS AN ARM LOAD  
OF EELS

RUBBER  
LEGS!

THE  
OFFICIAL

OH, THAT CHELSEA TACKLE!

OH IT'S  
YOU

BOB  
KOZLOWSKI  
WAS ALL  
OVER THE  
FIELD

"CHICK"  
MEEHAN

A CHELSEA  
GRINDER

NO  
BLOWS  
STRUCK.

## THE PLAY THAT WON FOR C.H.L.S.

I HOPE HE  
TURNS AROUND  
I DON'T WANNA  
BREAK HIS  
NECK  
!!!

RANDALL

I'LL GIVE IT  
THE OLD COLLEGE  
TRY!

DOYLE

IT  
DON'T  
SEEM  
POSSIBLE

MEEHAN

- RANDALL FADED BACK AND FIRED A BULLET PASS TO DOYLE.  
DOYLE CAUGHT THE PELLET, BUT WAS TACKLED SO HARD,  
HE FUMBLER. THE ALERT "CHICK" MEEHAN FELL ON IT IN THE -  
END ZONE

DANZIG!

MITCHELL BABAJIS  
STOOD OUT  
IN THAT LINE!

CLAUDE  
HENRY!!

CHLS-6  
CHELSEA-0

THE REAL  
HERO WAS  
**JOHN  
RANDALL**  
FOR THE GRAND  
GAME HE PLAYED.

WHY DOESN'T  
C.H.L.S. HAVE  
SOME OF  
THIS?

YES SIR THAT  
RANDALL DIDN'T  
WAIT 'TILL THE  
NIGHT BEFORE  
CHRISTMAS TO BE  
GOOD

-NOW  
WHERE ARE  
MY ASSISTANTS  
MAHONEY  
WHALEN  
KELLEY  
AND  
MICHAUD

MANAGER  
FRANK  
CAISTELLO!

Nick Perrone

AFTER THE GAME THE BOYS WENT NUTS IN  
THE LOCKER ROOM--AND YOU REALLY  
COULDN'T BLAME THEM--THEY WERE SWELL!

W  
A  
T  
E  
R  
T  
O  
W  
N



Latin about to kick



Here Latin makes 1st down



Meehan picks up valuable yardage for Latin



Watertown line play for no gain

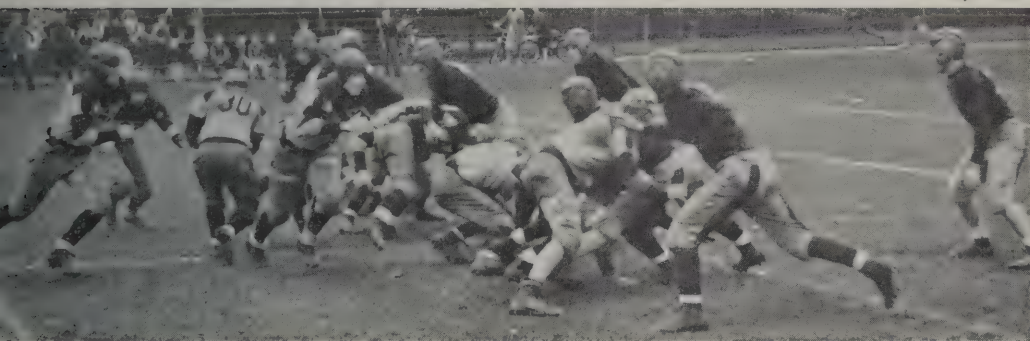




Latin nears its goal in Belmont



Randall scores the first touchdown against the Belmont Team



The start of a Belmont play



Latin stopped for no gain

---

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# B E L M O N T

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**SENIOR HONOR ROLL**

|                       |                      |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Barber, Cyron         | Kiggins, Mary        |
| Bates, Priscilla      | Lukaszewicz, Felicia |
| Biggin, Anna          | Mooney, Marguerite   |
| Corodemus, Helen      | Mullane, Mary        |
| Edison, Barbara       | Müller, Ruth         |
| Fitzgerald, Helen     | Ochlis, Samuel       |
| Flynn, Paul           | O'Rourke, Rose       |
| Foti, Mary            | Richards, Paul       |
| Galvin, Anna          | Shea, Helen          |
| Gilbert, Barbara      | Silberberg, Olivia   |
| Humez, Bertha         | Silveira, Joseph     |
| Januszewska, Veronica | Swinamer, Doris      |
| Weisman, Beatrice     |                      |

**JUNIOR HONOR ROLL**

|                      |                      |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Barbuto, Angelina    | Gorman, Charles      |
| Ciccolo, Concetta    | Jones, Philip        |
| Costa, Pasqualina    | Papageorge, Kleanthe |
| Drolette, Bernadette | Rose, Florence       |
| Fitch, Marjorie      | Sokol, George        |

**SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL**

|                    |                     |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| Ayer, William      | Le Franc, Helene    |
| Bartley, Hugh      | Markante, Thalia    |
| Cahill, Anne       | Morris, Elizabeth   |
| Christopher, Helen | O'Rourke, Paul      |
| Denaro, Marietta   | Read, James         |
| Diodati, Marie     | Ryan, Mary          |
| Fopiano, Gloria    | Schmiz, Margaret    |
| Grenier, Phyllis   | Stathopoulos, John  |
| Jenkins, Donald    | Sullivan, Elizabeth |
| Hillery, Kathleen  | Sullivan, Mary      |
| Keen, Doris        | Yankun, Helen       |

**FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL**

|                      |                    |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| Anastos, William     | Kenney, Frances    |
| Avery, Elizabeth     | Kolosha, Jennie    |
| Barbuto, Elena       | Laine, Roland      |
| Batten, Muriel       | Lydtotes, Despina  |
| Benker, Dorothy      | McCabe, Richard    |
| Benson, Ida          | McMahon, Margaret  |
| Camelio, Alessandria | McSweeney, William |
| Chaulk, Dorothy      | Messina, Mary      |
| Chin, Annie          | Miller, Franklin   |
| Chipman, Florence    | Moksu, Bertha      |
| Christo, Helen       | Mooney, Mary       |
| Churchill, Patricia  | Narekiewicz, Mary  |
| Collins, Eleanor     | Nedzweski, Lillian |
| Cuff, Grace          | Nikas, Dorothy     |
| Currie, Agnes        | O'Brien, Mary      |
| Davies, Frances      | O'Brien, Robert    |
| Deresky, Julia       | Oster, Edward      |
| DiPietro, Frank      | Prebensen, Eileen  |
| Donnelly, Elizabeth  | Quint, Frances     |
| Downward, Carol      | Roach, Mary        |
| Drolette, Margaret   | Rodrique, Dorothy  |
| Edwards, Deborah     | Roop, Juanita      |
| Elliott, James       | Rounds, Sally      |

|                   |                        |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| Emello, Elizabeth | Schlichting, Mary Jean |
| Ernest, Richard   | Schutzberg, Mildred    |
| Ferrick, Margaret | Sidlauski, Florence    |
| Fougere, Mary     | Silvano, Mary          |
| Freni, Gloria     | Soper, Willis          |
| Geller, Molly     | Souza, Louise          |
| Grigolonok, Nina  | Spinoza, Mary          |
| Higgins, William  | Stern, Rosalind        |
| Hill, Frances     | Stevens, Helen         |
| Holmes, Marie     | Sutherland, Dorothea   |
| Hurley, George    | Thiesing, Margaret     |
| Jablow, Mona      | Twomey, Richard        |
| Jankowski, Sophie | Vontiritsa, Marguerite |
| Johnson, Grace    | Walter, Lorraine       |
| Kagan, Frances    | Walters, Eric          |
| Kamnsky, Eli      | Weinberg Charlotte     |
| Kelty, Diana      | White, Robert          |

**HOW WAS YOUR VACATION?**

"O H, how I envy you, going to the beach in this hot weather!"

"You must have a wonderful time at your summer home."

"I don't see how I'm going to endure the heat here in this stuffy city."

Familiar words? Undoubtedly they are, if you are lucky(???) enough to have a vacation home within driving distance of the city. How many times during the past few months did you long to contrive some way of ridding yourself of those pests, not ants, not mosquitoes, but guests?

Perhaps yours have been of a different species than mine, but I find that the following list includes nearly every type of these summer nuisances:

We all know the summer pest (let's call them SP's), who arrives at your home two hours after dinner, demands the best bed, the most comfortable chair, and your newest sports outfit. At bedtime, she grabs the best comforter and sits up till three, reading and loudly chewing gum. Strangulation is too good for her.

Naturally, you must be acquainted with that vital SP who arises each day at four o'clock, attires herself in a hiking outfit, and who expects you to follow her over hill and dale searching for Indian arrow heads or blueberries. She is not content with this though, for at nine that evening, when you return, tired and very angry, she starts a campfire and clambake which she keeps going, through sheer stubbornness, until long after the owls have gone to sleep.

Conversely, you have probably met her cousin, an SP who is a member of seven clubs in the city, but who, upon reaching your cottage, assumes a woe-begone attitude and mopes through the whole week during which you're unlucky enough to have her as your guest.

In planning your list of SP's, most likely you included one known for her aversion to eating a



great deal. O what folly! ! When you gather about the table, she reaches for everything in sight, ignoring your hints that you forgot to stock your pantry this week.

One of the most irking offenders is the SP who urges you to play four or five games, or cook four or five camp dishes (all of which require the skill of an expert and the patience of Job), and then solemnly sits by, giving foolish suggestions, dropping bits of sarcasm, but offering no other help.

However, you may have been a guest yourself this summer. If you were, perhaps you met the hostess who invites you to come as you are, and yet expects you to have a different suit for every activity you indulge in during the day. She is not quite so bothersome, nevertheless, as the domineering hostess who orders your every move, even to what dress or hat you should wear.

As for a remedy, I can not be quite certain. You could try posting a small, ominous red card on your front door, which, providing your guests aren't too curious, may frighten them away. Why not keep a hat handy near your door, and put it on each time a car approaches? From this, your SP's are to assume that you are just going out. If you want to be quite daring, you could tell your friends frankly that your home wasn't built to be a tourist camp. This ought to lose for you at least five friends.

Maybe the best way of all would be to sell your house and stay in the city. I wouldn't know. Anyway, I'll see you next summer!

JUNE JACKSON, '41.

### STAMPING GROUND

IN the last year or so, the Post Office Department has issued stamps commemorating the invention of the game of baseball, the ratifying of the Constitution, the opening of the New York and San Francisco World's Fair, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the Panama Canal, and the admission of Iowa and Washington to the Union.

The next time you have time to spare, look in the attic, cellar or wherever old correspondence is kept for letters. Sometimes the stamps on the letters are valuable.

It would cost a collector about \$3,000,000 for one stamp of each kind in the world.

The largest stamp ever issued by the United States is four and three-quarter inches by three and three-quarter inches.

There are only six women ever to be pictured on American postage stamps. They are Molly Pitcher, Pocahontas, Clara Barton, Martha Washington, Whistler's mother and Susan B. Anthony.

EDWARD FINIGAN, '43.

(continued from page 9)

The perplexed prince heard a little laugh behind him and turning, found his father very much amused. "Father, you heard?"

"Everything. Do not be puzzled, David. Tomorrow, she will be recovered. She will revel in two thoughts: one, the possibility of being Czarina; the other, the tangibility of being your wife."

But Nicholas was wrong. When David, after having lain awake most of the night, hurried to Suzanne's chamber, he found it deserted; no one had slept in the bed and on the pillow, was pinned a note:

"Dearest David:

"I am returning to my old haunts. Whether the Bolsheviks will kill me for betraying Dimitri I do not know. You must not follow me for I know that my sacrifice is just. Two so divided as we could never be happy, and as rulers, our marriage would end in disaster. I return to my companions in body, but not in spirit, for I hold your teachings in my mind. You must forget me, my darling, but always remember that I have loved and always shall love you very dearly.

Goodbye and God be with you,

Suzanne."

David hurried up the corridor to his father's room. A moment later, he staggered back, horrified, "O God!" he breathed. There on his regal bed lay Nicholas, Czar of Russia. There he lay between the clean, white sheets, through which an ugly, coagulated stain was already seeping. There lay Nicholas, stabbed in the breast, by some loathsome traitor! David heard himself crying with rage.

Then he heard something else. He heard the tramping of feet in the street, the shouts of men, the shrieks of a mad, hysterical crowd. Even after he looked from the window, he could not believe it.

"The Czar is dead; long live Bolshevism." Yes, the Bolsheviks had murdered his father. Alexander, that weak, sniffling craven, would be Czar and Suzanne would be Czarina. Suzanne! That was it! She had supplied them with information, escaped, helped them; she probably had struck the knife into his father's sleeping form. She had engineered the whole rotten plan against the family who had treated her so kindly.

He would fight! He would prevent them from overthrowing him. He would stop them all. And when he got that treacherous Suzanne between his two hands, he would throttle the life out of her and hang her in the public square!

(To be continued)



## G. A. A. NOTES

GREETINGS fellow members! This year for the first time the G. A. A. did away with their former initiation, and welcomed the Freshmen by having them take their oaths by candlelight. In honor of this impressive ceremony a hymn was written by officers Marjorie Coleman, Mary Feeley, and Lena Smerlas.

Our G. A. A. officers: president, Genevieve Herlihy, vice-president and treasurer, Marjorie Coleman, secretary, Mary Feeley, and the executive body which consists of Lena Smerlas, Mary Sullivan, Sylvia Piltch, and Barbara Emmons have already shown us that they are fully capable of making this a banner year.

Evidence that basket ball is well under way may be found in the gym where the girls give vent to their pent up energy. (For proof ask the afternoon teachers.)

Milton High School invited Miss Brown and a group to a play day on November 1. Each Cambridge girl was given a partner from Milton who explained the sports, field hockey and archery. Later refreshments and dancing provided the finishing touches to end a perfect day. We hope that someday Cambridge will be able to return their hospitality.

In all manner of costume, and hidden behind masks G. A. A. members attended the Freshman party. Prizes were awarded to those with the best costumes by Claire Kelly, whom most of you remember as last year's G. A. A. president, Anne Sullivan, Frances Ritvo, and Libby Flax; former officers were also found comparing their Freshman parties to this one with Miss Brown and Miss McLaughlin.

The entertainment at this party was given in the form of a *Hallou'e'en Dream*. Jane Hayes, one of our younger members, having been put to bed by her mother, Barbara Gilbert, was visited by many apparitions: Virginia Herlihy, and Catherine McGowan caused much laughter with their clever clown act. Jane O'Hara, and Vivian Marcotte brought forth gasps of amazement and complimentary whispers as they accomplished their acrobatic feats. The ghosts led by Sadako Sato, and the witches by Blossom Goyerre did more than their share in giving atmosphere. Sylvia Piltch and Charlotte Feinstein were dressed as cats, and acted as Blossom's spirits. In Mary Haney, Jane imagined herself to be a queen dominating these people whom she believed to be her subjects. Ellen Sullivan, who played the part of king, was forced to abdicate in favor of the prince, Jean McConnell. Betty Morris, Winifred Parker, and Blossom Goyette brought music to this weird dream. A guitar solo was played by Florence Marcotte, and a recital was given by Mary Buckley. Genevieve and Virginia Herlihy

did a horse dance, Beatrice Buckbinder did a tap dance, and a rope dance was ably performed by Dorothy D'Abraccio. Don't let us forget Dorothy Norden who introduced each event with a roll of the drum or Muriel Barrett and Katherine Schneider who played the piano.

The officers and Miss Brown want to thank the refreshment, door, and decoration committees for their helpful co-operation. Without these committees the G. A. A. parties could not be successful.

The tennis doubles have not as yet been finished. Better hurry up; it's getting cold.

The Formal, the main event of the year for the older girls, is drawing nearer every day. This dance has been held at the Hotel Commander for the past four years. It will be held on the 24th of November, and Longin Buinis, who has charge of a popular school orchestra, has been engaged for the evening. We have every reason to believe that our dance will be as big a success this year as it has been in former years, and we hope to see you all there.

MIRIAM HARNEY, '40.

## CHESS NOTES

THE 1939 season was successfully opened with the defeat of Rindge by the score of 5½-1½. The games were:

| LATIN              |   | RINDGE           |   |
|--------------------|---|------------------|---|
| 1. Marshall Slater | ½ | Robert Kollen    | ½ |
| 2. Henry Jezierski | 1 | Anthony Di Cenzo | 0 |
| 3. Thomas Burke    | 1 | Francis Babish   | 0 |
| 4. Paul Slepian    | 1 | Donald Lorenzo   | 0 |
| 5. Cyron Barber    | 1 | Kenneth Look     | 0 |
| 6. Samuel Ochlis   | 1 | Robert La Monte  | 0 |

The Chess Club officers for this year will be: Thomas Burke, President; Henry Jezierski, Vice-President; Samuel Ochlis, Treasurer; Cyron Barber, Secretary. Later in the year, a team captain will be chosen.

As usual, graduation has taken its toll from the Chess Team. It will take its toll again this year. To make up for these losses, we extend a yearly invitation to pupils of Cambridge Latin to join the Chess Club. Any person wishing to join should see one of the officers in Room 37 Fridays after school. If you do not know how to play, come along anyway and we will be only too glad to teach you.

We are very much grieved at the passing away of Mr. Bliss, whose memory will always remain as an inspiration. His unselfish devotion of time and his ever guiding spirit will never be forgotten.

Mr. Sullivan, who has had much Chess experience, has consented to become the Faculty Adviser. We greatly appreciate this act of his, and we hope to thank him with a very successful year.

CYRON BARBER, '40.



### THE DEBATE CLUB

AT the first meeting of the Debate Club, which was held on October 17th, the new members were entertained by a very interesting debate on the national high school question, Resolved that the Federal government should own and operate the railroads. The affirmative was upheld by George Sokol, who was opposed by Harry Oster. The fifty members who were present elected Philip Baird, temporary secretary. It was also decided that the meetings are to be held every other Thursday in room 77A.

At the second meeting, which was held on November 2, Philip Baird spoke on "Should the United States Subsidize Trade With South America." It was announced that everyone who wishes to be on this year's teams must prepare a three-minute speech on the railroad question for the next meeting.

The club has been negotiating with local high schools for dates in order to draw up a schedule of debates for the coming season. With new material available and some veterans still left, the prospects for the coming year are fine.

MARJORIE FITCH, '41.

### K. B. NOTES

A KITCHEN party at the home of our secretary, Marjorie Sears, opened this year's activities of the K. B. sorority. The girls did their own cooking and a very gay time was enjoyed by all.

At the following formal meeting on October 14 the K. B. received as members twenty-six juniors and seniors. The initiation ceremony was most impressive. Afterwards, refreshments were served, and a business meeting was conducted by Eva Hegemann, our president.

Our time is to be divided among many interesting activities. First of all, a horseback riding unit has been organized under the able leadership of Marjorie Sears, Jane Davidson, and Pauline Daltry. Some of the girls are going to try their skill at bowling in December. Eva Hegemann has formed a group who plan to visit the Mrs. Jack Gardener museum and other buildings of particular interest. Introducing the idea of a fashion show in the Spring, Genevieve Herlihy, Barbara Edison, and Mary Feely are collecting data for its presentation. A dance committee, consisting of chairman Pauline Daltry and assistants Claire Nugent, Virginia Hamilton, Edna Littlefield, and Marjorie Sears, has been appointed, and the definite date of January 12 has been set for the K. B. annual formal dance.

Margaret Taft's house was the scene of an informal business meeting October 28. Everyone had something to say, and every one said it at once. Later, refreshments were served.

All in all, this year promises to be a successful and progressive one for the K. B. and its worthy purpose.

ROSE O'ROURKE, '40.

### DRAMATIC CLUB

THE officers who will preside over the dramatic club during the coming year are:

*President* ..... Joseph Connelly

*Vice-President* ..... Jean Shumway

*Treasurer* ..... Barbara Gilbert

*Secretary* ..... Joseph Connelly

As another year begins the Dramatic Club again assumes the lime light. The Dramatic Club ushered in the school year with a most successful outing held September 31 at Cedar Hill.

A majority of the old members were in attendance at this outing together with our faculty advisers, Miss Hartigan, Miss O'Keefe, and Miss Breau. A good time was enjoyed by all around the camp fire at night. Entertainment was provided by the members and the music of a portable radio kept the spirits of everyone very high. More such outings are being planned for the new members of the Dramatic Club.

On October 19 the Dramatic Club held its annual tryouts. From a large number of students who tried out, thirty members were accepted into the ranks of the Dramatic Club.

Meetings at which plays will be put on by the members will be held on the third Thursday of every month.

The Dramatic bureau, a new department of the Dramatic Club had its first trial on Armistice Day. This department was established either to take complete charge of any home room program or to aid the home room committee in putting on such programs.

With such a successful start, the progress of the Dramatic Club this year will surely be the greatest in its history. No obstacle can be too great for such enthusiastic officers and members as we have in the Dramatic Club this year.

JOSEPH CONNELLY, '40.

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ROBIN HOOD"****"Spring Madness"**

Thurs. Fri. Sat. Nov. 30, Dec. 1, 2

Wallace Beery - Chester Morris

**"THUNDER AFLOAT"****"The Underpup"**

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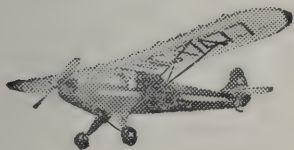
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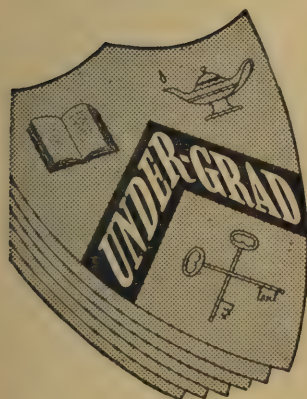
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Cambridge High and Latin School

December 1939

Cambridge, Massachusetts



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# The Cambridge Review



CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL  
DECEMBER, 1939

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 54

NUMBER 2

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A FEW short days after this issue comes out, the date will arrive to which all of us, young and old, invariably look forward, usually placing it in importance above any other day in the year for various reasons. For many people it is the longest vacation. Then, again, Christmas is a time when we can be sure of finding everyone happy, some more so than others perhaps. Yet it is a time when we all put aside our share of petty worries and go about with an air of steady cheerfulness, a time — though a very short one — when we truly strive for “peace on earth, goodwill toward men.”

Peace seems a rather ironical word just now, but it has been said that on one Christmas during the “war to end wars” there was little fighting, and in places along the lines, Germans and Allies left their trenches and spent the day in no man’s land, talking, laughing, singing, joking, and in general having such a boisterous good time as many of the men had not seen for months or even years. Perhaps lasting peace is not yet quite attainable, but even so,

Christmas has worked many similar wonders in that direction.

Like all good times, however, this period cannot possibly last, but it is probably best that it does not. Despite what the cynic may say, it is quite true that we appreciate only what is difficult to obtain. If we had a perpetual Christmas, it would soon pall and its magic power dwindle. As it is, there is a long period of expectation and fussing about in crowded stores, trying to find suitable gifts for a seemingly interminable string of aunts, uncles, grandmothers and grandfathers, cousins, and close friends. Then there is a short, gay week from Christmas to New Year’s when everyone seems to have nothing to do but be happy and help others to be happy. New Year’s winds up the week with a grand finale, and on the second or third day of a brand new year, we are back at work with the sound of Christmas bells still in our ears and with our hearts and minds wonderfully cleansed and refreshed by this period of frank, honest gaiety.







## ON CHRISTMAS CARDS

ALL that Christmas cards seem to do now-a-days is instill in people the holiday spirit before the great day arrives. And as a matter of fact they are good for little else. Years ago, however, it seems that they served an aesthetic purpose as well for I used to admire those Yuletide tokens as works of art.

I remember the Christmas cards people used to send. They had a few time-honored patterns, each one of which held a particular fascination for me. My favorite was a representation of a group of carolers, those mediæval Bohemians who seem to have gone through life with no problems more vexing than having to find on Christmas Eve a like-minded group of musicians, fiddler, cellist, and the inevitable bassoon player. Then this happy group would proceed to some street corner, complete with street-lamp, on which a tavern usually had seen fit to locate itself. This tavern had a large front window which revealed a group of ravenous Merry Christmas'ers, always just on the point of plunging a knife into a spheroid plum pudding which was itself occupied with a most insistent conflagration. Somehow the gay blades in the tavern never seemed in the least disturbed with the thought that they might lose their meal by reason of the combustion which was apparently taking place around it. They also seemed completely unaware of the serenade on which the carolers out in the cold were expending so much energy, considering that they were laboring under the impediment of a blizzard descending from a navy blue background.

This Christmas, however, I can hope for no such flights of fancy. I'll open my Christmas cards hopefully, but I'll meet with disappointment in every case. The stark reality with which I am going to be faced will be a portrait of — a Caledonian, one with dark curly hair and four legs, in short, "man's best friend." Let me say a word about these Scotties. I don't know how they ever came to "muscle in on the Christmas racket," but it looks as though they're here to stay. After all, there is something engaging about their canine *joie de vivre*, their utter disregard for the lovely poinsettias they're invariably eating.

I'm afraid that Christmas cards, among other things, have lost any original purpose they may have had. Be that as it may, I feel that they will prove themselves perennial, and I hope so, for it only stands to reason that the Scotty can't last forever. No, carolers and inns have gone their way and so, please God, will the Scotty.

CHARLES MULVEY, '40.



## DISSERTATION ON "HOT DOGS"

THE origin and rise of the "Hot Dog" is an historical and epochal story. This delicacy has been devoured for a much longer time than one would think. In order to tell you the true and unabridged story, I must take you back to the third century B. C., to the town of Burlap-on-the-Rhine in ancient Germany which had been struck by a terrible famine. There was a great scarcity of food and an abundance of canine scavengers. Rather than starve, the people were obliged to eat the dogs. After all, dog meat is better than no meat at all. Having no ice boxes, the populace looked about for some way to preserve their meat. They couldn't smoke it, for fire was not yet known extensively about the world. Finally a wise philosopher after many brain-wracking months, thought up the idea of enclosing the dog meat in animal casings much like our present day sausage casings. Up to this time, everyone had been too busy eating the life-sustaining novelty to name it.

The second epochal part of our historic cavalcade moves up to 212 B. C. We are at the siege of Syracuse by the Roman General Marcellus. At that time, as you surely know, the great Archimedes was in the town of Syracuse. This great scholar invented a concave mirror which would reflect sunlight so as to set wood on fire. This mirror he used to keep the invaders from the walls of the town. In a siege of this kind, food always runs low, and so we meet our old friend, still unnamed, the encased canine. To make a short story still shorter, one of the tidbits was somehow left in front of Archimedes' mirror. As the lack of food got greater, the novel food bits got smaller until they were about seven and a half inches long, just about the size of our present frankfurter. When Archimedes was hit by the pangs of hunger, he picked up the food in front of his mirror. With great gusto, he exclaimed, "*Canem calidus!*" We all know this means "Hot Dog" in Latin. And now you know about both the birth and christening of the "Fiery Frankfurter."

JOHN FRENCH, '41.

## THE SHEPHERDS

Nineteen hundred years ago,  
Some shepherds watched their sheep  
And gazed upon the stars which glowed  
Within the heaven's deep.  
When lo! behold an angel came,  
From out of heaven's blue,  
And brought them tidings of the Lord  
Which now were to come true.  
The shepherds hastened on their way  
To find the child foretold  
Who now was born in Bethlehem  
To keep us in his fold.

CLAIRE ROBERTS, '42.



## AN INTERVIEW WITH KAY KYSER

"EVENING Folks, how y'all?" Thus NBC's top program, the Kay Kyser's Kollege of Musical Knowledge, gets off to a start each Wednesday night. During his stay in Boston last week, between four daily performances at Keith's, and numerous rehearsals and recordings, this genial Southern gentleman found time to give some high school students, whom he termed Boston's cutest kids, a short but very lively interview.

Into the small press room, strolled the tall, tan, and terrifically tired orchestra leader, greeted us with a "Hi Ya, Kids," and thus the interview began.

1. What gave you the idea for the Musical Kollege? Well, a few years ago we, the band and I were looking for something that would liven up the program, which was then all music. Someone thought of asking questions of the audience; we did; it worked, and here we are. Maybe you wonder why I sometimes hint. Well, I think that 90% of the students aren't dumb at all. So if I didn't help them, I'd be going sort of hard on them, don't you think?
2. Tell us your opinions on swing. First of all, I don't think swing is dying out. It's been here 20 years, and although I can't name any one leader as its king, I think it's still ruling.
3. Tell us something about your stay in Hollywood. Hollywood is about the nicest place in the world, but — people who think that the stars just loaf around all the time are mistaken. Why they work seventeen hours at a stretch, and then of course they need a vacation. We all had a swell time making the picture; in fact everything in it had happened on our program.
4. Tell us something about the people on your program. You know of course, don't you, that Little Audrey is Harry Babbitt, our handsome tenor? A few years ago he entertained us with his little girl voice, but it never occurred to us to use it till we made *The Three Little Fishes*. It went over big, and we've been using Little Audrey and Ish Kabibble together on all the novelty songs.

And now a little about Kay himself: He likes interviews, if they can be conducted with some order, and if there's no chance for misrepresentation, as there might be with a crowd like us. He carries an old seven-jewelled Elgin, set ten minutes ahead to fool himself. Ginny Simms has been with him for four years or so; Merwyn (Ish Kabibble) Bogue, for nine years; Harry Babbitt for three years. He and the band plan to make more pictures in the future.

We all had an enjoyable time with the Professor; we wish him much luck in all his work. So long, ever'body!

MARGARET MILLER, '41.

JUNE JACKSON, '41.

## ON BEING SMALL

I WAS born small, and, having started off at a disadvantage, I have kept right on being what is slurringly called a shrimp. Much to my disgust, I seem destined to remain one for the rest of my life, for I have not been able to go beyond the five feet one and one-half inches mark for the last two years, stretch as I may.

Of course, being small has its points, infinitesimal as they seem. For example, I very rarely bump my head on a rafter or the frame of a door. I can fit myself into corners and between people in the front seat of an automobile. It is also easy to get under a bed, if the occasion demands, in search of an errant shoe or a button.

The disadvantages, however, are many. It is very uncomfortable to carry on a conversation with a veritable giant, for to talk up to people over five feet nine usually gives me a stiff neck. When there is something wanted on the top shelf, I am the one who is small enough to stand on an unsteady chair to reach it. At a dance, when I have a six foot partner, I generally find myself staring fixedly at his third vest button, and hanging grimly onto his elbow instead of properly placing my hand on his shoulder.

I wish I could be tall, like the heroines of so many books. They are always graceful and willowy tall enough to gaze into the hero's eyes without getting a crick in their necks. Wishing for that isn't even reaching for the moon in my case; I'm not tall enough!

MARGARET MILLER, '41

## A CHRISTMAS TREE

The snow was falling gently  
 Like stars from the deep blue sky,  
 The air was still, like winter air;  
 The snow drifted slowly by.  
 From every house there shone a tree  
 Like a great majestic king,  
 Some lofty and proud, some small and sweet  
 But all "Peace on Earth," they sing.  
 So, I'd like to be a Christmas tree  
 And warm the hearts of the cold,  
 And make this world a better world  
 For ST. NICHOLAS to behold.

PAULA O'GORMAN, '43.



## ANTIQUES

WHAT first aroused my deep curiosity and made me look through the dim glass into the interior of the old antique shop was the little Chinese incense burner that lay rather forlornly in the distant corner of the dirty and exceedingly dusty show window amidst the beautifully carved jewel boxes and statuettes of long ago. It seemed to be made of old bronze and was not more than three inches high, being intensely queer in shape, but beautifully carved. I shifted my glance unwillingly from this curious object and marveled at the delicate beauty of a little child, skillfully wrought in ivory that was slightly tinted with a dull, dirty yellow by the stealthy brush of Age. I wondered at the carved orange lantern whose color had half faded by being exposed to the soft, shadowy rays of the gentle sun and pitied its sad condition, for although it lay on velvet and had its undisputed place of honor in the center of the gloomy window, it reminded one of some woman, past the age of youth, on whose once smooth beauty Time had placed its pitiless mark. Faded were the lovely pictures on the surface of the lantern's ancient silk and no longer was the material smooth and beautiful — alas — perhaps it had some beauty like that of an old woman, faded, delicate, and pitiful, causing one to keep back the tears that would fain push forth and think of shaded Time, with his pitiless brush and paints, that were no longer bright or clear to the eye.

I could see flitting gaily about some moths that settled at times on a faded, blue army jacket which lay crumpled in an ugly bundle on the dusty floor of the window. One button of gold lay on top of it attached to a piece of thread that had once been white. It seemed enchantingly beautiful to me, that old army jacket with its surface so peacefully wrinkled and its faded blue so much like the tranquil sky that I love, on some pleasantly warm November afternoon.

As I looked at the small disc of gold, with the old yellow thread attached to it somehow it appeared to me that I was no longer an audience of today but that it was the past at which I was looking so intently. That soft, ductile gold button was no longer tarnished and dull but was bright and luminous as the sun on a summer morning. There was not only one button but five more, firmly attached with strong, white thread to a blue army jacket that was so smooth and fine, its color sweet and clean as the distant, azure sky in April. The coat was not crumpled into a pitiful bundle but was worn by a youth, yet beardless, with twinkling eyes and a curious, eager smile on his young, red lips. I could see him — no, 'twas not in imagination for 'twas too real for that — coming towards me, not alone but with thousands of others that were

also gay, with twinkles in those youthful eyes and smiles, so free and happy as they marched on the dusty road.

What was it that seemed to come out of the mist before my eyes? Was it the young soldier's mother leaning against some cracked wooden gate, with salty tears streaming from her weary eyes down her pale, wrinkled cheeks? Was that a ghost of a smile that passed over her quivering lips and disappeared as suddenly at it came? Was that one of the numerous mothers that clutched at her poor careworn heart, forbidding it to break as she tremulously and tearfully waved her last goodbye with a piece of cloth, blue — like the color of the sky that I love — and blue like the shade of the new army jacket that she had sewed herself with her long, bony fingers wishing that it would never be finished?

Alas! Why did I pass my hand over my eyes and drive away this vision? It is gone and I will never see it again so clearly, nor will I forget it soon. Something disturbs me and clutches insistently at my heart, but I try to think of other things. You ask me what became of that boy that had gone so bravely to fight? The old blue jacket can tell. Perhaps he had not come back and some innocent knight errant had wandered into the field of battle and stumbled. On what he stumbled we know not, for it all happened so long ago when people were yet uncivilized and only knew of battle. (Uncivilized — when was that?) However, 'tis nothing worth telling — just perhaps the body of a soldier; some youth, yet beardless. Who cares? He was dead — the jacket was new even though slightly clotted with blood and was the color of an April sky. No one will blame the poor innocent who borrowed the coat; besides — dead men tell no tales.

I can see the coat again, slightly faded, with three dirty buttons dangling in the front. A youth is wearing it — his eyes twinkling with tears and a tremulous smile on his young firm lips. Many march besides him in faded blue jackets and look smilingly towards a figure, the grim figure of Time who beckons to them gently with his long evil fingers, smiling wickedly — Time — Time — Time — how I fear you! Always marching on . . .

"Hello, Tamara! Aren't these silly old antiques . . . Who'd buy them I wonder . . .," said a shrill familiar voice, and I saw before me an old friend of the family, a withered, idle woman. I glanced at her and then at the little incense burner, the ancient statuettes, the broken down lantern and the faded army jacket. She seemed to fit well beside them.

"Yes . . . yes," I said, "silly old antiques. No one will buy them."

TAMARA POLEVOY, '40.



## ON WRITING AN ALGEBRA TEST

I CANNOT write! If you were to conclude from this that I am one of America's illiterates, you would be quite wrong. In fact, in my classes of English, French, and Latin, my pen, or pencil as the case may be, easily traces my innermost thoughts on paper. Yet the moment I am confronted with an algebra test, I am gripped with an inexplicable paralysis, which clutches me in mind and body. Perhaps you experienced the same feeling the time the dentist removed your decayed molar.

Suspiciously, I glance at the first example, simple division. Each exponent suddenly becomes a weird gnome, dancing a macabre jig; each coefficient is a grotesque giant, threatening me with his every move. No murder thriller, no matter how eerie, can dim my courage; one glance at this example terrifies me.

As I slowly glance at the next problem, my worries increase. Here the sagacious author of my algebra book asks me to determine how soon a diver will reach the surface if the pool is as deep as mid-Atlantic and the swimmer is a veritable Man Mountain Dean. Do I appear to be Georgia Coleman? Assuredly no. To have some wise professor, whose aquatic activities are probably limited to his shower and bath, question me about swimming, when the temperature without hovers about twenty degrees, not only frightens me but irks me as well.

Loudly, the clock ticks on. Quietly, my more fortunate associates return their papers, undoubtedly covered from top to bottom with the correct answers. My hand still paralyzed, I rack my weary brain endeavoring to find the effect  $x$  has on  $y$  when  $z$  equals  $\frac{1}{2}v$ .

Despite my obvious displeasure, I am continually placed in Honor Mathematics classes, where I am expected to keep up with the geniuses. Having taken all factors into consideration, I am positive that until the power of solving like problems is mine, or at least until I can ascertain the root of my perplexity, I must remain an exponent of that school of expression which believes that even a minimum of Algebra is a means or a mode of hastening one into an irrational state. What do you think?

JUNE JACKSON, '41.

## CHRISTMAS EVE

"PEACE on earth, good-will towards men." The voices of the carollers swelled upwards from the valley into the frozen night, almost to the great white star, gleaming in the east.

The village from whence the singing had come lay nestled in a cleft between the snow covered hills. Its streets were deserted and lonely except for a solitary band of choristers, who stood grouped together beneath the lighted windows of the inn. No other lights were to be seen, except a few,

dotted here and there among the darkened houses, where the festivities of Christmas Eve were not yet over.

To the right of the little hamlet stretched the gently rolling hills, shrouded in a wintry blanket of white, while to the right wound the post road, a narrow, crooked smudge against the dazzling background. Above, across the serene, inscrutable heavens, the stars solemnly trooped by looking down earnestly, for the re-enactment of that breathless moment of two thousand years ago. Hanging low in the midnight sky, almost touching the tips of the distant hills, they seemed like altar lamps, eternally burning in some great and awful cathedral.

Suddenly from the post road came the noise of horses' feet and of jingling harness. Over the horizon there appeared a stage coach which growing clearer and clearer to view, finally entered the village and stopped before the inn. The doors of the hostelry were flung open, the yellow rays of the candles inside making criss-cross patterns on the snow, and briefly laughing voices were to be heard, soon, however, silenced, as the coach moved on.

All was quiet, the whole landscape submerged in profound silence. The world, indeed, seemed to be awaiting some great event, as it paused momentarily, wrapped in the star-spangled night. Then, clear and strangely triumphant in the crisp cold atmosphere the bells of the village church rang out the hour of twelve, each chime, reverberating amongst the encompassing hills like the call of a trumpet.

Again the voices of the choristers filled the night, joyful and exultant, "Born is the King of Israel." And so over all the earth today, as at that Christmas Eve of yesterday, other chimes spread the ever-new glad tidings of peace and hope, that had been told the world, so long ago, on a certain hill silvered by moonlight, near Bethlehem, "Born is the King of Israel."

PHYLLIS GILMAN, '41.

## SONG OF AN UNHAPPY STUDENT

I close my eyes at half-past ten to get much-needed rest,

But vague presentiments of marks appalling stir my breast.

I try to think of restful streams and pastures green and cool,

But O! my mind is haunted by half-marked exams at school.

I toss and turn upon my bed and count whole droves of sheep,

But visions of returned exams conspire to banish sleep.

I feel my teachers' eyes severe bore through me like a knife;

Oh, for a sweet unclouded mind, and an examless life!

BERTHA HUMEZ, '40.

## A HUMAN PARASITE

"If you would have a thing well done, do it yourself." So says an old proverb which has received the approbation of many generations. However, the modern version among high-school students seems to be, "If you would have a thing well done, get someone who can do the task better than you can, to do it."

In order to meet the natural demand of the probably skeptical reader of "Speak for yourself, John," I must now justify the perverted axiom I have just quoted by moving from the abstract to the concrete, getting down to cases, in short, by writing about myself. Many times I have come into school utterly defeated by some excruciating problem concocted with fiendish skill by those two master-mathematicians who make the poor students quake in their boots, Edgerton and Carpenter. It is then that I and a great many other pupils stoop to becoming parasites and rely on some bright boy who has mastered, not only his P's and Q's, but also his X's and Y's, to extricate us from our algebraic mess. As soon as the solution of the enigma is known to me, life is once more endurable, and I can raise my head without fear of the problem hanging above me, a constant menace, like the sword of Damocles.

Although a human parasite is commonly considered very despicable, I, nevertheless, firmly believe that there are occasions when it is better to depend on the superior knowledge of another than to take the matter into my own incapable hands.

HARRY OSTER, '41

## SONG

Surely the fairies trip the woods tonight!  
 Among the shades  
 Hither and yon, I spy an elfin light  
 'Midst graceful glades,  
 Bedight  
 With gowns of gossamer and pearly dew,—  
 A fairy's tears  
 (Shed from soft eyes that shame the sky's own  
 blue),  
 Who rival fears  
 In you!  
 Sweetest Titania! if you ope my eyes  
 I needs must see  
 Your court, where each fay with the other vies  
 And seeks, with me,  
 The prize  
 Of one small place of favor in your sight,  
 And softly sing  
 Their sweetest love-songs . . . surely, ev'ry sprite  
 Trips in the ring  
 Tonight!

BERTHA HUMEZ, '40.

## ON PREPARING THE GROUND

ONE fact upon which almost everyone agrees is that there are countless advantages in having musical training. To be able to understand a beautiful symphony is, indeed, a goal for which to strive. When I say understand, I mean not merely to know the notes, but to feel the thought and spirit which the composer wished his work to contain. Music, also, is a social asset. Sometimes, it is easier to make friends through being able to discuss music intelligently than by talking or having tea.

Like almost everything in the world, music has its bitter, as well as sweet, moments. To me, the monotony of practicing the scale of F major on the piano is almost unendurable. It is very difficult for me to tear myself away from an interesting magazine or book to sit for an hour, or even longer, at the piano and to play the same uninteresting exercise over and over again. When I sit in front of the piano, I can see out over the Charles River. On a sunny afternoon it is punishment to stay indoors when the wind is calling me outside. Another difficulty is to find time for music. Usually I have many lessons to study, besides numerous other tasks, which are, no doubt, very small, but also time-consuming.

Nevertheless, there is a very bright, sunny side to this apparently dull picture. When a visitor is playing a composition unknown to the other members of the group, and when I can triumphantly exclaim, "Oh, I remember that! It's the *Flower Song* by Gustav Lange. I studied it last winter," I feel a sensation of extreme pride and happiness. Sometimes, practicing is a joy. On these rare days I make the most of my enthusiasm by practicing twice as long as usual. It soothes my soul to be able to play in the company of my friends and to hear them say, "Why, I never knew that you were a musician!" They are not exactly correct; I am only on the road to becoming a musician.

After counting over the joys I have just mentioned, I decide that my music is really worthwhile. I will continue to strive for the final goal. However, there is no final goal, I realize, because I can never attain perfection. I must be content with preparing the ground.

MARGARET LARSON, '41.

## WHAT IF

WHAT IF ROBERT were a cobbler instead of a TAYLOR?  
 WHAT IF BOB were a wish instead of a HOPE?  
 WHAT IF JANET were a loser instead of a GAY-NOR?  
 WHAT IF LORETTA were old instead of YOUNG?  
 WHAT IF RICHARD were blue instead of GREENE?  
 WHAT IF ANNE were northern instead of SOTHERN?  
 WHAT IF HERMAN were stones instead of BRIX?



## SUZANNE, CZARINA

*Continued from November Issue*

THAT night David sat still, alone in the darkened library. His face rested in his hands. He felt desperately alone now that his father was gone. Practically every officer in his command had deserted. Only a few trusted soldiers and servants remained. The five regiments left to him had tried to return the city to order. Everything had failed.

A hand touched his, a hand soft and gentle; he knew whose it was. Looking up into Suzanne's face, he found her very beautiful in the moonlight. Her dress was silvery white and she wore a shining, jewelled coronet. It was very strange. David had dreamed of hunting her, ferreting her out, and then, when he had caught her, he had planned to kill her with his two hands. Now that she had come to him freely, unafraid, he felt weak.

"David, my darling, I am so sorry."

His anger surged within him.

"I returned in time for them to tell me of this terrible plot, but before I could leave, they imprisoned me. When I heard of the — the assassination, I was completely filled with disgust. I told them that I was leaving them forever. They laughed at me and let me go, for they felt sure that no woman would give up the chance for a throne. I shall stay with you forever."

She removed the coronet from her beautiful dark brown hair which David had always loved, and tossed it into the smouldering embers of the fireplace.

David took her head between his two hands and in a scarcely audible voice he said, "How dare you lie to me?"

"Lie to you! David, what do you mean?"

"Oh, this innocence makes me sick!" he cried, wrathfully bursting forth. "You, whom I taught and loved, you to whom my father was so kind, you whom we saved from your black-hearted associates, you start a revolution, murder my father, and finally come to mock me with a pack of lies!"

"David, no, no!"

Then in a moment, he was clutching her and she was trying to break the death grip of his hands on her throat. Her gasps became weaker as his hands tightened. Suddenly, the prince was overcome with repulsion. He wanted to escape from this wretched traitress, from the room, from the whole reeking city. He threw her down and dashed from the room.

For fully five minutes, Suzanne lay gasping, choking on the floor. The whole room was swimming before her eyes. Then she felt that someone else was standing over her, trying to push something hot into her hand.

In a moment she realized she held the coronet. In utter amazement she beheld the man before her. It was the coward who was destined to be Russia's Czar; it was her husband-to-be, Alexander, with a

gun in his hand.

"Come, my pretty Czarina. Put on your crown," he said, "for you are about to play your greatest part in life. You are to be Queen . . . of Death!"

He helped her up with mock ceremony.

"So they have sent you to kill me," she remarked sneeringly.

"That is my commission. I hope that you will make no trouble and . . ."

"It was hardly flattering of the Bolsheviks to send you, not to me at any rate. They must think me very weak and timid to match you against me. Why, I could easily take that gun from your hand."

"I should not advise . . ."

"Do not worry. If I wished it thus, I could rid the world of at least one craven in an instant." She became suddenly morose. "Just before you came, all my happiness and desires vanished."

"Yes, I saw it," he laughed. "He treated you rather roughly, didn't he?"

"At least he has courage," she flared. "I am ready."

"Come; the coach is waiting outside."

"Ah, melodrama! You will probably escort me to some dark wood, and then force the coachman to kill me."

"I have my orders." He sullenly marched her out into the dark, deserted street, a scene so different from the same thoroughfare of the morning. A light snow had just begun to fall. Suzanne shivered a little and pulled the cloak which she had dropped in the hall more closely around her shoulders.

"Well," murmured Suzanne in some surprise, "you have been very clever. You carry me away in a sleigh. Anyone who sees us will think us a couple of farmers out for a ride. It is so much less conspicuous than your car."

"This machine can also travel through deserted woods," he added with an evil smile.

"May I ask where we are to hold this little picnic?"

"I have been ordered to take you through the Vensky wood near the river."

"Ah, yes, after the fatal shot, my corpse will be easily disposed of, in a nearby river, I suppose."

"How can you joke when your life is at stake?" he shivered with distaste.

She laughed. "I told you that this is one time when the victim is less afraid than the assassin."

She had regrets, only because she would die and David would never know the truth. Why couldn't they have been born two Russian farmers, lived, grown up together, and married? She was dreaming now; that was fatal. She must pray. She would pray for herself and for him, that he might win his battle, that he might be happy, and that he might some time know the truth.

The sleigh came to a standstill. Alexander took her hand and stepped out the door. Then Alex-

ander went to sleep, for he had stepped into the arms of an unexpected assailant. Another had disposed of the coachman as the first lifted Suzanne into his arms and ran off into the woods.

Suzanne was amazed to be brought to David.

"David! You, here — I don't —"

"Oh, Suzanne, forgive me; I'm not blind now as I was. I see now what a fool I've been, and what a mess I have made of things."

"Of course, I forgive you, my darling; I am only thankful that you can believe me now."

"When I left the house, I was in a rage," he began. "I determined that I wasn't going to let the Bolsheviks win. Marshalling my forces, I discovered the hideout of my enemies and in a surprise attack, we wiped out most of them. From a wretch whom we took prisoner, I learned about you. He told me exactly the story which you told me. Thus, I finally realized you had nothing to do with the murder. They told me of the plot to kill you. Arriving here just in time to meet the sleigh, I had the great pleasure of taking care of Alexander. Now, Suzanne, the Bolsheviks are gone; we can be happy. You shall be Czarina."

"No, David. It is as I told you in the letter; I was once a Bolshevik and your people would never accept me."

"They know you only as a Countess of the old regime, one whom they loved very much."

"Even a Countess is not enough. No, David, I shall say goodbye now. I could never consent to the union with a clear conscience; you would have to force me."

"Perhaps I shall," he cried, with new vitality. Leaping to his feet, he kissed her, and before she could say a word, he carried her back to the coach.

\* \* \* \*

On the day of the Coronation, there was a cheering mob in the streets. Only two were unhappy. One was David; the other, a weary-looking scrub-woman who sadly watched the great procession from the midst of the crowd.

"But your Majesty, you must —"

"Nardoff," said his Royal Highness, "A Czar does not have to do anything he does not want."

The next day was the Czar's Wedding Day. Who was to be Czarina? Nardoff knew the answer, and he was going mad with worry over it. Nothing he could say would change the ruler's mind. David was determined to marry the Countess Suzanne. Nevertheless, he tried at the last moment to dissuade the couple.

"Please, your majesties; you must not do this. It is all wrong."

"It is not," argued David; "this is perfectly right."

"Yes," added Suzanne, with a charming smile, "you know, Nardoff, the King can do no wrong."

The doors of the Palace were thrown open and

a mighty shout arose as the royal couple stepped into sight. Across the square they marched, escorted by the Royal Guards. The bands were playing the National Anthem, the flags were waving, and a million happy hearts were rejoicing as the Cathedral doors shut behind David and Suzanne, Czar and Czarina of all the Russias.

(THE END)

JAMES J. LAWLOR.

### THE DELIGHT OF LOITERING

Particularly on Monday mornings, when I am the sorry result of a gruelling nocturnal struggle with my weekly essay, I take vindictive pleasure in loitering in the school hall. Between classes the apparent disregard of traffic rules, the throngs of students passing through, and the narrowness of the aisles make the hall a strategic spot in which to vent my ill humor upon the school in general. As I stalk deliberately through the hall at a wedding-processional pace, the column behind me vibrates audibly and resentfully. I allow no one to pass me from the rear. Loitering in this manner satisfies some vague desire for mastery over my fellow students often taller and more domineering than I, and does much to restore me to good humor.

On the street the pleasures of loitering, especially during this gay and colorful Christmas season, are of far greater worth than the supposed physical benefits of brisk walking. While I gaze idly into festive and fascinating shop windows, time marches relentlessly on and waits for no man in vain, as far as I am concerned. For I am oblivious to Time and conscious only of the delicious relaxed feeling which engulfs one who doffs his thinking-cap and allows every impression to slip into his mind at slow motion. Those who stride by me with one eye, perhaps, on the Harvard Trust Company clock are missing amusing sights such as droll sidewalk Santa Clauses and overloaded shoppers which cannot be favorably offset by mere punctuality.

An unexpected and welcome asset to the student loiterer is the vast and varied material for theme-writing which he thus painlessly absorbs. For, however unobservant he may be, if one loiters long and often he cannot fail to be impressed with vivid colors or unusual happenings as they pass obligingly within the range of his aimless vision.

Though perhaps akin to sloth, loitering is, at some time or other a natural manner of walking even for the most industrious people. High speed seems to be conducive neither to deep thinking nor to close observation. Hence widespread loitering on the part of high-school students should result in more observation, deeper thinking, better themes, and, ultimately, in a distinctive essay department for the REVIEW.

FLORE PISTON, '40



# WILD LIFE AT TALENT NIGHT

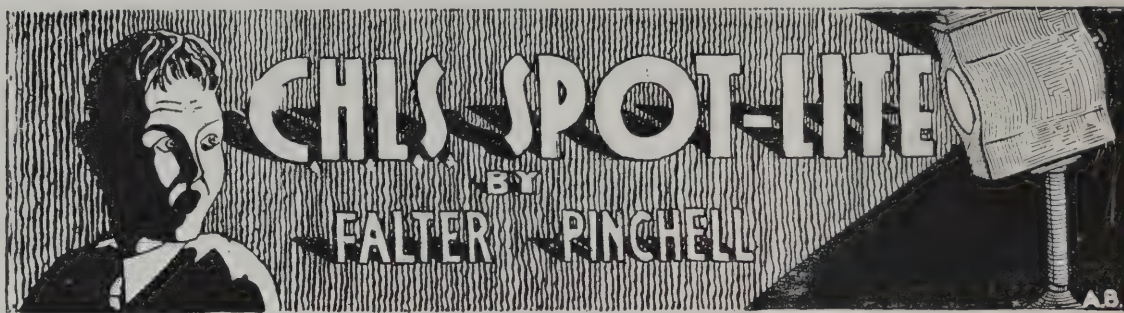


AT AIN'T A  
MUSICIAN  
WIT TWO VIOLIN  
CASES 'EMS  
NED O'ROURKE'S FEET

MAYBE I ORTA  
SLEEP HERE



Week Premiere



HERE we are some more, Latinites, and believe us we're right on the ball (or is the idiom "behind the ball"), although we were almost knocked off said ball by the batterings of friendly readers; but to get down to the chatter at hand . . . What's this about . . . Salvi Mangano's new glasses? . . . Jean Shumway's getting in at 9 P. M. on the night of the G. A. A. formal? . . . Paul Butler's being everywhere but at his own desk in Chemistry? . . . Chauncey Garland's haunting the REVIEW office? . . . Dick Harrington's being bashful? . . . Peggy McDonough's searching the REVIEW even while hanging from an "El" strap? . . . Russ and Herby Boudreau learning how to skate? . . . and Red Powers likewise? . . . say, by the way, you pessimistic perusers, take a gander at the editorial written by our esteemed editor, Paul Richards. Of course you know that he is editor, along with one Craig Williams, because you have looked to see who is on the staff . . . or have you? . . . According to Peggy Miller, Charlotte Lennox is blonde . . . so what? . . . We see that Ray Fitzgerald and Michelangelo Frenier have been currently defacing our illustrious corridors with their bits of art . . . Marj. McLeod comes to school real early. How does she do it? Just ask her . . . Nancy Hudson and Ardella Morrison slave away into the night working on Christmas presents, etc., down in the arts and crafts department . . . by the way, have you seen the pieces of stained glass work down in said department? . . . When Bertha Humez begins to talk poetry, run, do not walk, to the nearest desert island . . .

As if you didn't know . . . Ed Pelletier comes from way out yonder in Oregon . . . and Cowboy Sargent comes from out Oklahomey way . . . there are two John Sheridans in the school . . . maybe more . . . who knows . . . Ted Adelson wants a razor that will be driven by hot air . . . which hot air is to be supplied in abundance by one Joe Goulart . . . Ann Groden wears two pairs of glasses . . . that's a figure of speech; yeah, you guessed it. Hyperbole, exaggeration for effect . . . Charlie Burgess doesn't know it but he is about to be dubbed "Shirt"—no, no, not "Skirt" . . . Marjorie Sears is going to make a hundred pounds of fudge for Jimsy-boy O'Connell and yours truly . . . Tom Donohue's got a license . . . Loretta Ciani goes to

the opera; my deah, yew don't say! . . . Paul Kirby is the little man who isn't there when it comes to taking a Chemistry test . . . Mary Farrell gets here at 7:30 every A. M. to do Mary Farrell's homework . . . Lena Smerlas does everybody's Latin up there in 74 . . . Yes, even Lena Smerlas's Latin, Eos Spiropoulos.

Virginia Davis has become Latin's typical Gracie Allen or "Why Girl" . . . We wonder if she's as bad as Sarah Denaro . . . A certain Dot Nugent is the one who comes up to the REVIEW office to help distribute the magazine . . . Al Moll, with rings on his fingers, bells on his toes, and a mouth full of pearls that he calls teeth . . . Bob Shaine says that if he sees his name in the Spot-lite three times during the year, he will pay one of our editors the sum of one dollar. He ought to know better than that. (Dear Ed. I'll split with you) . . . Bob Tynan is that suit full of muscles that follows Joe Stokes around in the capacity of bodyguard . . . Speaking of curly haired indifference, have you ever seen Al Neves, the French genius? . . . Joe Silveira is the REVIEW's male version of Tessie the Typist; he seems to be perpetually pounding the typewriter up there in the office . . . Whatever happened to Sam Ochlis's ocarina? . . . An ocarina, Tom Croke, is a highbrow term for that so-called musical instrument, the sweet potato . . . We wonder when Felicia Lukaszewicz is going to stop making the honor roll . . . Phil Jones likewise . . . Cy Barber, the man with a head of hair, is a Talent Night ticket scalper . . . He almost scalped us . . . Did you know that Sylvia Hurwitz is the REVIEW agent who burns the midnight oil, slaving for her boss, Nelson Waldman . . . Betty Fawcett was so glad to see her dog mentioned in here, that she came right up and bought a subscription . . . Lorraine Keefe didn't like that last crack in here about being my secretary. Of course that was before I told her what I was willing to pay her. Ten dollars per month isn't to be sneezed at, Lorraine . . . Irene Christopher, if you ever speak out loud in a class, I will faint, and have myself a nervous breakdown . . . George Sokol and Henry Oster would make good doubles for the "Shadow" with those voices . . . Phil Baird claims that he talked so much about the REVIEW in the various classrooms that he sold himself a subscription



... And while we're on the subject of sports, we'd like *everyone* at those basket ball games ... There are plenty of people here in Latin who are already famous: for an example Dutch Gaynor, who is the smallest giant in the world, or Bob Borzakian, who is the biggest midget. Then there is Rocks Leary who is Popeye's double ... Angie Caragianes always catches the second bus, the sleepy head!

According to Nick Manning and still recurrent rumors, Latinite John Ryan fell into the drink last spring ... Many unhappy returns of the day, John ... Answers to letters: Dear Annabelle Field, Commit murder, and we'll think about putting your name in the Spot-lite. Until you do so, forget about getting your name in print. Love, Uncle Falter ... Dear Ed Clark, Do you know what you're talking about? Neither do we. More love, Uncle Falt ... Rollo Lane, according to an anonymous contributor, bangs the ivories real well ... According to still another of those mail box dropper-inners, A. Corey looks like a German officer ... Priscilla Crane knows people in South Africa ... And Tamara Polevoy knows people in China ... Well, well, an infant League of Nations! ... We wonder what Eli Kaninsky carries in that brief case of his? ... Likewise Arseny Karpovitch ... Now and then Frankie Gallagher earnestly compares the values of Latin and Math with yo' little newsboy ... Any time your molecules bother you, just go to Dr. Paul Butler ... and if Dr. Butler bothers you, just go to Dr. (prexy) Ed O'Rourke ... and if O'Rourke bothers you, well, just give up ... There are three groups of dwellers ... Cave dwellers, Tree dwellers, and Hall dwellers, the last group being composed of Boyle, Hughes, Sateriale, and Denaro ... What would Ray Patton do without that stubble on his manly chin? ... So help us, if Jack French creeps up behind us again and scares us, Jack French will be no more ... In case you didn't know, John Lyons is the one who started that fad of rolling up sweater sleeves ... Dot LeShaine is going to get an eye full of splinters if she gets in our way again when there is a door intervening ... Rose O'Rourke is the lassie who goes about spouting the constitution and K. B. notes ... Gert "Flash of lightning and puff of smoke" Crowley is the cause of those blue streaks in our corridors ... The question arises, "Is Mort Bloch a piano player?" The answer is, "?" ... John Bragg, Latin's Adonis; what would note passing do without him? ... If John White doesn't get a new hockey suit, that certain John White is going to commit murder among other things ... John Delaney is real studious; you ought to see him buying books ... The words Joe Connelly and dramatic club are synonymous ... Bernice Goldberg and Florence Gimbel are just a couple of the girls who sink a corner of the hall each morning ... wonder if they've got anything to do with the cracks in the ceiling of the REVIEW

office? ... Betty Tucker was raised in India, but the rope broke ... Billy Larsen wants his name in here. We won't do it ... Michael Rosa and Eugene Nazarro are the debating paperboys ... Nothing sidesplitting happened over the Thanksgiving vacation except the dinner that most of us ate ... "Chauncy" Herlihy says that they have something in the west that you don't see in the east ... Sunsets ... All right ... we didn't laugh when we heard it either ... Eddie Randall is that boy who whizzes around on a Raleigh bicycle ... Seen on the street: Greg Fitzgerald and Jack Lusk on their way back from somewhere in the wee small hours ... Donald Goddard's favorite mystery story is that one contained in the Algebra book ... If we are going to be what we look like, George Smith will be a College Professor.

Re the Frosh ... with the aid of and acknowledgments to Eugene Callender ... Margaret Bane knows all the answers in her Algebra class, but in Ancient History, Wow! ... Bill Anastos wants to know if it's necessary to swallow goldfish to get into college. We hope not, Bill! ... Someone wants to know why Kate Bolger walks with so much speed; well, Kate, what's the answer? ... Did you ever get a peek at the flashy socks on Leonard Beswick; when are you going to become a conservative, Leonard? ... Mike Speredakis would like to know why the REVIEW has those new posters out. By the way, Mike, have you, yes you, subscribed? ... We saw that many of the Frosh were at Talent Night. As a matter of fact, we think that they are showing up their upper-classmen when it comes to school spirit. ... Will some obliging person tell Helen Stevens the difference between All America and All Star; we are informed that she would like to find out what the score is on that subject ... Johnny Lindstrom's ambition is to become Editor of the REVIEW ... Joe McCaffery does not like Deacon Doyle's views on being followed by a black cat. Joe says that he is neither a mouse nor a man, but he is a child ... Take a peek at room two's honor roll; they've got a monopoly of honor students in there ... Freshmen, Don Parris likes to go about pinching people, so have your shillelaghs ready — boy, that's quite a mouthful ... After graduating, Paula Hillery wants to lecture on Domestic Tranquillity ... Speaking of quiet, that animated bit of silence is Audrey Jackson ... Can she be laconic! ! ... Marion Gilmore wants to know what G. A. A. means. Your answer, Marion, is given by Mr. Webster as, G. guess, A. again. A. annoyance ... X wants us to put its name in here. Well, X, are you satisfied now? ... We wonder does Gert Hawkes do anything else beside day dream and ride on the bus to and from school ... Al Christopherson, where did you get that hat! What a nightmare! ... Fo' yo' info' that mite of personified vivacity is none other than Natalie

Tupper . . . George Murphy and his gang are going to wreck the hall doing that Flora Dora routine . . . Walter Martin is one of the hottest "fiery orators" that ever hit this school. We bet that we will be voting for him pretty soon . . . Francis Peterson and Claire Kelly are the unlucky ones who ride to school in a vertical position every A. M. Who said that the Age of Chivalry is not dead? . . . Well, Scandalites, this is where we break off and hibernate for Xmas, so Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

BILL STENZEL, *Editor*.

WIN HOLLAND.

### ANNEX NOTES

TWO Annexites were named on the Cambridge, Somerville All-Scholastic football team conducted by the Boston *American*. They were, Leonard "Deacon" Doyle and John Randall. Randall was selected mainly because of his ability in open field running; The "Deacon" was picked because he is quick to sense a play and break it up . . . Four ANNEX boys made the second team: Bonsignore, Herlihy, Henry and Banowich. Good work, boys, and the best of luck to you all . . .

This year the ANNEX has the following boys on the Hockey team: R. Mulcahy, R. Murphy, J. Randall, and Ly Shorn.

The Basket Ball team will be aided by: Herlihy, Doyle, McGrail, Burns, Culhane, Kelly and Fox from the ANNEX.

Coach J. V. Murphy issued a call for all Indoor Track candidates on December 12. "Many of last year's veterans have gone" the Coach tells me, "but with the new boys we should have a great team."

### THE ANNEX HAS A:

|         |        |           |
|---------|--------|-----------|
| Peck    | but no | Potatoes  |
| Sears   | but no | Roebuck   |
| Sparks  | but no | Fires     |
| Murphy  | but no | Bed       |
| Fox     | but no | Wolf      |
| Curtain | but no | Shade     |
| Lyons   | but no | Tiger     |
| Haverty | but no | Assessor  |
| Stanton | but no | Island    |
| Coffee  | but no | Tea       |
| Gardner | but no | Flowers   |
| Perry   | but no | Commodore |
| Burns   | but no | Fire      |
| Walker  | but no | Runner    |
| Cook    | but no | Food      |
| Mello   | but no | Ripe      |
| Graham  | but no | Crackers  |
| Wright  | but no | Wrong     |
| Power   | but no | Strength  |

JOSEPH VOLES, '41.

### THE LEGEND OF THE IVORY BRACELET

It was the most beautiful courtyard I've ever seen. It was like a fairyland and it retained all the pomp and splendor of Old India. In the center of this gorgeous courtyard on a velvet cushion in a glass case decorated with gold lay a striking carved ivory bracelet. This bracelet caught my gaze because of all the attention it was receiving. Indians of rank and position who received the admiration of all were bowing in humble devotion to this beautiful bracelet. I consulted my friend as to the bracelet and as he told me the story, I was swept back through time to "Early India" where I paused to look on as this beautifully tragic story was unfolded to me.

"It was almost midnight and the full tropical moon floated lazily along the sky trail, reflecting its weird light on the still jungle below. All was silent but the continuous roar of the river as it sped over rough crags on its way to the sea. Now and then the stillness was broken by the roar of a tiger or the trumpet call of an elephant as he ducked his companion in the river.

"High above the mysterious jungle on a rocky hill stood the palace of the Maharajah, ruler of the north Indian province of Suristani. The palace courtyard looked more like midday than nearly midnight, as elephants were being brought into line and seats were being placed on their backs. Mahouts were chaining the elephants together and many score of servants were loading them. Rifles, spears, and knives were in readiness. Although all were hustling and were apparently used to their tasks, a certain tenseness hung over the scene and all spoke in animated whispers.

"Suddenly all moved back against the walls and knelt as the Maharajah in all the glory and splendor of an Indian prince appeared. His guard of honor in gay uniform followed close behind, the priests bringing up the rear. A servant appeared in the doorway and beckoned to the Maharajah. After a discussion the Maharajah consented to the servant's request.

"Shortly after, a girl about eighteen years of age appeared in the courtyard. She was tall and slender with beautiful black eyes and hair, and a smooth olive complexion. She was bareheaded and wore a plain black velvet cape with no jewelry except a small finely carved ivory bracelet. This girl was the Maharajah's only daughter. Her wish was his command.

"At the sight of her, uneasiness swept the party and a stubborn expression crept over the face of the high priest, for it was a well-known fact that a girl on a hunt was an evil curse. The girl approached her father, knelt in reverence, and started toward the largest elephant. At this point the high priest interfered. 'No,' he said sullenly. The girl turned



inquiringly toward her father who, with an angry gesture, summoned the high priest to him.

"A heated argument followed as the high priest hated his ruler too much to yield. Suddenly the Maharajah's mighty voice boomed out, 'She carries no curse. I say she shall go, and by the grace of Brahma she shall go!'

"The priest was about to answer but thinking better of it walked sullenly to his elephant to await the party's departure. Twelve strokes came from the oriental gong and the natives knelt in prayer. Then they rose and mounted silently. The palace gates swung open and the party passed through them.

"Down the treacherous trail into the jungle walked the elephants. Just before dawn the party reached the small village of Rhutan at the very door of the tiger country.

"On into the tiger infested area swept the party. Shortly after this they reached their destination. Here they rested until nightfall. About midnight the hunters took their elephants and prepared for the night's work.

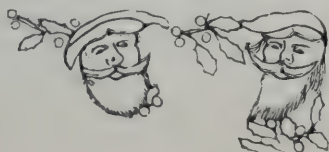
"The first hunting party was successful so the Maharajah allowed his daughter to go on the next one. But on this one several men were lost, a disaster climaxed by the disappearance of one entire group, all but the high priest.

"In their anger the natives threatened to kill the Maharajah unless he sent his daughter back alone to the palace. The Maharajah refused, but his daughter pleaded that if she did not go, all would be lost. Finally the Maharajah consented and the girl started home alone.

"A few days later a number of the lost party returned and revealed that it was the high priest, not the girl, who had cursed them. The party immediately set out after the girl, but a tiger claimed her. All that remained was the tiny ivory prayer bracelet that the girl's father had carved from the tusk of the first elephant she had captured.

"Her father took the bracelet and for many years it was kept in the glass case in front of the palace where natives worshiped it. At the death of the Maharajah, the bracelet was lost; famine and tragedy stalked the land. A few years later the bracelet was recovered and the people prospered once more. Although the natives have been offered fortunes for the bracelet, they remain steadfast in their belief that should the bracelet slip from their hands, their kingdom would crumble and fall as their princess had done so many years before."

RUTH OSTERBERG, '42.



## POST GRADUATES

A LIBERAL quantity of assurance, a dash of sophistication, and a minimum of books, if not stirred too much, should result in that complex character known unscientifically as a post graduate. Also very necessary is the ability to fill all freshmen with awe, a general air of boredom, and a file of excuses guaranteed adaptable to any situation which may arise. His complete ignorance of the theory of the maintenance of the balance of power is eclipsed only by his imaginary license which provides for his participation in all undergraduate social activities not beneath his dignity. It excepts him however, from obedience to any school law or restriction and places him on a plane with the teachers. In compliance with the law of compensation, he staunchly declares that the school is his, as a reward for having survived four years of report cards, departmentals, and seventh periods.

Although his collegiate garb and aimless saunter are helpful in recognizing him, the unfailing test is the hat-in-hand, coat-over-arm appearance of just visiting. To separate him from these garments would, I believe, take sheer force, for they imply to all onlookers that this is merely a voluntary imprisonment which may be broken at his slightest inclination.

He is situated, appropriately enough, in the hall, from whence much of the activity of the school issues. Where else could be found a position so advantageous for the witnessing of assemblies, orchestral presentations, and special programs?

Yet to deny that he is exceedingly skillful in discriminating the comparatively difficult subjects from the easier ones and that he is an ever bubbling fountain of information on the peculiarities of the various instructors would be absolute heresy. One feels, too, that his possibilities are not lacking since in due time he may be a college man, a rising young business executive or even president.

MARGUERITE MOONEY, '41.

## SONG OF TWILIGHT

When shadows fall, and Night comes softly wing-  
ing

With lantern-stars, across the dusky skies,  
What song shall I discover for my singing  
To voice the thoughts that in my bosom rise:—  
The joy to see thy lips, love-tokens bringing,  
To say, "I love thee, dear," and look into thine eyes?  
There is no music great enough for telling  
The sweet concordance of thy lightest word:—  
No melody is grand enough for swelling  
The harmony our loving has concurr'd,  
Nor sweetest birds, though all their song compelling,

May match the harshest tone that from thy lips is  
heard.

BERTHA HUMEZ, '40.

## MOVIE NAMES MADNESS

HE was a very HALE and YOUNG, but MEEK TAYLOR who resided in the WEST and made suits for a living. He was always asking for MOORE pants to press but soon he became very tired of being a WEAVER and a SHEARER without much MUNI, so he packed his few belongings into a suitcase and began a MARCH to the SOUTHERN part of the country. He crossed many miles of FIELDS through sunshine and RAINS until he FONDA place which he liked very much. This was a house, built like a TEMPLE that looked like a CASTLE which had a GREENE GABLE on the roof. He was amazed at the electric wires which were always giving off SPARKS because he had never seen electricity before. In this place lived a JUDGE who had turned into a FARMER. In the middle of this VALLEE was a river on which our TAYLOR liked to row a RAFT. The water was usually BLUE but sometimes GREY or BROWN. Whenever he went swimming, he bore the color of the water for that day.

One day a BLONDIE girl came walking down the LANE carrying lots of MUNI. After COLLINS "HARLOW" to her, he suddenly FOSTER to stop, DREW near and ASTOR to hand over the dough. Well, HOWARD you like this done to you? Neither did she. She gave him ASTAIRE, the kind that BURNS right through you. He saw that everything was not OAKIE-doakie and wished he could KARLOFF the whole thing. He was right, because she picked up a STONE and a piece of wood from a PINE tree and with great POWER hit him over the head and thus bumped the RATOFF. His body was thrown into the HUDSON river which flows by DE MILLE where the FARMER stores his RICE.

ALBERT TROTSKY, '40.

## A REQUEST

Dear Santa, Please send:

TEDDY ADELSON — a professor quiz book — he might get some good questions.

JEAN SHUMWAY — 5,000 match covers — she needs that many to cover the walls of her room.

JACKSON WALTERS — a pony — he might be able to do his Latin better

PAUL KIRBY — an ink eradicator — maybe he can keep clean of ink.

PHILIP STROWMAN — a pair of roller skates — he will get to school earlier.

JAMES O'CONNELL — a new hat — he certainly needs it.

BERTHA HUMEZ — an elevator — she gets tired walking up to the top floor every day.

PAUL RICHARDS — a bookcase — he'll need one after the books he will win this year.

BILL STENZEL — some reporters — then he won't have to depend on Monsieur Bob for his news.

EDDIE O'ROURKE — a gavel — after all, a president needs something to pound with.

ABRAHAM TEKUZENER — a chemistry book — he thinks H<sub>2</sub>O is water.

SYDNEY GROSS — a violin — he needs one, or maybe it's a piano.

TAMARA POLEVOY — a medal — she saw more in Charles River than I ever saw. It's all water to me.

JAMES LAWLOR — some brown clothes — he dislikes all other colors, especially green.

CHESTER SARGENT — a polo field — he feels lost without one.

CLAUDE HENRY — a bicycle — he might get back to his homeroom more quickly.

FRANK RADIN — a printing press — he won't have to print the *Student* by hand, the poor kid.

MARJORIE COLEMAN and MERLYNN COOK — a pair of handcuffs — so they can stay closer together and be a little closer.

MARY FEELEY — a push cart — she won't have to carry that green bag around so much.

Thank you,

ALBERT TROTSKY, '40

## A PROFITABLE HOBBY

ABOUT six weeks ago, I read an article in the *Traveler*, about a model plane contest, given by the Virginia House Furniture company, which the Jordan Marsh Company was sponsoring. I thought it would be great fun to enter, even if I should not win.

I purchased a plane kit at Jordan's, and two weeks later my plane was finished. I entered the plane in the contest the following day. The judging was scheduled to take place the next week.

Later, when I saw nothing in the paper about it, I figured that I would go in and bring my plane home that afternoon, but imagine my surprise when they told me that I had won third prize!

On Saturday morning, November eighteenth, I went in to receive my award, which was a Virginia House, full-size, rock-maple bed. The prizes were as follows:

First: A maple wardrobe.

Second: A chest of drawers.

Third: A full-size, rock maple bed.

All had typical aeronautical designs.

The plane I made was a CURTISS-HAWK P-6-E, colored yellow, silver, black, and olive drab. It is complete with all details, such as movable controls, proper insignia, rib stressing, windshield, machine guns, and pilot's cockpit, with a tiny seat, joy stick, rudder pedal, and a dashboard. The wing-span was twenty-four inches.

My award was delivered on Saturday, December second.

DON GALE, '43.



## THE ADVENTURES OF BOB LAMPOON

Bruce Humphries Inc. 1939      Bernice O'Hara

Written by the mother of two of our own students and illustrated by her son, a graduate of C. H. L. S., this pleasant little story tells the life of one Robert Henry Stewart, familiarly known at Harvard as Bob Lampoon, mascot of the Lampoon. The little 73 year-old man and his piccolo became as much a part of the college as the Lampoon itself.

Cambridge in the late 1800's is entertainingly described; the horse cars, carriages, forests and pastures, cattle and sheep driven through Harvard Square are hard to believe when one sees the well-paved streets and automobiles of today.

The story of Bob Lampoon's eventful life — and it was eventful; he traveled to Australia, India and England on cattle boats, or as a steward; he roped steer; and he drove a depot carriage — begins with his birth in Somerville, narrates the numerous scrapes he got into, his marriage, and his many jobs; and ends with his death here in Cambridge, only a few years ago, as the result of an accident. It is told in a simple, direct manner, and its few illustrations are admirable and amusing.

MARGARET MILLER, '41.

## ON WEARING GLASSES

Most people who wear glasses, at least those whom I know, act and feel quite superior to those whom nature has left perfect. When they are equipped with their armor of crystal and celluloid (or tortoise shell, as the case may be, although few of the latter are left) they are entirely impregnable and invulnerable. Their self-possession and poise are astounding, and a non-glasses wearing spectator finds himself completely squashed, squelched, but profoundly impressed by this overwhelming composure of his fellow men.

Politicians, hard put to it on a campaign, adopt eye-glasses to make the public, already gaping at the fairy-like promises of their platforms, gape even wider at the sincerity and power which oozes from a speaker who tenderly polishes his pince-nez in conclusion. The tax-oppressed voter thinks to himself that a man who can handle a piece of perishable transparency as a mother caresses her beloved offspring could right the wrongs of all suffering citizens, such as himself.

The librarian who finds that all other methods have failed, finally resorts to the wearing of glasses with double-thick lenses to induce silence among the library patrons. One look from that patriarch of the swivel-chair and an entire convention of the American Legion would hold their tongues and drop their eyes in shame.

Some school teachers still practice the Frankenstein fashion of maintaining order in their classes. When things get just beyond control of threats,

promises, and pleadings, the teacher dons an ancient pair of black-rimmed, long-bowed museum specimens and surveys each face with an accusing stare. There is no better way known, even scientists must admit, of making a class keep quiet, and also forget any inkling of the lesson which they might have known.

But we do not see these potentates of the optical when they lose or mislay their glasses. They are helpless, hopeless, even pitiful. They are reduced to that outcast group who do not wear glasses, that group to which I belong. They are entirely at the mercy of anyone who wishes to take advantage of them. They have been deflated to the point where at one word of hope they will gladly change their wills in favor of the clue-giver. It is perhaps to their advantage that they are objects of such misery and suffering that the heart of the hardened criminal melts as he watches them grope about among their equals-for-the-moment. That is undoubtedly why they seldom lose their station of might.

I do not wear glasses, but when the day arrives when glasses will be beneficial and necessary to my cause or my ego, I shall don these visionary auxiliaries and gaze triumphantly down upon the cringing beings whose unimpaired eyesight or unfixed ambitions leave them on the level from which I have arisen. It will then be the lot of one of them to write thusly of me.

ARDELLA MORRISON, '40

## SCHOOL-FEVER

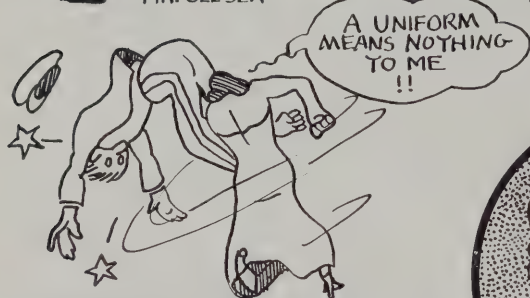
(With apologies to John Masefield)

I must down to school again,  
through grammar school and high,  
And all I ask is a teacher fair  
to correct my "lay" and "lie";  
And a stern look and a crooked smile  
are common traits. How true!  
I wouldn't mind if she had these  
and a sense of humor, too.  
I must down to school again,  
for the call of education  
Is a faint call, such a faint call  
that I long for the vacation;  
And all I ask is a few stout friends  
who like to share an answer,  
When I've been out late on a special date  
with a very special dancer.

I must down to school again,  
and bear up 'til graduation,  
'Til that great day so far away  
it might be imagination;  
And I do not ask a pleasant trip  
to Seattle or Tacoma,  
Just a smiling face and a handclap  
when I get my diploma.

HELEN SHEA, '40.

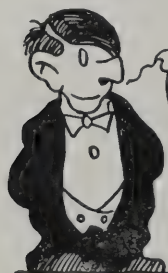
# - G. A. A. FORMAL -



MARJORIE COLEMAN CERTAINLY KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE GATE CRASHERS. SHE GAVE US A PERFECT DEMONSTRATION OF HOW TO THROW THE ARMY FOR ALOSS !!



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Miss G. A. A. AND HER ESCORT CAME THROUGH WITH AN ENCHANTING EVENING.

TINY SYLVIA PILTCH ANOYED G.A.A. OFFICER MADE HERSELF NOTICEABLE WITH THAT ELONGATED PARTNER OF HERS



FRANK HENRY RECEIVED THE AWARD FOR "GLAMOUR BOY" 'N' GENEVIEVE HEARLHY, PRESIDENT OF THE G.A.A. HAPPENED TO BE HIS PARTNER - BOY WAS HER FACE RED... OR HIS!!





**SENIOR HONOR ROLL**

SECOND MARKING PERIOD 1939-1940

**First Honors**

|                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Athanas, Elpe     | Kitchen, Geraldine |
| Barboza, Fernanda | Müller, Ruth       |
| Bates, Priscilla  | O'Rourke, Rose     |
| Bee, Dorothy      | Pilkins, Bertha    |
| Bolz, Jane        | Piston, Flore      |
| Dong, Marie       | Richards, Paul     |
| Edison, Barbara   | Scott, Dorothy     |
| Enos, Margaret    | Shea, Helen        |
| Fournier, Delvina | Silveira, Joseph   |
| Galvin, Anna      | Swinamer, Doris    |
| Hodian, Rose      | Thomas, Elizabeth  |
| Johnson, Frank    | Weisman, Beatrice  |
| Kiggins, Mary     | West, Ruth         |

**JUNIOR HONOR ROLL**

SECOND MARKING PERIOD 1939-1940

|                      |                    |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| Bahadurian, Michael  | Jones, Philip      |
| Barbutto, Angelina   | Larson, Margaret   |
| Ciccolo, Concetta    | Marderosian, Annie |
| Costa, Pasqualina    | Newell, Dorothy    |
| Doe, Barbara         | Oster, Harry       |
| Drolette, Bernadette | Parise, James      |
| Eichelroth, Eva      | Roberts, Clarice   |
| Fitch, Marjorie      | Tumenas, Dorothy   |
| Galvin, Eileen       | Wadman, Percival   |

**SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL**

SECOND MARKING PERIOD 1939-1940

|                     |                       |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Ayer, William       | Morrell, Barbara      |
| Bartley, Hugh       | Neal, Dorothy         |
| Denaro, Marietta    | O'Donnell, Betty      |
| Finstein, Charlotte | O'Rourke, Paul        |
| Frances, Marie      | Stathopoulos, John    |
| Jankowska, Eleanor  | Sullivan, Mary, Rm. 8 |
| Krute, Aaron        | Szotowski, Janet      |
| Lambros, Alice      | Tartaglia, Matilda    |
| Markante, Thalia    | Zukas, Martha         |
| Morris, Elizabeth   |                       |

**FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL**

SECOND MARKING PERIOD 1939-1940

|                     |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Barbutto, Elena     | McMahon, Margaret   |
| Batten, Muriel      | Messina, Mary       |
| Benker, Dorothy     | Miller, Franklin    |
| Benson, Ida         | Moksu, Bertha       |
| Bochenak, Genevieve | Mooney, Mary        |
| Butler, Elizabeth   | Morazzi, Olga       |
| Cahill, John        | Narekiewicz, Mary   |
| Campbell, Pearl     | Narekiewicz, Nellie |
| Chin, Annie         | O'Brien, Mary       |
| Churchill, Patricia | O'Brien, Robert     |

|                    |                         |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| Collins, Eleanor   | Oster, Edward           |
| Comenitz, Elliot   | Patch, Elizabeth        |
| Cuff, Grace        | Pearson, Walter         |
| Currie, Agnes      | Power, Walter           |
| Davies, Frances    | Prebeusen, Eileen       |
| Downword, Carol    | Quint, Frances          |
| Driscoll, Irene    | Roach, Mary             |
| Drolette, Margaret | Rodrique, Dorothy       |
| Duperey, Lucille   | Rogers, Barbara         |
| Emello, Elizabeth  | Romard, Evelyn          |
| Ferrick, Margaret  | Roop, Juanita           |
| Finn, Isabelle     | Rounds, Sally           |
| Freni, Gloria      | Servello, Florence      |
| Gelinas, Helen     | Shore, Marcia           |
| Geller, Molly      | Shrier, Beatrice        |
| Holmes, Marie      | Sidlouski, Florence     |
| Jablow, Mona       | Souza, Louise           |
| Jankowski, Sophie  | Spinoza, Mary           |
| Johnson, Barbara   | Stern, Rosalind         |
| Johnson, Grace     | Sutherland, Dorothea    |
| Kagan, Frances     | Themea, Mary            |
| Kaminsky, Eli      | Twomey, Richard         |
| Kane, Terry        | Vontiritisa, Marguerite |
| Karess, Marilyn    | Walter, Loraine         |
| Kelley, Marjorie   | Wasserman, Irving       |
| Kelty, Diana       | Weinberg, Charlotte     |
| Kenney, Frances    | White, Robert           |
| Lozensky, Gertrude | Whitehouse, Norma       |
| McCabe, Richard    | Zeles, Natalie          |

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*Principal:* "Young man, do you know who I am?"

*Freshman:* "No sir, but if you can remember your address, I'll help you home."

"Walter, bring me tea without lemon."

"Sorry sir, we have no lemon."

"All right then, bring me tea without milk."

*Mother:* "Ellen, you really ought to wear a hat when you go out in the evening."

*Ellen:* "But Mother, I am wearing a hat. It's on the other side!"

*Math Teacher:* "John, why do you look at your watch so often?"

*John Lusk:* "Well, sir, I was afraid, sir, that you wouldn't have time to finish your interesting explanation, sir."

*Referee,* (to group football players who were razzing the opposing quarterback): "Cut out them personalities. Cut out them personalities."

*Voice* (from stands): "Cut out them grammar!"

*Woman* (to young boy who was sniffing): "Young man, do you have a handkerchief?"

*Robert Shaine:* "Yes'm, but I don't lend it to strangers."

*Dentist:* "Stop waving your arms and making faces. Why, I haven't even touched your tooth."

*Rocks Leary:* "I know you haven't. Your standing on my foot."

*Minister:* "Would you care to join us in the new missionary movement?"

*Gert. Crowley:* "Sure thing! Is it anything like the Lambeth Walk?"

*Joe Harrington:* "Doesn't the teacher ever get you and your brother confused?"

*Joe Malaban:* "Yeah, she gets me confused one day and him the next."

*Ed Bulger:* "What an unusual pair of socks you have on,—one red, and one green."

*George Garoin:* "Yes, and I have another pair just like them at home!"

## APOLOGY

The pictures in the November issue of the REVIEW were taken by John Campbell, '41. Our apologies John, for being a month late with our acknowledgments.



## UNIVERSITY THEATRE

Harvard Square Cambridge

Sun. Mon. Tues. Dec. 24, 25, 26

Deanna Durbin

"FIRST LOVE"

Jackie Cooper - Freddie Bartholomew

"TWO BRIGHT BOYS"

Wed Thurs. Fri. Sat. Dec. 27, 28, 29, 30

Claudette Colbert - Henry Fonda

"DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK"

The Jones Family

"TOO BUSY TO WORK"

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## Freshman Patter

*George Brown:* "I see you advertised for a man to retail canaries."

*Dealer:* "Yes, are you a salesman?"

*Brown:* "Oh, no I was just curious to find out how the little birds lost their tails in the first place."

*Eugene Callender:* "When you hear the name Defoe, of what do you think?"

*Marion Gilmore:* "The Dionne quints."

*Catherine Bolger:* "Do you think Radio will take the place of the papers?"

*Dorothy Arthur:* "No, you can't swat flies with a radio."

*Alice Cooper:* "If a number of cattle is called a herd and a number of sheep, a flock, what is a number of camels called?"

*Barbara Superirard:* "A carton."

*History Teacher:* "John, put Egypt in a sentence."

*John Bonareba:* "See that man! Egypt me."

*Miss Young:* "Why is lay wrong?"

*Irene Hadger:* "Because lie is right."

From Charlie McCarthy's dread antipathy of Bill Fields, we might surmise that that gentleman with the prominent proboscis (that can't be right), was the Wizard of Saws. Remembering Alice in Wonderland ("Worser and Worser").

Mr. Sullivan was explaining the subject of bail in his history class when "Prexy" O'Rourke suggested that the system might work otherwise, i. e., a husband would pay his wife a bail of \$5,000 and leave for six weeks. "I should not advise," said Mr. Sullivan, "any of you girls to set your caps for O'Rourke. He might take you to the movies and check you!"

Walter Winchell submits the following as his epitaph:

"Here lies Walter Winchell in the dirt he loved so well."

## MANTER HALL SCHOOL

Many students take advantage of the vacation periods to obtain supplementary instruction in subjects in which they are weak.

A few hours of instruction with us should prove of great value during the next term.

71 Mt. Auburn St. TROwbridge 7532



**G. A. A. DOUBLE TOURNAMENT  
CHAMPIONS**

SUE JONES

CHARLOTTE KNIGHT

**G. A. A. REPORT**

ONCE again Christmas is drawing near, and with it comes specially planned G. A. A. events. Santa Claus has again consented to spend an afternoon with us. Perhaps you have heard about former Christmas parties. If you have, you won't need a second invitation. In case you haven't, come and receive the information first hand. The date is December 22, in the gym.

November 24 was the big night on the G. A. A. calendar. Dressed in taffeta, satin, tulle, and velvet in a myriad of colors, the girls escorted by their handsome beaux gracefully danced to the accompaniment of Longin Buinis and his orchestra. The Paul Jones dances were very popular, and helped couples to become acquainted. The G. A. A. officers seem to be brimming over with new ideas. For the first time, as far as we know, a beau, instead of a belle, of the ball was chosen. Unsuspecting, the boys marched around the hall, entirely unaware of the reason. One of the boys was afraid it was a jitter bug contest. Don't worry, Johnny, I won't tell who it was. Much to the surprise of Genevieve Herlihy, the president, her partner, Frank Henry, was chosen by the patronesses as beau of the ball. Congratulations, Frank.

It is a pleasure to meet teachers outside classrooms. Mr. and Mrs. Oleson, Mr. and Mrs. Santoro, Miss Bligh, Miss McLaughlin, Miss George, and Miss Brown, our patrons and patronesses, did much to further the success of the formal.

## *Shirley's Dress Shop*

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Swimming is going to start January 11, and will continue for six weeks. All G. A. A. members are welcome, and the Juniors and Seniors who signed up for swimming are especially urged to attend. There are rumors about a splash party. If you would like one, speak to Miss Brown or one of the officers and maybe something can be done.

The hiking group hasn't been resting during these other activities. They are planning a supper hike to Cedar Hill. It sounds good, doesn't it? Most of us haven't had hot dogs cooked over a campfire since last summer.

The "boy" girl dance is to be held January 5. We felt that this dance is a unique feature. Nowhere, as far as we know, in this part of the country is there any other school dance into which the "boys" and girls enter so whole heartedly. For the upper classmen the success of these annual affairs is a foregone conclusion; may our younger sisters find them as enjoyable!

This year a telephone chain was used in a plea for food to fill our G. A. A. baskets. Thanks to the generosity of the boys, as well as the G. A. A. members, baskets were filled for a number of families. There will be another opportunity to help for those who forgot or haven't yet learned about the baskets. Food will be distributed again at Christmas time.

Have you any toys that you have outgrown? Think of the pleasure they would give to some child on Christmas morning.

The tennis tournament was completed with the honors going to Sue Jones and Charlotte Knight. Mary Mallet and Ellen Sullivan were runners up. The winners will receive their medals at the Christmas party.

MIRIAM HARNEY, '40.

### DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

SINCE we met last the members of the Dramatic Club have been very busy with different activities. First there was the play "R. U. R." given at Tufts College. All members of the Dramatic Club were invited by Professor Balch to attend one of the performances, and all who attended had a most enjoyable time and witnessed some very fine acting.

At the last meeting of the Club the members were entertained by a play "The Happy Journey." Barbara Gilbert did a marvelous piece of work in the lead. There was a very fine supporting cast consisting of Jim O'Connell, Arline Soyeth, Loretto Ciani, Ed O'Rourke, and Joe Connelly.

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*Greeting Cards*

*Periodicals*

A little out of the line of activities of the Club, but still of great interest to the members, was a reunion which took place on December 7 at Boston College's play "The Taming of the Shrew." There Miss Hartigan, our Coach and Faculty Adviser, met some of her Thespians who put on "The Taming of the Shrew" in this school in 1916. Among those present were Russell Gerould, the Governor's Secretary, and representing the Governor at the play; Leo M. Cannon, who is now a doctor; the Reverend Thomas McNamara, J. Raymond Kelley of the *Boston Post*, and Kenneth Goepper, Master of the Fletcher School. These now successful men, under Miss Hartigan's able direction, laid the foundation for our present Dramatic Club in 1916.

At the present time, the entire Club is active planning for the coming Christmas party. This party is expected to be one of the high lights of the year for the Dramatic Club. The Entertainment Committee, which consists of Arline Goyette, Jean Davidson, and Jim O'Connell informs us that among other things we will have refreshments, dancing, and the singing of Christmas Carols.

Speaking of Christmas, the members of the Dramatic Club take this opportunity of wishing you a very Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays.

JOSEPH CONNELLY, '40.

#### K. B.

**W**E lived in the old Holland of Rembrandt. You may say that's not possible but we did just that when the K. B. visited Mrs. Gardner's museum in the Fenway. With a guide book held carefully in hand and eyes glancing quickly about, eager to see all and to miss nothing, we lost ourselves in the beauty of magnificent art and craftsmanship. We came away with an inexplicable feeling of awe and the remembrance of the redolent flowers blooming in a palace of wonder.

Is there anyone who has not heard of the K. B. Winter Formal at the Hotel Commander? Well, if you haven't, you should come out of your deep dark cave now because this is going to be one of the sensations of 1940. The date is January 12th and Hal Drabe and his orchestra will play their smoothest music. The tickets are only \$2.00 per couple, and you can dance to your heart's content from 8:30 to 12 o'clock. We'll see you there!

ROSE O'ROURKE, '40.



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## EXCHANGES

THE LIBERTAS  
Bethlehem High  
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

It was a pleasure indeed to read such exceptionally fine editorials and essays. We heartily approved also of your short stories, book reviews, and above all your poems. Your current events department, "Wise and Otherwise" was delightful. Keep up the good work!

THE ARBUTUS  
Cathedral High  
New York City

What a fine collection of poems, essays, and short stories! Your "Pantomime Wedding," the description of the fountain display at the World's Fair, we found to be especially beautiful and unusual. We also enjoyed the short story, "A Pearl of Great Price."

THE ROSMARIAN  
Catholic High  
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

We liked your short stories particularly. They are far above the usual average. The essays were fine, but we would like to see more; and how about more poetry? "Saints For Reading Moods," your book review section, is excellent.

THE KALENDS  
Delaware Academy  
Delhi, New York

Variety is certainly the keynote to your magazine. We enjoyed your drama, "That Wonderful Man," very much. We shall eagerly await more of "Beany" in the cartoon. Don't you think you ought to have a bit more poetry, though?

## BRIEF ITEMS

When you see M. Vando and he's not chewing gum, let me know . . . If you are looking for J. Gleason, find Joe "Dapper" Lombardi . . . If you haven't seen G. Puddister and W. Pero act, you've missed something . . . Where's G. McMahon's Ford gone to . . . Glimpsed K Griffin riding through Harvard Square in an old hack buggy.



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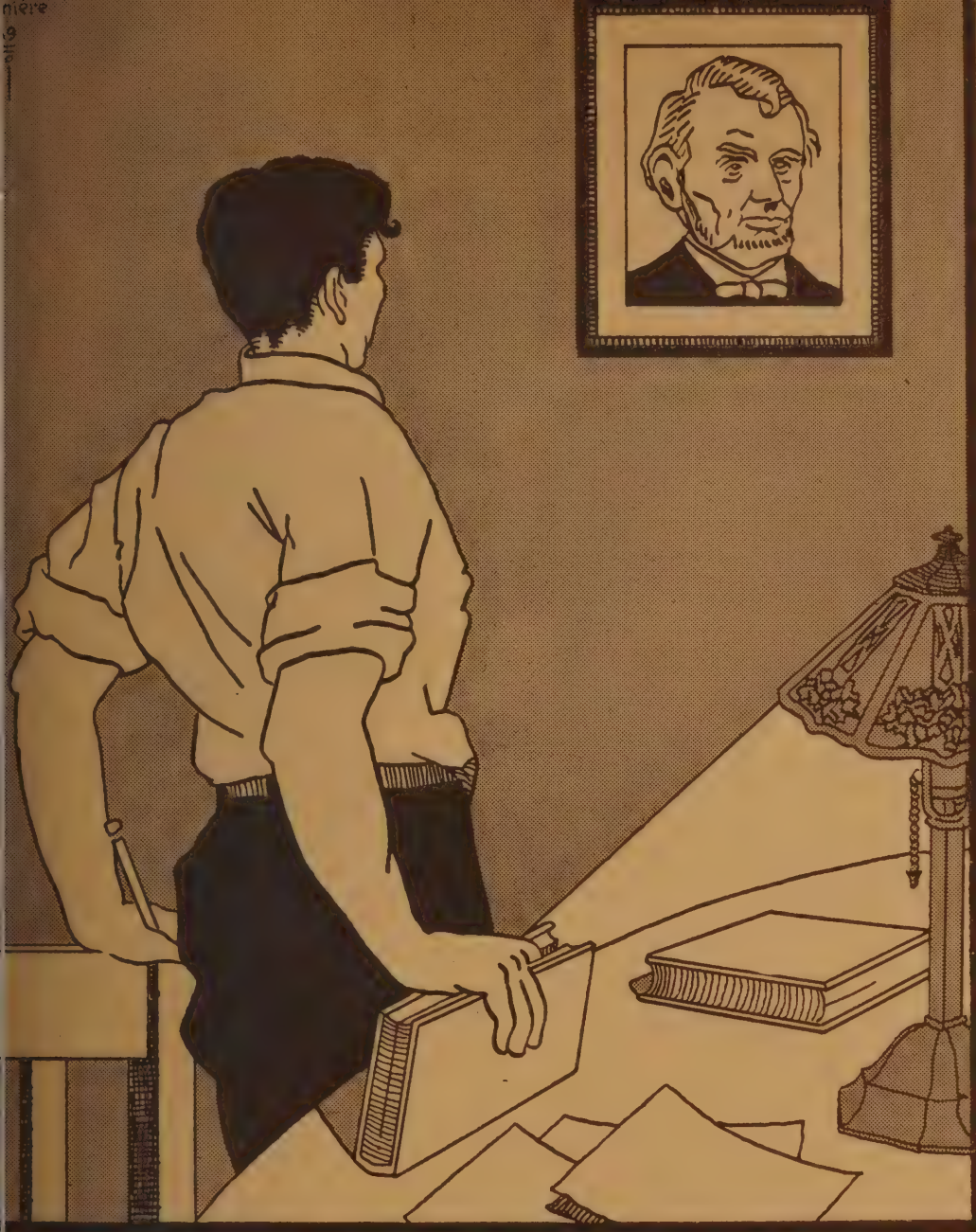
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Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts

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# The Cambridge Review



CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL  
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

FEBRUARY, 1939

VOLUME 53

NUMBER 3

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## TO THE STUDENTS

"I HAVE never in my life been so busy as I was in high-school." Those are the words of a middle-aged woman who at present is spending ten hours a day in charity work with time out to bring up a family. Obviously, it would be foolish to generalize on her statement, but there's no denying the fact that the average high school student, particularly the upper-classman, is busy! He carries a heavy load of school-work; he has numerous outside interests in the form of church activities, social groups, and hobbies; he frequently studies art or music; he tries to get regular physical exercise; he occasionally gets eight hours sleep!

This full schedule demands time-budgeting. The student who makes no effort to plan his activity inevitably leaves something undone, usually his school-work. Time-budgeting is analogous to packing a suitcase systematically. The packer who uses no such system tosses each article carelessly into his suitcase. As a result, he has to wrestle with his suitcase to close it despite the fact that he has dispensed with six or seven shirts and a toothbrush. Usually he misses his train. On the other hand, the time-budgeter polishes off a neat job in ample time to catch the 10:15. Thus time-budgeting offers us a way to perform everything expected of us and preserve a comfortable margin of time for an emergency. In addition, it reduces the amount of time wasted. And what high-school student does not waste many precious hours? You see clearly how little time there is to waste, if you figure what needs to be done and how long it will take. So, classmates, let's budget our time; by so doing we can double our Saturday night enjoyment — and that's something!

## PRESS CONFERENCE

ON Saturday, January 14, delegates from the REVIEW Staff attended the press conference sponsored by the *Northeastern University News*. Approximately 1400 representatives from eighty-six schools in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire thronged to the parley to hear able newspapermen discuss the various features of newspaper work. Sports, advertising, editorials, and photography were treated by experts from the *Post*, *Transcript*, *Herald*, and *Globe* in well planned, entertaining and informing speeches. At noon, a buffet luncheon was served. The closing portion of the meeting was given to Mr. Ralph Blagden of the *Christian Science Monitor* for his address on the "The Role of the Press in 1939."

During the conference, we of the REVIEW staff were very much pleased to note that our magazine is being managed and edited according to stand-

ards set forth by the speakers. Indeed, the REVIEW emerged from all tests of value with flying colors.

## THE REVIEW SHORT STORY CONTEST

THE editors wish to announce the annual short story contest for 1939. A prize is to be awarded in each of two classes, one comprising the freshmen and sophomores, the other, the juniors and seniors. Winning stories will appear in the April issue of the REVIEW. All contributions must be received in the REVIEW office on or before Friday, March 16. Stories are to be written legibly, preferably typewritten, on one side of the paper and are not to exceed 1000 words in length.

## THE DUMB-BELL

HE knew he was dumb before he knew anything else. His parents told him. When he started in school, his playmates told him; he was sure of it.

He found it so hard to master the alphabet that he learned it forwards and backwards. He did not know the multiplication table until his classmates were in fractions. Such an effort it was for him to learn things that he knew he could never afford to forget them; he would not have time to retrace his steps.

When he wrote a letter, he had to make every word count. He had no time to say a thing twice. When he made a compilation, it had to work right the first time, because he could not go over his work again. When he was sent for information, he had to get it all, and get it correctly, because it took him so long to complete his errand. When he was asked a question, he had to answer it with what he knew, because he was not clever enough to bluff.

He was so dumb that he never ceased to be grateful when his firm gave him an advance. He could not figure out why men who were brighter than he came under his direction.

He never understood why, when his firm got into financial trouble, the banks insisted that he should be made receiver. When he worked the business back into solvency, he could not explain why the stockholders made him president.

He was so hopelessly dumb that he was always looking for a better man to take over his responsibilities. When his town unanimously proclaimed him to be their chief leader, he could not understand why a score of other men were not better qualified for the position.

WALTER GARLAND, '41.

## AMERICANISM

WE have, to-day, all that we have struggled and worked for since the founding of our great country. We are determined, liberty-loving American people who have striven continually, from the time of our early colonial settlements to the present day, to establish and to maintain a government under which we might breathe air scented with freedom. We have always been proud of our right to live and worship in our own way.

The privileges which we enjoy to-day were not merely wished for, but are the result of the years of true Americanism which stand behind them. If we of to-day would only pull our heads out of the clouds of chaos and look back over the years, we would find ourselves better fitted to fight to-day's battle. We ought to recall the progress of the great American crusade which started so many years ago of humble personage and great enterprise. It has been the forward march of the American people. We of to-day seem to be assuming a pessimistic nature not characteristic of our forefathers. We constantly complain that opportunities to do great things are gone forever, that too much power is in the hands of the minority, that the world is caught in a whirlwind of confusion. We have preached the futility of it all to such an extent that we have stifled much of our initiative which is of the utmost importance to any great progress. We have always had obstacles to overcome, decisions to make, but we have always possessed the spirit to "conquer, do, or die." We kept our eyes on the distant shore and marched straight ahead. Because of the integrity and fortitude of our forefathers we are gifted at birth with rights and advantages envied the world over. Therefore I repeat, we must look to the past and be thankful and willing to take our place in the crusade of to-day. Whatever our task may be, we have no right, as Americans, to assume a passive attitude. We must think American thoughts, work toward an American end, and look to the American horizon. In this way we shall be contributing somewhat to the spirit of Americanism.

We, in America, realize that we are passing through trying times. We are troubled to the point of dismay over affairs foreign and domestic. To close our eyes to the state of the country and of the world would be an act of stupidity but to see things in their true light is one of wisdom. Therefore, it is imperative that we, as Americans, practice the art of "keeping our heads." Let us, the people, not rush head-on into another conflict. Let us first consider the facts and make our decisions when we have time for quiet thought and not when we are listening to a vehement leader.

There are many things that we can do to prove

our patriotism other than marching off to war. There are many people, capable of being roused by bands and waving flags to the point of risking their lives in a conflict to save the honor of their country but who are indifferent to its calling in time of peace. Real patriotism calls for more than this; it demands that we protect our country from the undermining forces which exist throughout the land as well as from foreign aggression.

Through all the years of suffering and sacrifice, the American flag has waved over the heads of all. How much this flag has gone through; how much it stands for! Behind this flag, our flag, we have everything for which we have fought: Liberty, justice, and the right to the pursuit of happiness. At the head of all we have our strong central government. Can all this be torn down and destroyed?

To-day, we have in our midst treacherous opposers to the American system of government. Communism, a word once unknown to most Americans, is being preached throughout the land to such an extent that many American citizens know more of it than they do of their own system of government. This is, indeed, a sad state of affairs, but if we think logically and strive as did our forefathers, we can rid our country of communism, and every other "ism" that exists to-day except AmericanISM, and that we shall maintain forever.

Let us all, each and every one, pledge ourselves anew to the betterment and maintenance of the American system of government. Let us develop within ourselves a true spirit of patriotism, the root of which is imbedded in the hearts of those who founded and built our great land. Let us realize that in keeping our heads in time of confusion, we are showing ourselves superior to those who are always ready to follow the crowd. We must always be ready to defend our United States, but we must not be eager to shed our blood on foreign soil. We must take an interest and a part in the governing of our great country. We must ascertain that we elect the right men to represent us, not only by listening to confusing campaign speeches, but also by studying constantly the character and ability of those who seek office. We must also strive to be good neighbors, for it is from the common actions of the every-day man that the true American spirit is bred.

From now on, we must pledge our devotion to the American flag and to that republic for which it stands. Let us not only raise our hands in the well-known salute but raise our hearts, too, in a fervent prayer that the American flag, your flag and mine, may forever wave "O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

WALTER FRALEIGH, '39.



### THE BANK ON SATURDAY MORNING

WAITING of a Saturday morning for a friend to make a deposit in the bank, I became bored checking one of those "find-your-intelligence-quotas" in a newly purchased magazine, and, casting it aside, braced myself against that most uncomfortable bank desk.

Suddenly, I became aware of a most annoying sound, more like a gnawing than a scratching. I discovered that it was coming from the direction of a worried-looking wench, slight-statured, who was struggling with the complicated art of signing a check. If she had switched the angle of her pen just a bit, it would have been to the comfort of the whole assembly. But no! Perhaps she was accustomed to using a pen of special structure. Trying to drop a gentle hint, I picked up a pen, gripping it in the usual manner, and began to scribble some nonsense on a piece of blank paper. But meanwhile, the poor girl, obviously pitifully browbeaten by the glares of her non-appreciative audience, had gathered up her business and had slipped quietly out of the bank.

Hardly had she gone, when a regular "femme-fatale" sailed in, strutted like a peacock over to one of the cages, already mobbed with a crowd of quite diverse-looking characters awaiting their turns in line, and proceeded to push her way to the front. However, after she had, by means of her coquetry, passed a few admiring students, she was brought to a brisk halt by a portly gentleman who refused to give way to her. Haughty, though hurt, she grasped the tail of her silver fox, and slung it over her shoulder with such violence that I expected to see the hat and glasses of the unchivalrous male tumble to the floor. She spent the remainder of her time eyeing people critically, and when her eyes lighted on me, tongue-in-cheek, I was innocently turning the pages of the magazine. To return her stare might have been rude.

Just then, a short stocky gentleman, adjusting his glasses, crawled from the depths of the throng, and took his stand near me. His forefinger tapping his tooth, he held tightly to his check, obviously a Savings Club check, and raised his eyes to the ceiling as if he were doing some heavy calculating. Then, he pocketed the precious paper, chuckled silently, and made a beaming exit.

Noon, the hour when banks close on Saturday, was fast approaching, the crowd had greatly increased, and general confusion prevailed. Armed police guards walked authoritatively up and down the white marble floor, and eyed everyone monitorially. Clerks were bustling, typewriters and adding machines were clicking, and the whole atmosphere was pervaded with business and reckoning. Bank officials burdened with great bunches of keys, burst in and out of swinging doors. Money

was passed from hand to hand, into and out of protective steel-barred cages.

At this point, my friend, somewhat tossed, and straightening her hat, appeared and we hurriedly slipped through the great glass revolving doors out into the even busier Square.

JOAN FITZGERALD, '39.

### PORTRAIT OF A MAINE-IAC

HE is not the owner of a light-house on the rocky coast of Maine; he is not the captain of a whaler, the capturer of many a briny denison of the deep; he is not even a lowly lobster fisherman. He never roamed the streets of Old Naples to bring back a seafarer's tale of romance and adventure. He has never done anything synonymous with the heroes of Maine. He's only a small town vegetable man, but in his speech, his gait, his appearance, are all the characteristics of a Robert P. Tristram Coffin study of a Down-Easter.

Tall, lanky, and angular as the proverbial beanstalk, Stroud, our Maine-iac, wears a homespun jacket and worn and shabby corduroy slacks. His skin is tanned and leathery from the Maine sun and the salty sea wind. Piercingly bright, his eyes are of that peculiar blue which so many of his ilk possess. A disreputable and ragged cap, pushed far back on his head, allows his generally unruly hair to fare forth over a seamed and weatherbeaten forehead. The infinitesimal stub of a pencil perches behind his right ear, while a bit of a match habitually sticks out of the corner of his mouth. Although he has scarcely ever been caught indulging in a hearty laugh or even a secretive smile, he has a dry humor all his own.

While selling his wares, Stroud is apt to proclaim the merits of: "The best rhubub y'ever et, mum," to an amused housewife. When he is forced to apologize for some poor corn, he explains that it is not the "Real Golden Banty, mum, jist reg'lar, not Banty," and promises to do better next time. His "taters" are the best "this side Portland." As an extra attraction he sells chickens, "Mighty fine faouls, mum, right good." His nasal, Yankee twang is welcomed in every home, for Stroud is a permanent fixture of the little village.

MARGARET L. MILLER, '41.

### DAWN

When the last fires of night have all been lit,  
And the flames have flickered away,  
Then awake; O, awake, it is the dawn! ! !  
'Tis the birth of a new promised day.  
Aurora is leading her chariots bright,  
She rides the dark lanes of the sky,  
Till all the dull paths are tinted with gold,  
And in brilliance the king reigns on high.

JUNE JACKSON, '41.

## NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

IN New England, the weather is inconsistently assertive, manifestly melodramatic, and of late, worn, bitter, and strained in its attempts to have colorful storms coincide with the arrival of "snow trains." Probably in no other section of the universe does the power whose function consists of providing elemental backgrounds have so much work of such a variable character. Its charge must be kept implicitly, its requisition filled, if the happy illusions of thousands of tourists with preconceived ideas about New England atmosphere are to be left unscathed. Weather, respectively fitting for four pronounced but interchangeable seasons, must be held in constant readiness, because of the predilection of state press agents, "Winter Carnival" managements, the meteorological prognosticators of a hundred local newspapers, and bored school children for sudden freak storms.

The influence of Whittier's "Snow-Bound" should not be underestimated particularly in literate transients, if a true insight into the existent state of mind and subsequent reactions of these obsequious pilgrims, humbly abject as they approach the stronghold of American "Kultur" is to be gained. Longfellow, Thoreau, Emerson, and that stalwart contemporary, Robert Frost, have all contributed to the creation of a literary, virile and robust New England. These idealistic, not to say imaginary descriptions must now find a real counterpart if New England integrity is to be maintained.

At the very latest, November should find diminutive Maine villages snow-bound, with "mercy planes" winging northward; the insatiable newsreels must be supplied with panoramic views of snow-capped mountains and frozen streams, of thatched cottages with snow drifts almost engulfing them, and the inevitable human interest story of the dog lost in the storm.

Admittedly, Alaska and similar northern regions have an almost constant stretch of white, and Pago-Pago has a splendid rainy season, which, apparently, never ends, if we are to accept the word of Hollywood and some of the younger, more intense playwrights; but while these areas may have quantity, they lack the startling versatility and the ability to surprise that are the foremost characteristics of New England weather.

FRANK STACEY, '39.



## THE EDUCATED MAN

"An educated man is one who possesses in high degree the power of adaptation or adjustment."

*Professor Hadley (Yale).*

Geometry to one man is,  
(Well if this must rhyme)  
One man in geometry  
Is excellent all the time  
And when he comes to class he  
Sits back and he muses  
In disgust when e'er his mates  
Cringe and make excuses.  
His sciences come easy;  
His Spanish, Latin, Greek  
Flow fluently from his lips;  
He's mastered keen technique.  
Chaucer, Shelley, Byron, Keats  
Are captives of this man;  
Shakespeare too has meekly joined  
His "Knowledge Caravan."  
He's studied deep in Civics  
And never stands correction;  
He stands out in his Law class  
As the essence of perfection.  
But when he's asked to socials,  
His studies claim his time,  
And when the fields of sport call,  
He'll awkwardly decline;  
And when the class goes outing,  
He's busy those times too;  
And so he never learns to know  
The folks with whom he grew.  
But then his graduation comes;  
He gives the valedictory;  
He's reached the peaks of learning  
And loves the taste of victory.  
But when he turns to face the world,  
He feels — well — "out of place,"  
For as he looks around, he finds  
Not one familiar face.  
In one phase of life which all must learn  
This man lacks education.  
What could it be he's overlooked?  
He's failed in "ADAPTATION."  
One man may master all the arts  
In university or college,  
And he is recognized by all  
As a protege of knowledge.  
Another may just learn of folk,  
Adapt himself as best he can,  
But he is recognized by all  
As the truly "EDUCATED" man.

CHRIS BURKE, '39.



## THE TYRANNY OF FASHION

It is universally accepted that a woman has the privilege of changing her mind. Dame Fashion's unrestricted use of this privilege, however, is carried to an irrational extreme.

No sooner had every "smart" American girl stretched and pulled, smoothed, and patted her previously short-clipped "out-door bob" to conform to the requirements of the languid "page boy," than Paris announced the entrance of the Marie Antoinette influence. Up went the locks and out went the "page boy" until the eager minds of a future generation decree it as the new coiffure of 2010.

In accordance with this new upward swirl of the hair, everything else must change. Like the rising of a flag, skirts shoot up and up all day, only to come sliding down for evening. Rustling, flute-edged, taffeta petticoats peep out from voluminous flared skirts, and even a stray hoop has rolled down from past decades to flaunt itself daringly in the modern debutante's elaborate "coming-out" dress.

Kerchiefs and "swing skirts" lead the youthful styles at present. Kerchiefs no longer connote an immigrant just over from the old country, because they have swept the campus free of hats. In rain or shine their tails flap gayly over precious curls. "Swing" skirts swirl to Benny Goodman's blatant clarinet from Maine to California. For ice-skating or tea dancing — it's all the same!

Why? Why must one style sweep the entire country? Certainly fat people look anything but winsome in full, swishing skirts. Certainly there is no originality or pleasure in meeting everyone else in a kerchief, a twin to your own smart capeau. The answer lies in the fact that all women bow submissively to the whim of Dame Fashion, since to question her dictates is to admit losing ground to age.

ELIZABETH MAHAN, '39.

## TIMES SQUARE

Night was perched on her high moon throne.  
She flew her silver kites;  
With childish glee,  
She watched them fly  
About the sky,  
So shining, free,  
'Til young day met old night.  
I left the path of other worlds.  
There sparkled in my eyes  
The million lights  
The earth-born stars,  
Those giddy bars  
Of rhythmic nights  
In a city 'neath the skies.

PAULINE SOREM, '39.

## THE VAGARIES OF MODERN FASHION

In mother's day, when children departed for school in the morning, their sensible black oxfords were well-polished, their hair was neatly brushed, and their plain school dresses were adorned with snowy white ruching. The modern girl, however, is no such example of careful grooming. She feels herself almost a social outcast when some ill-advised parent, driven almost to desperation, dares to clean her "banana" shoes. The pride of her heart is this pair of brown or black and white sport shoes, of uncertain vintage, their wrinkled toes pointing coyly toward the sky.

The frigid winter weather holds no terrors for the young ladies of today. They plough through slush and snow wearing either the aforesaid shoes and short socks or very high-heeled shoes and the sheerest of chiffon stockings. The very suggestion of rubbers is distasteful to them. One of the most tragic of all the troubles which may befall them is to have a hard-hearted parent insist that his daughter wear galoshes on a day when the snow is at least three feet deep. The hapless girl who experiences this misfortune is the object of the silent pity of her schoolmates for the whole day.

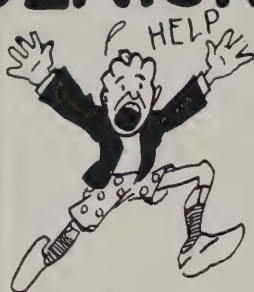
Another prevailing fashion among high school and college girls is the sweater with sleeves pushed up. A casual observer would think that these young ladies were prepared to wash a stack of dinner dishes, but any mother could assure him that such an idea was far from the truth. Of course, these sweaters must not have short sleeves in the beginning; Dame Fashion decrees that long sleeves be untidily pushed up. Should some inconsiderate teacher demand that all sleeves be pulled down, she would be branded forever as "old-fashioned."

However, if you should meet a group of these girls, dressed in reversible coats, gayly-printed kerchiefs or vari-colored earmuffs, with furry mittens pinned to their coat-sleeves, you would realize, as you heard their happy chatter, that despite all their peculiarities of dress, they are at heart no different from the girls of a previous generation who, perhaps, presented just such a ludicrous picture to their distracted parents.

MARIE MCCABE, '39.



# SENIOR DRAMA PEN & INKLINGS



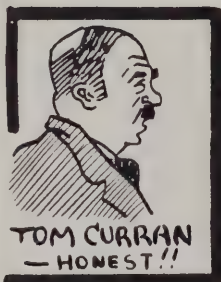
Chris Burke couldn't find his other pants between Acts I + II.



Boy did Agnes Goldberg Wow them!!



George Mc Mahon was really very funny in the third act.



TOM CURRAN  
— HONEST!!



Orchids to Gwen Gilbert for a grand performance



Wasn't Sam Miller the smoothie with Gwen



OH!  
Those Ushers!!



HARDBOILED!



E.R. Friénère



## A VERBAL TRIAL WITH SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE

*Cute:* Take the stand, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so save your conscience?

*Sir Cedric Hardwicke:* Oh, rather! ! !

*Astute:* What is your occupation?

*Sir C.:* At present I am one of the vast multitude of those people who comprise that field of art known as the theatre.

*Cute:* Oh, you're an actor.

*Sir C. (nodding assent):* Ah, but yes! I've spent the past twenty-five years on the stage.

*Astute:* During that time, has there been any production in which you have most enjoyed appearing, or any characterization which you might call your favorite?

*Sir C.:* I believe that I have enjoyed playing the part of Canon Skerritt in "Shadow and Substance" most of all.

*Cute:* Would you please tell us something about the play?

*Sir C.:* It is a story by Paul Carroll, laid in modern times in a tiny Irish town, which tells of a maid, portrayed by Julie Haydon, and her love for and belief in St. Brigid.

*Astute:* Have you found any difference between American and English audiences?

*Sir C.:* Not particularly; I think that such a difference depends upon the people themselves, not necessarily upon their nationality. While I am speaking of people, I shall never forget how kindly I have been treated in Boston, on my first visit.

*Cute:* Have you visited any of the historical spots?

*Sir C.:* A few; but, please don't question me about them! ! !

*Astute:* Between making pictures do you have much time for hobbies or pastimes?

*Sir C.:* Oh, no; my time is quite limited, although I enjoy reading very much.

*Cute:* In your career in the theatre, have you had any remarkable or otherwise noteworthy experiences?

*Sir C.:* Experiences? Why, I believe that every event which has happened to me, no matter how minute or inconsequential it might have seemed at the time, was an experience.

*Astute:* Is there any actress or actor whom you consider to be the greatest?

*Sir C.:* I find that quite difficult to decide. However . . . but let me cite this example: If one is to choose the best doctor among an ear, a throat, and a mental specialist, one would find that quite hard; nevertheless that same person would find it quite

easy to decide which of a group of general practitioners was the greatest. It is the same way with the theatre. With the numerous and varied actors, it is hard for me to form an opinion.

*Cute:* Thank you, Sir Cedric for presenting your case.

*Astute:* You may stand down.

*Cute (after a few anxious moments of indecision):* This court has come to a decision; we have decided that the verdict is guilty.

*Sir C.:* Guilty? ? ?

*Astute:* You have been found guilty of two charges: First, of succeeding in two fields of drama, motion pictures and the stage; second, of continually giving the best performances possible in every production in which you have appeared.

*Cute:* Therefore, it is the duty of this court to sentence you to continue to please your public as before and to continue to appear in such wonderful plays as "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "Nine Days a Queen," "Green Light," and the play for which you have received the Critics' Award and your public's praise, that moving drama, "Shadow and Substance." For performing your sentence, your admiring audience will be ever grateful.

*Astute:* The case is dismissed; the defendant may stand down.

CUTE—MARY FAIR

ASTUTE—JUNE JACKSON

## DID YOU KNOW?

1. That in 1902 the farmers of Guatemala dug their corn from the ground? (Volcanic sand had covered their fields five feet deep.)
2. That Sunday in Connecticut you couldn't eat mince pie, cut your hair, kiss your wife, cross a river, or play any instrument "except the drum, trumpet or jewsharp?"
3. That the turkey is the only fowl that is native to America?
4. That oats have never been found growing wild, that though they have been cultivated for 2000 years in Europe, they have only been used as a cereal in America for about 50 years.
5. That American colonial troops were fed chocolate after the Battle of Lexington?
6. That egg oil is used in finishing fine gloves?
7. That all oysters are the same — the different names only indicating size?
8. That in England an ice cream "cone" is called a "cornet"?
9. That a sea battle was won with cocoanuts. (In 1597 an English ship ran out of ammunition but defeated a Spanish ship by firing cocoanuts from its cannons.)

CONSTANCE FILLIOS, '42.

## JIVE FOR JITTERBUGS

Greetings, 'gates!

The swing picture has certainly changed since our last session. At that time Benny Goodman and Larry Clinton were the reigning favorites at C. H. L. S. However, in the interim, Artie Shaw, the czar of the clarinet, has soared to new heights of popularity, and is now on the verge of eclipsing the Goodman star. The ranks of Goodman followers have thinned out because of the conversion of the fans to Shaw, a change due to several things.

Not long ago the majority of songwriters had a change of heart toward swing music. Since such swing classics as "House Hop" and "Wrappin' It Up" make poor piano solos, the sale of swing music is practically nil. After all, composers of popular music write more for money than for the sake of art, and have begun to devote their time and effort to dashing off the more profitable sweet tunes. Every musical fan knows that more good sentimental ballads have appeared during the last six months than during any similar period since the inception of swing. Naturally, without suitable material, Goodman cannot make recordings that equal his former discs, and he is gradually slipping from his pedestal.

The trend from swing to sweet partly accounts for the recent wave of Shaw popularity that has inundated the swing circle. This maestro has progressed through various stages and now occupies a high place among the "big-name" bands. First he dropped his violin section, which was an anchor mooring the band in comparative obscurity; after disposing of his vocalist, Peg La Centra, he perfected his now familiar style and awaited the inevitable reversion to sweet music and the "blues." His most fortunate step was to record "Begin the Beguine," and since then he has recorded "Backbay

Shuffle," "Deep in a Dream," and many other "waxes" that have met with popular favor.

The Shaw band has just received the "Downbeat" award for popularity and Goodman was presented with similar awards by the Paramount Theatre in New York City and by "Metronome." Benny still has a superior aggregation of musicians but although he maintains a slight edge, he is being hotly pressed by Shaw.

The most popular recording of the past year was Shaw's "Begin the Beguine"; other favorites were Chick Webb's "A-tisket A-tasket," Goodman's "Don't Be That Way," Clinton's "My Reverie," and Bunny Berigan's "Wacky Dust." There have been few outstanding recordings released recently; Shaw's "Jungle Drums," Gene Krupa's "Bolero at the Savoy," and Larry Clinton's discs of "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" and "Deep Purple" seem to be most popular.

Bea Wain is easily the leading vocalist of the past year. She featured "Martha," "Marble Halls," "My Reverie," "Heart and Soul," "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," "Deep Purple," and others.

During the next few months it will be interesting to watch Benny Goodman to see if he will change the style of his band in an effort to retain his lofty perch. He has just lost the services of his first trumpeter, Harry James, who has dominated the spotlight since Gene Krupa left ten months ago, and it will be difficult to replace him.

Perhaps Artie Shaw has gathered enough momentum to replace Goodman as the leading orchestra leader. At any rate we'll know the outcome before our next session, and until then, fare-thee-well

SALLY DE COEN, '41.

JOE HORAN, '39.





## ON BEING SPEECH CONSCIOUS

WITH the advent of Franklin D. Roosevelt into the presidential campaign of nineteen hundred thirty-two, the American people became more speech-conscious than they had been for many years. This man, they grew to realize, was possessed of an excellent speaking voice. The clarity and impressiveness of his words were noticed. His command of the English language was made very evident by the scope which his numerous speeches covered. His power of expression and description seemed limitless. His ability to adapt his words to suit his audience was noticed by all of his listeners. Whether he was conversing with a farmer or with an "economic royalist," he was able to converse with him in his own language.

The effect of the President's complete familiarity with the English language, combined with the marked ability to make use of it, has been to encourage other political leaders and lesser men to develop their speaking technique.

More and more, the ability to speak well and knowingly is being recognized as a requisite for both political and business success. There was a time when, if a man could rise upon a platform and deliver a blistering condemnation of his opponent and a glowing account of his own ability, he would be reasonably sure of being elected. Now, however, tact plus a definite stand on important matters is demanded of the political office-seeker. The modern politician must have at his command suitable phrases and sentences which will serve to present his ideas intelligibly to his audience.

The business man of to-day, like the public servant, must be a speaker. It is the trend now-a-days in the business world to have numerous meetings of salesmen and directors. At these meetings the man who is able to rise and speak to his associates on a subject of mutual interest, and to speak convincingly on it, stands well in the eyes of his superiors. The executive who is able to address a meeting of directors or stock-holders with ease and ability is well on the way to success.

Not only have the politicians and business men realized the necessity of fluency in speaking, but the average man and student realizes the need, too. Debating societies and public speaking groups have flourished in the past few years. Students are paying attention to their diction, and they are attempting to acquire the ease and facility which marks the effective speaker.

That such a Renaissance was necessary in public speaking is self-evident. Speakers were becoming too free in their treatment of the English language.

From now on, however, we may look for a continued improvement among the "speech-conscious" American people.

RICHARD MORRIS, '39.

## ON CONVALESCING

THERE are no bumps on the "road to health," as the period of convalescence is sometimes called, if you know how to make the most of it. First of all, you must fully appreciate and enjoy all the privileges that come with convalescing. At no other time in your existence can you be allowed the pleasure of breakfasting and dining in bed, of being waited upon, of idling away the precious hours in utter laziness, and getting away with it all.

True, the road is not all roses; you must be willing to give something in return for these pleasures. For instance, you must overcome the longing for your favorite dish of lamb chops and French-fried potatoes and consign yourself to the regular bowl-of-broth and two slices of dried toast. You must also learn to swallow your pills at the regular intervals without a single word of protest. With the gradual return of your temperature to normal and the consequent removal of your fear of swallowing the thermometer, you will be willing enough to make these sacrifices.

The very first days of convalescence are the best. The need for absolute rest and quiet brings with it a feeling of laziness in which you indulge unashamedly. The feeling increases when you find yourself being waited upon, even fed, and you enjoy it immensely. When you are finally allowed to sit up, however, the feeling begins to wane, and you greet with secret disappointment the day on which you are allowed to read.

Subsequently, there comes a morning on which you wait in vain for the arrival of your breakfast tray. At the height of your impatience when you find it difficult to decide whether to do without breakfast or to go down for your tray yourself, a voice that must be obeyed bids you from the foot of the stairs to get dressed and come to breakfast. The spell is broken. With mingled feelings of regret and relief, for you have begun to tire of the monotony of living in bed, you step uncertainly out of bed, and prepare yourself for the return to normal living. Heaving a sigh, you turn your back to your room as you march determinedly downstairs to confront the thousands of accumulated tasks awaiting you.

MARIA ANASTOS, '39.

## NORMAN B. NASH

IT is with pride that we bring to your attention the appointment of the Reverend Norman B. Nash, a graduate of this school in 1905, to the head-mastership of St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire. This position, an important one in the field of education, is representative of the many key positions held by alumni of Cambridge High and Latin School.

## PERSONS WHO MAKE BELIEVE

THERE are times when I am inclined to think that the persons who make believe are the happiest and most contented of all; they live in a world of dreams, their own world, and none but the few they love best may ever enter it. They see beauty in common everyday things. To them the sky is not just a sky; it is a carpet of blue and white down for God and His angels to tread on. The twinkling, silvery stars are the souls of those in Heaven shining through, casting their radiance on an unheeding world. Each one who makes believe knows that flowers have souls, and he would never think of stepping on a fallen blossom, or letting a plant become dry and withered from lack of water. In their world of fancies, they know that when the human world sleeps, the life in their garden awakens, the flowers conversing, and all the imaginary creatures of a dream world coming to life. The stars twinkle knowingly at the antics of the wood sprite and the jovial moon sheds a silvery light on the fragile beauty of the garden inhabitants. The raiment of the flowers is made of gossamer threads spun by a spider; shimmering dew-drops clothe them with radiance; and their petals gleam with stardust.

When the King of Winter is reigning over the world, the persons who make believe know that the wind is either singing joyously or screaming with anger. They marvel at the pictures and scenes painted on the window panes by Jack Frost, and they love to walk in the whirling, dancing snow-flakes. But they cannot dream forever, and must go about their daily tasks with the rest of the world. However, they know that, anytime, from the sparkling, invigorating morn to the mysterious, velvet night, they can retire within themselves and be happy and gay in their wondrous Land of Make-Believe.

MARY CULLEN, '39.

## A STRANGER

The stranger smiles a winsome smile  
And waves a hand in greeting;  
And with a thrill of joy I know  
It is a friend I'm meeting.  
I know that we shall journey far,  
This friend and I together,  
That we shall share glad sunny days  
As well as stormy weather.  
He fits his step to suit my own;  
He seeks, I know, to cheer me  
The stranger is a friend indeed;  
Forever he'll be near me.

WALTER GARLAND, '41.

## NOW YOU KNOW THAT

The Virgin Islands, owned partly by the United States and partly by Great Britain, are about one hundred in number, most of them uninhabited. The modern shower bath has been in use for only the past forty years although 2000 years ago the Greeks had a crude contraption embodying its same basic principles.

Vatican City has its own complete coinage struck in 1931.

A black flag with white skull and cross bones flies from the Louisville city hall for twenty-four hours after each traffic death in the city.

On July 1, 1938 it was estimated that 4,088,784 world war veterans were living.

Travelers in railway stations in Greece buy meat "lollipops." They are made by roasting pork and lamb on a foot long stick.

The Irish White House, official residence of the president of Eire, is similar in appearance to our own White House. The reason is that our executive mansion was copied from a palace in Dublin, Ireland.

Experiments show that the person of average college level reads only 1¼ words at a glance as he scans through books and newspapers. And the greatest reading span is 6 to 8 words at one look.

In 1863 Dr. Marie Zakrewska founded the first training school for nurses in America at the New England Hospital for Women.

In 1938, community fund clinics gave 1,081,880 examinations and treatments to people unable to afford private care.

The famous American game of basket ball, invented by Dr. Naismith, was originally called indoor rugby.

In Tokio, capital of Japan, only the biggest streets have names; houses are not numbered.

Liquid mercury is easily frozen to make a hammer hard enough to drive nails.

Artificial perfumes in anaesthetics will soon make patients unconscious in the most pleasant way possible.

The world's finest marble comes from the quarry at Carrara, Italy, and has been coming from there for 2000 years. Although 10,000 men work almost daily at quarrying it, the supply seems almost inexhaustible.

MARIE MCCABE, '39.

## DUDES' DICTIONARY

Rodeo .....Used for listening to broadcasts  
Mare .....The head of a city  
Colt .....What you catch by sitting in a draught  
Ranch .....A sort of tool  
Cattle .....A pot used for cooking



## Among the Books

### ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO

The Macmillan Company, 1938

Rachel Field

RACHEL FIELD'S great-aunt, Henriette Deluz-Desportes, who was a governess and a colorful interesting personality, is the heroine of *All This, and Heaven Too*. With a varied background of Italy, France, and the United States, and with the contrasting environments of an Italian villa, a Parisian boarding-house, and a New England home, her story is compelling and appealing.

We meet Henriette as a young woman of twenty-eight, the gifted and charming governess to four of the nine children of the Duc and Duchess of Praslin. We watch them mature, as well as Henriette. While they are emerging from the pleasant realm of the nursery, under the capable guidance of Henriette, into the formalities of finishing school, Henriette is widening her philosophy of life, through a series of unfortunate experiences which finally bring about her emigration to America. Here, the young New York of budding skyscrapers and P. T. Barnum is the setting for her romance with an eager young minister.

Miss Field's marked ability to understand and to recreate the emotions of all her characters gives

this story vitality. Henriette, of course, is the character with whom we become best acquainted. As we are admiring her brave and magnetic personality, we are learning her tenderness, her individuality, her loneliness. There is a wide range of minor characters, though none of their portraits are sharply etched. The most likeable among these are Marie and Albert, two students at a Paris college, married despite Albert's slow progress as a successful professor; Pierre, very old servant at Henriette's Paris home, who devotedly follows her to the United States; and Carrie Simpson, brusque New Englander, who helps Henriette become accustomed to American ways. Several historical figures enter the story; Empress Eugenie, Abraham Lincoln, and Cyrus Field, who laid the Atlantic cable and who was the brother-in-law of Henriette, accentuate the period.

Woven with a warp of fact and a woof of fiction, it is a beautiful tapestry of romance and realism, for Miss Field has colored it with bright bits of poetic description and a sympathetic understanding of character.

PAULINE SOREM, '39.

### THE USE OF IMAGINATION IN READING

OMAR KHAYYAM was not wholly correct when he visualized an idyllic existence:

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou . . .  
Ah, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

He should have added to these necessities, imagination, for without this one cannot truly enjoy "A Book of Verses" or any other form of literature.

Imagination transforms a sentence into a rainbow of colors; in a paragraph or stanza, a writer can create a painting or portrait as vivid and lifelike as a Rembrandt or Gainsborough, if a reader possesses imagination. Verdant forests, in whose depths roamed dashing Robin Hood and his good-natured band, and glowing Scottish moors, beloved by Alan Breck's bellicose clan are brighter scenes in the literary tapestry woven since the world was made. Solomon's painstakingly constructed temple, attended by devout priests, is an early picture that we enjoy through our imagination. The Bible carefully describes the purple cloth, jewels, gold and silver, and fine wood, used by Solomon to beautify this sanctuary, and names its numerous attendants.

However, we must visualize the impressive dignity and quiet beauty of this scene to appreciate truly the reverence of Solomon which he thus expressed.

Poetry, "with verses dipt in dew of Castalay," brims over with imaginative delights for its reader. It does not matter that we do not see what the poet visualized when he wrote his verses. If they bring us beauty, it is enough. Shakespeare very capably defines poetry:

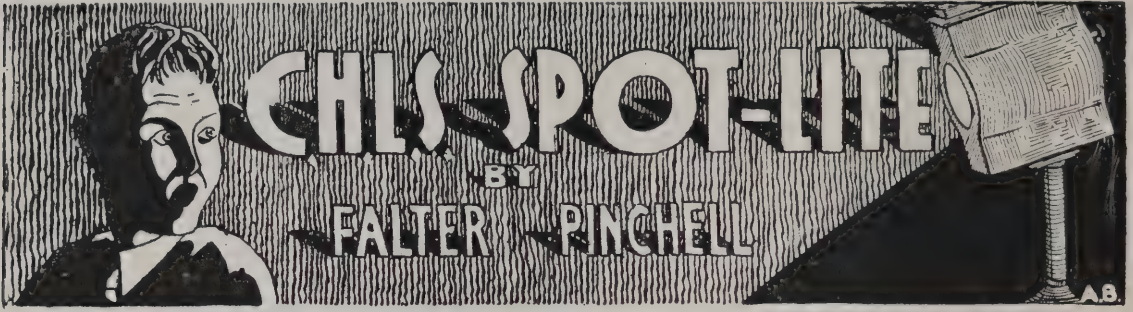
"As imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name."

And the reader reverses this process in his enjoyment of poetry. What a glorious life one might lead, attempting to enjoy all the beauty that the imagination of a poet and a reader combine to create, each year, each day from the time "The sun rises dripping, a bucketful of gold" until "The trees stand hushed, on tip-toe for the sight Of moon-rise, that shall glorify the night."

Indeed, if one uses imagination when he reads, tomorrows never creep in a petty pace.

PAULINE SOREM, '39.



### SPOT-LITE

#### ACT I, Scene 1.

Latin at a glance . . . Alas! a note in the REVIEW box from a freshman who says: "Just when are the clocks in this school going on the correct time? As it is now, we are leaving the school at 9:30 p.m. and that is curfew time, you know." . . . Answer: According to a recent survey made by Tony Accardi, the clocks lose 2 seconds to the hour each day, so in about 42 years the clocks will be recording the correct time. As for curfew — tch, tch . . . I'm eager to know why Ed McSweeney dreads the word "Kotler" . . . Mary Fair and June Jackson will probably be ladies of the press, and I don't mean pants press. Angelo Grassia is a marvelous baseball player, just ask him . . . It seems to me that Dot "Tess" Kelley is keeping somewhat quiet lately . . . The hall is for P. G.'s only, but some of our juniors and seniors can't wait until they become P. G.'s. Maybe they would have to wait too long . . . Jerome Crowley knew who the wrestler, the Shadow, was all the time. Didn't you, Jerome? . . . Some of the members of the K. B. don't even know the meaning of the initials K. B.; but I know, readers, it means Klawhowjaha Bjustoff. Alma de Coen knows all the answers on questions concerning novels . . . Will someone kindly give Master Bob Sheehan a book, any kind of book at all, so that he may carry it with him during school hours? . . . Since Ted De Roode never wears a hat, someone should tell him what one is . . . Natalie Tupper is the girl who arrives at 8:29:55 every morning. . . . The boy who rushes through the turnstile only to find the elevator door shut in his face is Mason Charak . . . Methinks that picture of Betty Murphy, taken at the K. B. formal by a local newspaper, was very good . . . Did you know that Johnny Santos was born on April Fools day? . . . The girls have a sorority now, the Phi Delta Kappa . . . meaning what, girls? . . . Now how about organizing a fraternity? . . . Imitation of life—Ed Walsh . . . Jean Shumway doesn't want her name in the Spot-Lite. Not much, Jean . . . The number of one of Jim Coyle's books was H<sub>2</sub>O . . . If you don't want an argument just go to Jason Rubin and Phil Alperin; they agree too easily . . . Have you seen Betty Groden in her new glasses? . . . Paul Richards

informs me that there is a still in the Chemistry lab. It's a good thing that our students are teetotalers . . . Edna Carpentier is the envy of every senior girl because of her blonde hair . . . In Algebra, Red Jones can always prove he's right, in spite of the fact that the other students have different answers . . . Those wonderful, ever-present smiles belong to Dot Forest and Gert Crowley . . . ACT I, Scene 2.

Attention, all teachers: Be on the lookout for Joe Stokes, notorious note passer . . . When I asked her the names of the two people with whom she had just been talking, I discovered that she was not an informer. I'm speaking of Jane Hayes . . . In the freshman class: Heffernan has the bluest eyes . . . Bill Hughes has the reddest hair . . . The Faulkner twins have the loudest laughs . . . Barbara Naufts is that cute little freshman who looks like Flo Rix . . . James Keohane is a basket ball star in the weekly gym sessions . . . Helen Carney almost stabbed herself when she opened a book, because there, staring her in the face, was a picture of a dagger. Lucky Helen . . . Andy Beatson of room six has a friendly slug-fest with his classmates each day . . . I'll bet Doris Jewer finds something interesting in that mirror of hers . . . Fred Johnson doesn't want to be a cave man. He lets his hair grow so that he can make it stay combed . . . From all indications, George Guild threatens to outshine his older brother, Ray . . . Burgeron fell from a telephone pole and then he discovered a luscious black eye staring him in the face . . . By way of the squared ring, "Clipper" Hayes will soon be in the sportlite . . . Try calling Joe White "Yossil" . . . Where did Lena Smerlas get that jacket that she wore at the K. B. or was it the G. A. A. Dance? . . . The boy with the curly hair and the perpetual smile is Ralph Frongillo. Any relation to Esther? . . . In the corridors: Jackson Walters in a hurry to get nowhere . . . Ann Groden taking her time getting somewhere . . . Jim Boyle not knowing exactly where he is going and not caring . . . Marjorie Coleman telling me how late she stayed out on vacation mornings . . . Murphy, Patton, and Reardon trying to persuade Junior President O'Rourke to have an assembly . . . Winnie Smith going up the "down" stairs and Bill Herbert going



down the "up" stairs and Gryncel and Caroselli standing midway on the stairs and getting ready to sit down . . . He with the ability to prove that  $x$  equals  $2x$  is Craig Williams of room forty-six. . . . Snoopshots: Sophomores Roger Doran and Francis Dayton sneaking a bite of a chocolate bar during class. Can you imagine anyone doing that? . . . I saw Margaret Dunccliffe taking a peek out the window at the Latin track team. Pretty good team, eh Margaret? . . . Valeria Klevas is a saleswoman at the Lincoln stores, and she can certainly sell things. . . . Claude Henry, John Driscoll, and Ed Crowley were a few of the spectators at the Latin-Rindge basket ball game, as were Ruth Matis, Phyllis Norton, and Charlotte Knight . . . Did you know that: Helen Martin and Helen McNamara like to eat licorice candy? . . . Jack Moriarty gets tired just walking? . . . Claire Nugent blushes? . . . Rita Lombardi photographs well? . . . Joe Broderick is a great Law student? . . . Felix Conte is interested in Chemistry, because he's going to be a pharmacist? . . .

ACT II, Scene 1.

Hockey as Pinchell sees it: Bob Mulcahy could be seen at any hockey game — sitting in the penalty box . . . Have you ever seen the section where C. H. L. S. rooters sit? . . . Ed Blanchfield had quite a time trying to get a snapshot of our sextet in action . . . It's no wonder, because as George Makris says, there was no action this year. Now, George . . . Taft, Shea, Gayne, Lovett, and Moran remained quiet at one game, because the Boston Junior Police were there . . . When Bud McClellan walks by—ha, ha . . . It has been remarked that our substitutes are good-looking boys, anyway . . . Was Loretta Haley looking for someone, because she walked around the Boston Garden, time and time again . . . Isadore Pickler just couldn't control his emotions at the hockey games . . . We had two non-superstitious hockey players, Bob Murphy and George McCauley. Each wore a jersey with the number thirteen on it . . . Peggy Cass and Barbara Blevans made sure everyone knew their school.

ACT II, Scene 2.

Pinchell views the Annex: . . . Attention, girls. . . . I have seen Deacon Doyle washing dishes at one of Bill Flannery's house parties, and is he good! If you are having a party, Doyle is a handy man to have in the kitchen . . . John Reen says that the only celebrity the Annex has is that kind, gentle, popular person — John Reen . . . Walter Sullivan enjoyed sitting in the last seat in the last row at the hockey games, why? . . . Have you ever heard Joe McGrath talking on the telephone? He sounds like a genuine Rhode Island Red . . . Brennan and Caragianes know how to get publicity. Their battle royal was terrific — Callahan acted as

the peacemaker . . . Bud McCabe makes himself so scarce at the Annex that some of the fellows think that he is just an occasional visitor . . . The bell waits until Johnny Gleason is in school, and then it rings . . . And then Dan Keohane arrives . . . When you call Charlie Jones "Junior"—duck . . .

ACT III, Scene 1.

Ray Fitzgerald of Room 46 has a pretty tough time every day trying to get his books and rubbers. W. "Chauncy" Garland is the culprit that always hides them.

Jack French, Room 47, has a swell time having all the little freshmen lassies chasing him. Every day he goes out the door that the freshmen come in.

Tom "Rocks" Leary looked like Floyd Gibbons when he came to school with a patch over his eye after being hit by a hockey stick.

Joe Horgan is doing all right in his attempt to get a ski club at our school.

Bill "Dutch" Gaynor's big ambition is to be someday a second Tiny Thompson.

Can you picture: Nicky Caragianes with a soprano voice . . . Ed Chmora as a quiet boy . . . Margaret Roughan downcast . . . Falter Pinchell with his ear to the keyhole of room eighty-one, where I hear that the room contributed to the Class Fund 100 percent . . . Thanks, fellows . . . And now the curtain falls on Pinchell's own production of "The C. H. L. S. Spot-lite Review of February," but I'll be back again in April with my "April Showers" production, starring the pupils of C. H. L. S. . . . The audience will be you, my patient readers . . . Exit Falter Pinchell . . .

#### In Latin We Have A:

|            |        |               |
|------------|--------|---------------|
| Wings      | But no | Angel         |
| Watson     | But no | Doctor        |
| Cooper     | But no | Gary          |
| Field      | But no | Grass         |
| Snow       | But no | Sled          |
| Hand       | But no | Fingernails   |
| Hunter     | But no | Gun           |
| Mahar      | But no | Pa            |
| Noon       | But no | Lunch         |
| Pilgrim    | But no | Plymouth Rock |
| Chaulk     | But no | Blackboard    |
| Thorne     | But no | Crown         |
| Graham     | But no | Crackers      |
| Baulb      | But no | Lamp          |
| Sacramento | But no | Street        |
| Warden     | But no | Prison        |
| Chare      | But no | Table         |
| Plummer    | But no | Tools         |
| Rich       | But no | Poor          |
| Noyes      | But no | Mouse         |
| Pinney     | But no | Dollar        |
| Lyons      | But no | Tigers        |

JOHN MCINTYRE, *Editor*.

WILLIAM STENZEL, *Assistant*.



HERE IS THE '39 SEXTET (LEFT TO RIGHT): BOUDREAU, POWERS, MULCAHY, CAREY, ROGERS, MAHONEY



MEEHAN SCORES FOR LATIN AGAINST RINDGE



CAREY AND MEEHAN REPULSE A DESPERATE RINDGE ATTACK





CAREY SMOTHERS THE PUCK IN THE MELROSE GAME



MAHONEY SCORES FOR CAMBRIDGE AGAINST NEWTON



THIS RINDGE GOAL WAS NULLIFIED FOR A RULE INFRACTION

**G. A. A.**

**G**REETINGS, G. A. A. members! More news about the G. A. A.! The Christmas party held in the gym on December 22 was a great success. The entertainment consisted of a play by the officers, a Christmas scene by talented members of the G. A. A., and Santa Claus. In the Christmas scene Sadica Sato, as always, was beautiful as the Christmas fairy who awakens the toys. Florence Litz as the baby doll who sang a lullaby thrilled the audience and Virginia Herlihy as a tin soldier performed a military tap dance. Gertrude Salash's impersonation of Baby Snooks was amusing; the sweetness of Blossom Goyette's voice lingered in our memories long after she had finished. Santa Claus gave many unusual gifts.

After much thought and deliberation, the officers chose Lena Smerlas, a junior, to take the place of Ruth Twoomey who resigned from the position of secretary.

Swimming started with a splash on January 12. What a pleasant surprise it was to see the great number of juniors getting into the swim of things! It is evident that the juniors wish to have a membership in the G. A. A. next year. All juniors and seniors who signed up for swimming must report for four lessons in order to fulfill their obligation to the G. A. A. At the first practise there were seventeen girls who showed Mr. Perdyne, the instructor, that the G. A. A. would have powerful teams this year.

I hope no one missed the Girl Dance that took place in the gym on January 6. The members enjoyed dancing to the delightful music of Tay O'Donnell. The patronesses, Miss Russell, Miss Bligh, Miss McCarthy, Miss Hunter, Miss Faulkner, Miss George, Miss McLaughlin, and Miss Brown were pleased to see so many familiar faces. At this time, the G. A. A. wishes to thank the man-committees that helped to make the dance a success.

The appearance of Betty Harney at the Girl Dance made us wonder what had happened to the many other loyal members. After much snooping, we found Bessie Makris looking very jolly behind a counter at the Coop, Phyllis Sheridan studying very industriously at Regis, and Marjorie O'Dell leading a squad of scouts in swimming after our session at the "Y" on Thursday evenings.

So far this year, the basket ball girls have had to be content with practises on Tuesdays. A game has been scheduled on February 9, with Needham, and another one on February 15 with Waltham. The girls have worked hard and deserve your support by coming to the games and cheering them on to victory.

Dues will be open during the week of February 6. The officers will take dues before both morning and afternoon sessions. This is a chance for those girls

who did not join at the beginning of the year to enjoy the many parties in the future.

It's time for another gala evening in the gym! A "Masquerade" with its gaiety, dancing, entertainment, and excitement will take place on February 17.

The G. A. A. has planned for another Boy Dance. The date has not been decided, but it definitely will be informal and held in the Ring gym.

ANNE SULLIVAN, '39.

**K. B. NOTES**

**O**NE of the Pre-Christmas activities of the K. B. was the entertainment of the children in the orthopedic ward of the Children's Hospital in Boston. This venture was very successful. The way the children responded to the friendly overtures of the girls was reward enough for any effort made by the K. B., and I think the visit to those courageous children was an uplifting experience for us.

The program consisted of several Mother Goose Rhyme Acts in costume by Mildred Monahan, Dorothy Kelly, Sophie Minkiel, Eleanor Wallace, Grace Wood, Claire Nugent, Pauline Daultry, Theresa Ianelli, and Genevieve Herlihy. After these acts, our new German friend, Eva Hegemaun, played the flute and sang German carols. Florence Rix twirled her batons, and Nina Pewetz played Christmas carols on her violin. And then jolly old Santa Claus, in the person of Betty Mahan (whiskers and all) gave out gifts and candy.

The K. B. wishes to thank Ellen Gorman and Marjorie Welch, who although not in the club, gave so willingly of their time and talent to amuse the little ones. Their tumbling act was a great delight to the children.

After the Christmas vacation, K. B. had a meeting at June McConnell's home to discuss plans for their formal.

The annual winter formal of K. B., held at the Hotel Commander on Friday evening, January 20, was an overwhelming success. The patronesses who welcomed the merry-makers were Miss McElroy, Miss Buckley, Miss K. Connell and Miss Ayers. Under the direction of Stanley Brown, the orchestra had everyone who wasn't dancing tapping his toes in rhythm. The many students and their guests who attended enjoyed themselves in a way that they will not soon forget.

Now with our dance past, and our scholarship considerably benefited by the proceeds, we again turn our heads to thoughts of our long awaited sleigh ride. At the last K. B. meeting at Eva Hegemaun's home definite plans were made for this venture, and on February 11 the girls will be out on another of their many good times.

FLORENCE RIX, '39.



# Sports

## HOCKEY

In their first exciting game, our players went down in defeat before the onslaught of a powerful Arlington sextet which succeeded in marking up two tallies. "Red" Powers, while scoring the Cantabs' sole point, gave a spectacular exhibition of backhand driving. Despite other attempts to storm the Arlington goal, it remained impregnable throughout the remainder of the game. The final score read: Arlington 2, Latin 1.

To atone for the poor showing against Arlington, the Latin players crushed their traditional rival, Rindge, 2 to 0, to win the coveted city championship. Stellar roles were enacted by Meehan, who figured in both successful scoring attempts and the goalie, Captain Phil Carey. When the final whistle sounded, Rindge had failed to get a single puck past Carey into the Latin net.

After a 1 to 0 victory over Newton, disheartening ill luck dogged the footsteps of the Latinites. The Cantabs were repulsed in successive contests by Melrose, Belmont, Stoneham, and Medford. However, they showed vigorous determination and pluck in each of the games. The outstanding performance of the Melrose game was given by Phil Carey who held the figure skating denizens of Melrose down to the relatively low total of four points.

Incited by the heated playing and two to nothing score, the players of Belmont and Latin engaged in a brief battle royal which attracted more attention than the actual playing. Soon after the uprising had been quelled and the play resumed, the game ended, the score remaining Belmont 2—Latin 0.

In their last game a much improved Rindge team evened up the score with the Cantabs. The Rindge combination of Leger, Des Roches, and Rouleau surprised the Latinites with some excellent team work. These three accounted for both Rindge points, while the Latin goal was made by Boudreau unassisted.

The scores of the hockey games are as follows:

|           |          |   |
|-----------|----------|---|
| Arlington | 2—Latin  | 1 |
| Latin     | 2—Rindge | 0 |
| Latin     | 1—Newton | 0 |
| Melrose   | 4—Latin  | 0 |
| Belmont   | 2—Latin  | 0 |
| Stoneham  | 4—Latin  | 1 |
| Medford   | 2—Latin  | 1 |
| Rindge    | 2—Latin  | 1 |

## BASKET BALL COMMENTS

○ WING to the small attendance at our basketball games, Mr. MacDonald, the Athletic Director, is striving to arouse public interest in this activity.

"Your team may win the Surburban League Title this year, and your Captain, Ned O'Dwyer, is something in himself to watch, being one of the highest scorers and most colorful players in this section," said Mr. McDonald.

Senior athletic critics Ed McSweeney, Steve Ptk and William Flannery agree that our team is made up of aggressive boys, who will stay in there fighting until the sound of the last gun is heard.

In our roster we have Captain O'Dwyer, McGrail, Doyle, Liakopolous, Herlihy, Preston, Richards, O'Dea, Kane, Jones, Culhane, Nichols, and Young.

## Alumni

Latin started its season with the annual Alumni contest. Although our boys faced such former stars as Lovett and Waitkus, they squeezed out a one goal win. O'Dwyer scored nineteen points for C. H. L. S. Score: Latin-36, Alumni-34.

## Nashua

In a fast, exciting game, the Cantabs defeated Nashua, N. H. by a substantial margin. O'Dwyer led the field scoring fifteen of Latin's twenty-nine points. The line-up, as usual read: Liakopolous, Kane, and Doyle-forwards; O'Dwyer-center; McGrail, Herlihy-guards. Score: Latin-29, Nashua-19.

## Chelsea

Latin suffered its first defeat at the hands of the Chelsea boys. The powerful Cambridge team held its own until the last quarter. In the final two minutes Captain Mike Azzone and Ed Glowaki of Chelsea cut down Cambridge's seven point lead. Roy Butt proceeded to sink two foul shots for the win. Score: Chelsea-29, Latin-27.

## Watertown

The Latin quintet was outplayed by Watertown to the tune of twelve points. Watertown's star, Y'kowski chalked up eighteen points with his numerous lengthy dashes. Latin's second team carried Watertown's seconds with a score of 33 to 6. Score: Watertown-37, Latin-25.

## Newton

Latin suffered a defeat from Newton who played their customary home game which is nearly undefeatable. O'Dwyer chalked up thirteen points. Score: Newton-31, Latin-23.

## Somerville

The Champion Somerville Team sank the Cantabs with their two perfect teams, each as good as the other. McGrail, Latin's star guard had three fouls awarded him and sank the lot. Score: Somerville-50, Latin-14.

## Waltham

Waltham left for home after losing a close game by one goal. McGrail and O'Dwyer shared the

scoring honors for Latin, each scoring ten points. Score: Latin-30, Waltham-28.

### Brookline

Brookline High was defeated at Cambridge by three goals. O'Dwyer scored fourteen points and Doyle scored eight. Every player on Latin's first string sank at least one goal. Score: Latin-30, Brookline-24.

### Rindge

The Cantabs dominated the play throughout this game. Latin preserved a healthy lead from the first quarter on. While more than a hundred watched, Liakopoulos scored five points, McGrail scored eight points, O'Dwyer, seven points, and Herlihy, eight points. The second team also emerged victorious with a score of 13-9. Score: Latin-27, Rindge-9.

### Newton

Latin's second contest with Newton proved successful for the Cantabs. Doyle and O'Dwyer held the scoring honors. The Latin seconds won their battle too with a score of 22-20. Score: Latin-26, Newton-20.

### Waltham

This is a game you should have seen. To the winner, unfortunately Waltham, went the league lead at the time. The Cantabs were nosed out by one basket. In the last quarter, Latin led by McGrail and Kane, made a desperate rally but failed to make two points. Score: Waltham-27, Latin-25.

At this time of writing, regular coach Joe Kozlowsky is ill, and in his place we have another active Coach, Frank Frisoli.

Don't let your basket-ball team down. Support them in their contests, because you know that you owe our boys some encouragement. Let's have a large following at the remaining games to show our school spirit.

## TRACK

### Chelsea 51 — Latin 17

The opening track meet of the year for the Cantabs was held at Cambridge in the Rindge Gym. Kennedy of Latin won the 600 by a large margin. Applestein of Latin won a second place in the 300. The high jumps were close; Ed Bulger jumped an even 5 feet, but the Chelsea jumper, after failing twice, squeezed out a win by jumping 5 feet, one inch. Chelsea had it all over the Cantabs in the shot-put. Grigas of Chelsea shot 42 feet, 10 inches, while the Latin boys couldn't get over 30 feet. Grigas starred again when he won the broad jump, jumping 8 feet, 9¼ inches. The relays were won by Latin with Boyle, Scott, Mills, and Swartz doing the honors. The summary: Chelsea 51, Latin 17.

JAMES CARTER, *Sports Editor*.

## EXCHANGES

### LIBERTAS

Bethlehem High School  
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

The cover and the frontispiece of your winter issue are certainly in keeping with the season. The unusual department "Liberty Speaks" and the essay "Wise and Otherwise" especially appealed to us.

### GOLDEN ROD

Quincy High School  
Quincy, Massachusetts

The inside covers of this magazine very effectively suggested the holidays to come during the year. Criss cross, a new type of puzzle to us, kept us working overtime in a vain effort to solve it.

### IMPRESSIONS

Central High School  
Scranton, Pennsylvania

A more Christmasy cover than your gay package would be hard to imagine. The short stories were well written, but we think more illustrations would improve the magazine.

### THE CHRONICLE

St. Joseph's Preparatory School  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Vox Populi Romani," an unusual piece of work for a prep school student, is well worth reading. The book sections were about the best we have met so far. We feel, however, that the cover is far too drab for such an interesting magazine.

### CANARY AND BLUE

Allentown High School  
Allentown, Pennsylvania

The striking cover of the Christmas issue, and the beautiful illustrations it contained, set it apart from many of the others we received. The author of "A Christmas Thought" is to be congratulated for her exceptionally fine poem.

### THE CRITIC

E. C. Glass High School  
Lynchburg, Virginia

This is a very well arranged magazine, with plenty of good stories and illustrations. "Say It with a Football" appealed to us as an unusual type of story. We also enjoyed its humorous poetry, from which we quote the following:

Little drops of knowledge  
Which enter not his ear  
Make the mighty Senior—  
Repeat his Senior year.

### THE RECORD

English High School  
Boston, Massachusetts

There are many attractive features in this magazine. Notable among them are "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" and "Chem Lab." The clever cartoons added to our enjoyment of THE RECORD.

MARIE MCCABE, '39.





*Teacher:* Robert Burns wrote "To a Field Mouse."

*Edward Modest:* Did he get an answer?

*Teacher:* How is it that you have written only ten lines on "Milk" when I asked for several pages?

*Audrey Boyan:* I wrote on "Condensed Milk."

*Teacher:* What follows States' Rights?

*Hillery:* Nullification and Secession.

*Teacher:* Who said it?

*Voices:* Hillery.

*Judge:* Guilty or not guilty?

*Prisoner:* Not guilty.

*Judge:* Were you ever here before?

*Prisoner:* No, your Honor, I never stole anything before.

*Landlady:* Isn't it hard to think that this poor lamb was cut down in its youth to satisfy our appetites?

*Unhappy Boarder:* Yes, it is tough.

*Jim Carter:* Waiter, bring me a plate of hash.

*Waiter* (yelling): Gentleman wants to take a chance.

*Robert Conley:* I'll take some of the same.

*Waiter:* Another sport.

*Mother:* Why were you kept after school today?

*J. Pappas:* We were told to write an essay on "The Result of Laziness" and I gave the teacher a blank sheet of paper.

*Mistress:* Mary, when you wait on the table to-night please don't wear any jewelry.

*Maid:* I have nothing valuable Ma'am, but thanks for the warning.

*Shipwrecked Professor:* In my country, you ignorant fools, I'm regarded as a man of letters.

*Cannibal King:* Good, we'll have alphabet soup.

*Mrs. Justwed:* I want some lard.

*Grocer:* Pail, Ma'am?

*Mrs. J.:* No, dark if you please, I'm going to make some gingerbread.

A celebrated violinist was in a motorcar accident. A paper, after reporting the accident, added, "We are happy to state that he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces."

*Game Warden:* This is last year's license you have here.

*Hunter:* That's all right. I'm only shooting at the birds which I missed last year.

*Salesman:* Did you like that cigar I gave you? For 500 coupons of that brand you get a banjo.

*Clerk:* If I smoke 500 of those cigars, I'll need a harp.

"Help your wife," advises one Home Economics editor. "When she washes the dishes, wash the dishes with her. When she mops the floor, mop up the floor with her."

Most any golfer, poor or rich,  
Would never count the cost,  
Could he but buy a golf ball which  
Would bark when it was lost.

A very modern employer has ordered the following notice to be posted in his business premises: "Any employee desiring to attend the funeral of a near relative must notify the foreman before ten a. m. on the day of the game."

A prominent dentist announces that Eskimos enjoy pain. Dentists have that idea about practically everybody.

Don't blame a successful man for bragging a bit — if you get a good catch of fish you don't go home by way of a back alley.

*Jack*: How do you like your radio, Mac?

*Mac*: Mon, it's grand, but the wee light's hard to read by.

How old are you, my little man?

I don't know. Mother was twenty-six when I was born, but now she's only twenty-four.

*Driver* (to guest rider): That's an attractive village we're coming to, wasn't it?

*Waiter*: How did you find the beef, sir?

*Hughes*: Oh, I moved a potato, and there it was.

*Immigration Official*: What is your name?

*Chinese*: Sneeze.

*I. O.*: Is that your real name?

*Chinese*: No, me translate into velly good English.

*I. O.*: Well, what's your native name?

*Chinese*: Ah Choo."

*St. Peter*: How did you get up here?

*Latest arrival*: Flu.

*John O'Neil*: How are you getting along with arithmetic, Leo?

*Leo Shea*: We'll I done learned how to add up the oughts, but de figgers bodder me.

*Fish Dealer*: Why this fish just breathed its last as you came in the door.

*Customer* (sniffing): And what a breath it had.

*Reporter*: What shall I say about the two peroxide blondes who made such a fuss at the game.

*Editor*: Why say that the bleachers went wild.

*Richard Morris*: Waiter, are you sure this ham was cured?

*Waiter*: Yes, sir.

*R. Morris*: Well, it's had a relapse.

*Gabby*: Boy, Milt, what a jam we're in.

*Finstien*: Heaven preserve us.

### Epitaph

Here lies John Jones  
Tried to beat a railroad train.  
P. S. He got a cross.

### Danger

*Sergeant* (on rifle range): This bullet will penetrate two feet of wood so remember to keep your heads down.

### DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

THE Dramatic Club held its monthly meeting February 17th. Trials for the Shakespearean afternoon took place at this meeting. The Shakespearean afternoon will be March 22. The faculty strongly urges large student attendance at this function.

We also held our semi-annual "tryouts" for the Dramatic club at this meeting.

The members of the club who took part in the Senior Drama "Pygmalion" are:

|                           |                  |
|---------------------------|------------------|
| Eliza .....               | Gwen Gilbert     |
| Higgins .....             | Chris Burke      |
| Pickering .....           | S. Howard Miller |
| Clara .....               | Barbara Fogelin  |
| Mrs. Higgins .....        | Alma de Coen     |
| Freddy .....              | George McMahon   |
| Doolittle .....           | Tom Curran       |
| Bystander .....           | Everett Hart     |
| Sarcastic Bystander ..... | Joe Levoy        |
| House Maid .....          | Agnes Goldberg   |

The Dramatic Club is going to present two plays for outside entertainment during the holidays. They are "Red Carnations" and "The Wrong Package." You will remember that the Dramatic Club sponsored a theatre party to see "Dr. Faustus" which was directed and staged by Eliot Duvey, a former C. H. L. S. student. This month he is presenting "Macbeth" for a three-week engagement at the Copley Theatre. C. H. L. S. is taking a large block of seats for the Matinee on February 25. The Dramatic Club wishes to encourage a keen interest in this play.

The National Forensic League again is holding its annual tournaments.

District Tournament—March 14, Gloucester High.

State Tournament—April 1, Groton.

The selection may be dramatic, humorous, or oratorical.

The Dramatic Club expects its members to enter these tournaments and carry honors back to our school.

At our March meeting we plan to enjoy an entertainment rendered by Stacia Kirby, a member of the Dramatic Club Alumni, and now president of the Cambridge Cantabrigians.

That's all for now, Folks!

CHRIS BURKE, '39.



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Teacher's Pet .....George Ratner  
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Shirley Kazis  
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It Serves You Right .....Peggy Cass  
Jeepers Creepers .....Adeline Kaufman

**RECORD OF C. H. L. S. CHESS TEAM**

|                      |                       |     |
|----------------------|-----------------------|-----|
| Sept. 30 C. H. L. S. | 8—Rindge              | 1   |
| Oct. 28 C. H. L. S.  | 7½—Brookline High     | 3½  |
| Nov. 4 C. H. L. S.   | 10—Rindge             | 2   |
| Nov. 21 C. H. L. S.  | 7—Huntington Day      | 0   |
| Dec. 2 C. H. L. S.   | 5—Boston Latin        | 4   |
| Dec. 9 C. H. L. S.   | 7—Rindge              | 0   |
| Dec. 16 C. H. L. S.  | 9—Lynn English        | 2   |
| Jan. 11 C. H. L. S.  | 9—Huntington Day      | 3   |
| Jan. 20 C. H. L. S.  | 9—Boston English High | 1   |
| Feb. 3 C. H. L. S.   | 12½—C. H. L. S. Alum. | 10½ |

The annual fall tournament was won by Thomas Burke who received a book by James Olive Curwood as a prize.

**DEBATE NOTES**

**E**IGHT members of the Durrell Debating Society, accompanied by three teachers, went to Cushing Academy to attend a debate between Boston College and Bates College and to participate in an extemporaneous speaking exhibition. George Sokol represented C. H. L. S. and though he didn't win first prize, he was a credit to the school.

The team has been slow in getting started this year on account of the change to two sessions, but has been carrying on a correspondence with several other schools arranging a debate schedule for the year.

Tryouts were held January 17th for the American Legion Contest. A goodly number showed up and it was difficult to select the representative of the school so seven were chosen who will read up on the Constitution, in order to be able to give an extemporaneous talk on any phase of the subject; from this group one shall be chosen who will represent the school.

We hope to hold several debates very soon and want to remind you that the price of admission is usually your loyalty to the school, desire to obtain knowledge of the subject that is being debated, or just your natural desire to be entertained. In plain English, "it's free!"

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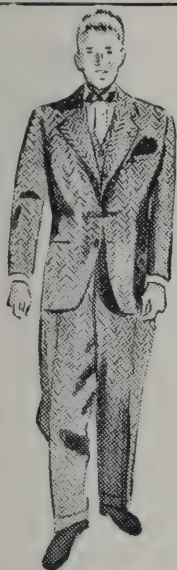
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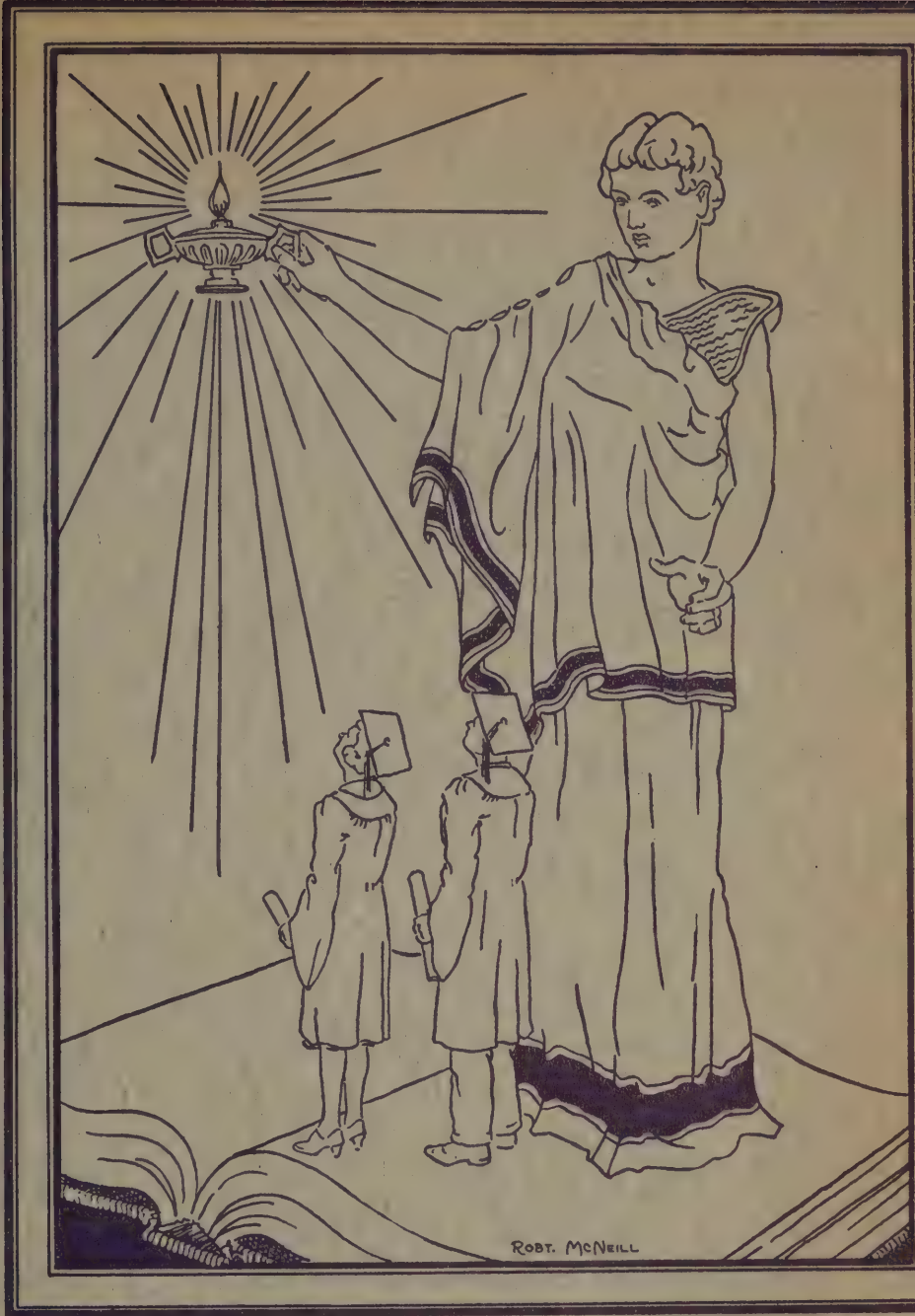
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APRIL, 1940

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 54

NUMBER 4

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## Editorial

### "WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE"

AS regards music, people seem to be of three kinds. One is the out and out jitterbug, hep cat, or what-have-you who howls in pain whenever he hears a string orchestra, but who goes into raptures over a "dog house", a set of traps, and two or three blaring trumpets or saxes. What people can see in stuffy pieces whose names seem to be composed mainly of "Opuses" with a Beethoven, Brahms, or Mozart tacked on the end, he simply cannot see. The more umpah there is to an orchestra, the better he likes it, yet it is to be noticed that he invariably recognizes the Overture to William Tell, although he usually signifies the fact by shouting "Hi-O Silver!" He will listen to "An Eighteenth Century Drawing Room" any time of day; but should the announcer mention the Mozart Piano Sonata from which it is taken practically bodily, he loses no time in changing the station.

On the other hand is the aesthete who seems to think he is enjoying himself just so long as the music to which he is listening is accepted as definitely classical. As long as the orchestra is symphonic, he is content, but should he hear a sax or a muted trumpet, he jumps up and snaps off the radio with a very effectively simulated cry of despair. He loves to reel off an impressive list of classical selections, but he seldom seems to know what to say about them except that he thinks that such a one is "just grand" or that he prefers so-and-so to such-a-one.

However much these two groups may fool each other or themselves, they are always painfully transparent to the third group. A member of this last group makes no pretense about what he prefers, and recognizes the fact that *both* types of music can become exceedingly tiresome. He knows what he likes and sticks to it; he listens to all kinds purely as music with no thought about who wrote it or what it was intended for. As a result, it will be found that this last person is a true lover of music; he likes all kinds and weeds out the good swing tunes from the bad just as he does with classical selections. He knows what he is about, and he really enjoys himself unhampered by the traditions of his "set."

### THE TERRIBLE THIRTIES

(A Retrospect)

TODAY, our generation, the generation of us who are now at high school rounding out our grammar school education preparatory for college or the business world, is standing on the threshold of a new era that will see our maturing and will itself be moulded to some extent by us! But before we step over that threshold let us throw a backward glance at the last decade, when we did most of our growing up, and which must, although it has passed into history, have a profound effect upon our lives and way of living.

There have been many names suggested for it: the turbulent thirties, the decadent thirties, the phenomenal thirties, the tremendous thirties, but I prefer the terrible thirties as its appellation, for me at least; despite the great social advances during them, the thirties will always be remembered as years of heartbreaking depression, years filled with the despair of many, and years that saw the ruthless stamping-out of human rights.

They began when the stock-market was hitting a new high, a stock-market that was never to return to the balmy days of the twenties, when the Graf Zeppelin was crossing the Atlantic for Berlin, when everyone's eyes were turned hopefully towards Geneva, when *Sweet Adeline* was playing to capacity audiences on Broadway, and when women's clothes were as shapeless as gunny-sacks. And from there the thirties progressed through ten topsy-turvy years, years in which came the Barker gang, Huey Long, the N. R. A., the bank holiday, *Gone With the Wind*, strikes, handies, swing, *Life*, Repeal, *Ballyhoo*, the World's Fair and Eleanor Roosevelt. Do you remember the shocking Lindbergh case whose publicity drove America's No. 1 hero of the twenties from these shores? Do you remember the miniature golf courses, which spotted the country for a year? Can you remember those long gone days when there were no bank-nights, when the King-fish dominated Louisiana, and when a prince across the water was deciding between his country and the woman he loved? Have you forgotten the Knock-Knocks, the shooting of Dillinger, and the fateful day on which Hitler's troops unhindered reoccupied the Rhineland, a day which in a way might be called the beginning of the end for the thirties for, although it took five years to complete the decade, it was the culmination of that act which finally closed the era of the terrible thirties. I'm sure you can recall the horrible disasters which marked,



or perhaps I should say marred, the thirties: the burning of the Havana liner, "Morro Castle," in 1934, with twenty-six dead, the Florida hurricane of 1935 with two-hundred and twenty-eight dead, the tragic explosion of a Texas school in 1937, with 413 children dead, the explosion of the Hindenburg with 36 dead, the New England hurricane, the "Squalus," and a great many more unhappy happenings. And then there were even greater catastrophes such as the floods of '36-'38 which wreaked ruin in the east and the duststorms whose victims inspired Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*.

It is strange to note that the thirties both opened and closed to the sound of marching feet. They opened with the sound of the bonus army marching upon Washington; they ended to the tramp of soldier's feet, soldiers manning the two greatest defense fortifications in history, the Maginot and Siegfried Lines. But beneath the sound of marching feet and the crash of disaster and the silly songs which filled the thirties was the deep monotone of the depression. In 1930 came the bank panics and in their wake, evictions, shanty-towns, bread-lines and despair; in 1932, the farm strikes; in 1933, Roosevelt, and with him, the W.P.A., C.C.C.; the Blue Eagle which was killed by the Supreme Court and the Brain-Trust, in 1936, the landslide re-election of the president. In '37-'38, came the Roosevelt recession, the defeat of presidential measures in the Senate; and the revival of the Republican Party; and in 1939, we remember the visit of their Britannic Majesties to the United States, a brief calm before the storm, and then on September 3rd, 1939, the end of an era, the declaration of war between the Allies and Germany.

And those were the thirties. I shall make no effort to sum them up. We are, as yet, too near to them, to separate the important events and changes from the unimportant; that task remains for future years. They were far from dull but they had a grim note, lacking in the roaring twenties. They were hysterical, restless, bewildered years, the result of world-wide depression. The hysteria was, in some measure, responsible for such phenomena as the Walk-athon, sit-down strikes, *Three Itty-Fishes*, nudism, handies, and the influx of women to bars. The bewilderment was, in its turn, somewhat responsible for the prominence of Father Divine, Aimee Semple McPherson, dictatorship, Shirley Temple, and Father Coughlin. The restlessness accounts for the great scientific progress which was made, for sweeping social reforms and for the C.I.O. The terrible thirties, for better or for worse have left to us,

a completely different world from that which preceded Oct. 24, 1929. But if at the end, I may be allowed a little moralising, I might point out that those thirties which shook and remade the world left one thing intact and unchanged, our Constitution. And thus today we face a new world, a world as heartbreakingly tragic in its way as the thirties were; yet perhaps if we, looking back at these last ten years, can learn a lesson from them, we may be able to mount the apparently insurmountable difficulties before us, and follow the terrible thirties with the progressive forties.

PHYLLIS GILMAN, '41.

### ON BLINDNESS

IT is hard for those who can see to realize what it is really like to be blind. We use our eyes more than any other of our senses, and to be deprived suddenly of their use is a really great catastrophe. A slight idea of the handicap forced on blind people is given by the simple experiment of trying to live your normal life at home with your eyes bandaged. After trying this, think how terrible it must be to have no sight at all, to be unable to see and know the beauty found in the world; the first crocus breaking through the winter with its promise of spring, the face of a young mother proudly showing her first child, a faint "V" of wild geese travelling far overhead on the highways of the winds, or the minute white triangle that is a sail boat, hull-down on the edge of the world, a floating white feather in a universe of blue and green. Think how doubly terrible it must be to have memories of this beauty, and the knowledge that the ecstasy experienced at the sight of it can never be repeated.

With all this in mind, I can never cease to marvel at the spirit of blind people. They have a philosophy of life that is as near perfection as anything found on this earth. I once knew an old blind lady who lived by herself in a large house and did all her own housework. An example of her independence is found in her delicious home-baked bread. When I asked her how she could tell when the bread was done, she would say that she took it out of the oven and listened to it. When one who is a genius is struck blind, he may produce great poetry. This is not hard to understand, when we consider how great the appeal of poetry is to the imagination, for what will stimulate the mind's eye better than blinding the physical one?

It is hard to decide which is worse, to be

blind from birth or to become blind after knowing sight. Each has its compensations and its penalties. A person blind from birth does not realize what he has been deprived of, and cannot know the sorrow for its loss that a man can who has been deprived of his sight after enjoying it. On the other hand, he who has never known sight must be forever imagining what the world is like, and can never be satisfied; whereas he who has had the advantage of seeing the world has his memories from which he can drink, and though the cup may be bitter, it is palatable. The patience and perseverance of blind people, to whichever class they belong, should give us hope and courage to try to make something of our lives, and appreciate the beauty that is found all around us and which we so seldom observe, even though we see it.

CRAIG WILLIAMS, '40.

### THE WINTRY MOON

WE paused for a short rest upon a great rock jutting out from the mountain side. No one has since been able to understand why we should have wanted to climb the mountain at that hour but, as we buttoned our heavy jackets against the cold night air and gazed, across the tree tops just beneath us, down upon that countryside lying mysteriously so far below, we knew why we had come. There met our eyes a broad magic carpet shading from a dim silver gray at our feet to the midnight black of the horizon and besprinkled with tiny stars which came and went like fireflies on a summer's eve.

Soon we began to talk in hushed whispers, awed perhaps by that unreal beauty and by the weird sensation of hearing a familiar voice issue from a form rendered unrecognizable by pale highlights and deepest shadows. What we told each other, sitting on that high, cold, silvery throne, lords of that whole mysterious world known only to us, I cannot remember. Perhaps Orion, who watched us from his lofty perch, could recall, but I doubt it; I don't think it is that important.

Finally we arose and continued on our way. As we gained the rocky table-land near the summit, the icy North Wind forced us to turn up our collars and to search our pockets for gloves. He seemed to resent that any mortal should discover his kingdom. His nobles, the lofty cliffs, rising in confused grandure on all sides, frowned upon us, and the moon, to discourage us, made the ice in our path invisible so that we stumbled continually on our way.

Soon, however, the members of this stormy court relented, the moon consented to show us our way a very little more clearly; the nobles welcomed us with a weird smile; and, when we reached the summit, the Wind with blistering good-heartedness pointed out to us the grandeur of his castle and the extent of his unearthly domain. Long we gazed upon the wonders he had to show us; then, finally, we reluctantly made our way back, pausing for a last look from that tower whence we first glimpsed the realm of the stormy monarch; and Orion, far over in the southwest, watched us as we continued on our journey.

PAUL RICHARDS, '40.

### TOLERANCE

BRIEFLY, tolerance is a willingness to bear with another, especially a person whose views differ from one's own. It is a true and unmistakable characteristic of a civilized and democratic people. Back in prehistoric days, when one caveman didn't like another caveman's views or opinions, he just bashed in the dissenter's head with the nearest club. Today, however, most people are open-minded enough to admit that it takes all kinds of people to make up a world and consequently, there are going to be many different opinions on the same subject most of which will not coincide with their own. With the gradual advent of democracy came the principles of freedom of speech, and the elevation of the individual. This democratic form of government led to the spread of tolerance because everybody was placed on an equal footing and each one realized that there were other opinions than his and that they might be of far more worth than his and far more correct. I reiterate, tolerance is a corollary of democracy and without it, democracy is an empty travesty.

In totalitarian states, where one man's will is law, there can be no opposing views. If any individual deems it right to hold an opinion that opposes the doctrine and opinions of the ruling power, that individual is considered a menace to the state, as he truly would be if allowed to go unmolested, for then—horrible thought—the people might rule the nation and the dictator might be dethroned. There could be peace and congeniality in the world if everyone would only realize that since we are not all alike in every respect, there is going to be a great variety of thoughts and opinions. Consider things from the other fellow's angle once in a while; if you stop denouncing him and listen to him, you may learn something.

JAMES O'CONNELL, '40.



## AN INTERVIEW WITH JOHN BORICAN, TRACK CHAMPION

DEAR CUTE:

Last year when you and I were laboring scribes, toiling for the REVIEW, haunting stage doors in the frigid winter and roasting summer, and in general making ourselves nuisances to those of renown in the realms of the theatre, we never thought that we might ever secure an interview without some degree of annoyance and trouble, did we? Nevertheless, the well known age of miracles recently paused long enough to offer me, your late lamented co-worker, an opportunity to spend a few hours of discussion with John Borican, runner-student-artist extraordinary. For some while many enthusiasts of sport here at C. H. L. S. had asked for an article about some sports figure. Here was the art student of Columbia who finds time, in between his sketchings, easels, and paintings to pursue his hobby, making and breaking records in track, especially those in the vicinity of 1000 yards and three-quarter miles. Without threatening even one manager with bodily harm if he refused my request, I went to the home at which Mr. Borican was a guest and met him.

The next few hours were spent more in friendly conversation than in formal interviewing. Here, Cute, are the results of that conversation as I have gleaned them: His home is in a small town in New Jersey, although at present he lives in New York, where he attends Columbia University . . . He received his degree this winter . . . Master of Fine Arts . . . In reference to art, he prefers realism to extreme surrealism as expressed by such painters as Picasso and Dali . . . At Virginia State, where he was, of course, a track star, short story writing interested him . . . yet he plans to make painting his career . . . The late Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., "Cherokee", and tennis are among his favorites — in movies, music, and other sports . . . photography is another hobby . . .

He is quite a jitterbug; yet his favorite dance is the waltz . . . Nervous tension before his last race in Boston kept him awake til nearly six the morn of the race . . . with all that lack of sleep, he won in the fastest time ever run in Boston . . . 2:12 flat for the 1000 . . . Had entertained hopes of going to the 1940 Olympics in Finland . . . However, he still feels that there may be something substantial to the persistent rumors of a Pan-American Olympics . . . If these games were to be held, we'd surely find John Borican up in the front

just as he has been always in the track world . . . Although he doubts that Cunningham will win as often as in the past, he still thinks Glenn the greatest miler alive today . . . His greatest track thrill: winning 400 meter hurdles, in '38, in Berlin before 127,000 people . . . Plans to teach art and have summer studio . . . Likes to draw old men, pretty girls best . . . Is now doing a lithograph of Johnny Woodruff . . . Favorites: Jack Benny's Program, Milkman's Matinee, Metropolitan Opera Program, Duke Ellington's orchestra, the city of Boston . . . Track ambition: to beat both Johnny Woodruff and Charles Beetham in a half mile race outdoors . . . Incidentally, he has been invited to accompany Taisto Maki on his tour through the United States . . . He thinks that, although Maki is good, he will be beaten in a fair race over here . . . Thinks that Nurmi was far superior to his opposition; Maki isn't. . . .

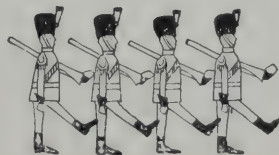
Topping off the thrill of that evening, John Borican was a guest in my house; later, this thrill was heightened by my being among his guests at the Knights of Columbus Meet at the Garden. Just when I was beginning to believe in pixies, John, having run a great race at the BAA games, was judged best athlete at the meet. This, of course pleased all of us who by then felt as though we had known him for years and years. Among those with whom he had almost overnight become a fast friend, who praised him not only for his cinder and board work, but for his pleasing personality, Astute was not least.

Thus, Cute, I've gone another lap in the interviewing history of REVIEW . . . Laps to go: . . . only the Fates can tell who will fall under my quizzical sway. Yet, I am sure that the short time I spent with John Borican will go down in my journalistic memoirs not because I found him the champion whom all the world had acclaimed, but because he showed himself to be more than merely a great runner, a sincere and splendid friend. You join me, I am sure, Cute, in wishing him lasting and well deserved success in whatever he undertakes.

Sincerely,

Astute.

JUNE A. JACKSON, '41.



### PESTIFEROUS PORTALS

THE bane of my life, or one of them, I should say, is the swinging doors that ornament our hall of learning. The originator of the swinging door must have been an embittered misanthropist, bent on destroying the human race with a series of bouncing and revolving doors. To me, they are not too trivial for the court of law, as were the objects of the ire of my fellow-essayist, the Spectator. The inventor of these elusive portals should be hauled into court and, as punishment, made to go through and be bumped by his instrument of torture!

As you see, I feel quite strongly on the matter, because, although I have been caught in revolving doors, been whirled dizzily in revolving doors, have sprained countless muscles while pushing the obstinate whirligigs, never have I been so completely overwhelmed, so entirely overpowered, as I have been by *these* swinging doors! Today, I saw a brave attempt to combat them; a chair had been placed against one, holding it back. But the poor little chair, slowly but surely, gave way to the inexorable door. In that chair I see represented countless like-sufferers, striving to stand up against the oscillating openings, only to be vanquished.

Being a bit on the old-fashioned side, I like my doors with knobs. I like doors that can be opened, without danger, and held open until one is safely through. It is amazing how many people in this school are unable to dodge our swinging doors. I am among them. Unless there is a strong and kindly person with me, one who can hold back the charging door with brute force, I am invariably bumped. The old alibi, "I ran into a door", can now be received with the utmost credulity, if the person with the "mouse" is a student in Cambridge High and Latin School. May I add, with the greatest of caution, that my mind would be set at rest and my bottle of arnica could be hidden away if these pestiferous portals were done away with entirely?

MARGARET MILLER, '41.

### THIS THING CALLED SWING!

AS all know, slip-horn expert Tommy Dorsey is a very busy lad, but we had no idea of the strenuous life of a Glenn Miller swingster . . . recently Glenn did 36 shows at a N. Y. theatre, 12 sessions at a hotel, 3 rehearsals, and 3 radio programs all in one week . . . and while on the subject of Miller, he seems to know what will click with the fans when he can put out such discs as "In the Mood," "Tuxedo," and now "Pennsylvania 6-5000" . . .

the sale of Ray Scott's first waxings with the large band have set a new high for any dance recording in the same period of time . . . Frank Sinatra, formerly with Harry James, now yodeling with Tommy Dorsey, and Helen Forrest of the old Art Shaw choir, now warbling with Benny Goodman . . . Orrin Tucker, it seems, is fast becoming one of the great favorites with the fans, thanks to Bonnie Baker . . . Bostonians should be duly proud of the fact that Art Shaw, Woody Herman, and Glenn Miller got their start in a local ballroom, and 'twas that boost that paved the way for their immediate success . . . now the band to watch is Tommy Reynolds who is doing right well by himself in the same ballroom . . . Bunny Berrigan back again with Tommy Dorsey, and how we remember his torrid trumpeting on the old Tommy Dorsey killers, particularly that "Mare" disc . . . After glancing at Ray Scott's "Bird Seed Special," Fletch Henderson's "Kitty on Toast," and Earl Hine's "Child of a Disordered Brain," we see the point of Lionel Hampton's tag on his latest waxing — "Haven't Named It Yet" . . . latest reports have it that '39's King of Swing, Benny Goodman, who had quite a time this past winter with a tough case of sciatica, is a well man at last . . . recent commentaries written by the foremost of the swing writers on the frequency of Goodman disc releases pointed out that Bennah's playing was either very good or sensational to which I would like to add: be sure to hear his "Night and Day" . . . advance reports have it rated up with the first five performances of all-time Goodmania . . . of the new ballads out, your attention should be placed on "The Sky Fell Down," "Busy as a Bee," "Sierra Sue" and "I'll Never Smile Again" . . . they all seem to have that something which makes a song a hit . . . there are many new bands which seem to have the stuff which will put them on the top but none so promising as Ray Scott . . . one listening to Scott and his new 14-piece crew and he is enshrined in your heart as a favorite . . . and here's a last bit of news . . . Artie Shaw, whose return to the band business has been a matter of conjecture for over two months, bowed back into the American band scene a few weeks ago when he recorded four sides with a 31-piece orchestra.

SID GROSS, '40.





## LADIES AND GENTLEMAN

THIS is not an interview. That is, it is not in the strictest sense of the word. It is a conglomeration of facts, a series of events that started out to be an interview. We're not belittling our interviewee — far from it. He simply amazed us.

It all started when "Ladies and Gentlemen", starring Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale, came to Boston. In answer to our request for an interview we received the following note: "I shall be happy to receive your interviewer at the theatre either at eight o'clock in the evening or at two p.m. on matinee days. Questions I refuse to HEAR are: (1) What made you want to go on the stage at all? (2) What else have you done besides 'Ladies and Gentlemen'? and (3) Were you ever in Boston before? Yours truly, Philip Merivale." Full of high hopes and armed with that amazing letter, we started out. As usual, we were early, and stood shivering at the stage door with a group of autograph seekers. At last the actor arrived, and a few cold minutes later we were ushered up the stairs to his dressing room, amid the envying stares of our fellow-shiverers. Unfortunately, there remained but a few moments for our interview. During that short time, while listening to the fiery bombardment that was Mr. Merivale, and taking hectic notes, we stowed away a mental picture of the man, which we pass on to you, gentle reader. He is tall and spare — almost too thin. His hair is a bit worn-out on top, and is black, shot with gray. He wore tortoiseshell spectacles, perched on a nose which can be called nothing but snub, and regarded us with sharp, twinkling brown eyes. A toothbrush mustache quivered indignantly over his mobile mouth as he told us what he thought of Boston and the stage. Particularly Boston. His idea of weather is warm, sunny California, where he once made a picture, the title of which he can't remember — "it was a flop anyway." (The film was "Give Us This Night" with Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura, and Mr. Merivale is right!) Boston weather gives him a cold. We forgave Mr. Merivale for his slur on Bean Town, as the week he was here was one of the coldest and rainiest of the season. His opinion of the stage is a little short of slanderous. He's been acting for thirty years or so, and still loathes it. In spite of this dislike he gives consistently good performances. We know — we've seen him. His dressing table was littered with bits of make-up and pictures of his family. To his mind, animals and babies make the best actors on the

screen, as they never worry about camera angles. Especially seals. He is English and still has a delightful accent, despite years in America. Every time he has acted in Boston, the weather has been abominable. When the half-hour signal was given, we took the hint and left, after acquiring an autograph that was slightly impeded by the sweater that he was pulling off.

On comparing notes later, we were immensely surprised to discover that we had not asked our questions. The dynamic actor had talked throughout our few minutes in his dressing room, and we had scarcely spoken. Do you wonder we were amazed? Do you wonder we can't call this an interview? We're still in a slight daze!

Obediently yours,

MARGARET MILLER, '41,  
JUNE JACKSON, '41.

## C. H. L. S. ART STUDENTS WIN PRIZES AT CANTABRIGIA CLUB

AMONG the exhibits of March 15th at the art show of the Cantabrigia Club were three prize-winning works from this school. The committee awarded first prize of three dollars to a landscape in water color by Bertha Pilkins. The next prizes went to "The Caroler" in stained glass by E. Richard Freniere and to a still life in water color by Ray Fitzgerald. Honorable mention was given to a water color called an Easter poster by Charles Lynch. C. H. L. S. was also proud to count several alumni among the professionals whose works were on exhibition.

## DID YOU KNOW . . .

That a famous ichthyologist (fish expert) declares that the repulsive looking octopus really has an affectionate disposition and enjoys the caress of the human hand?

That a crocodile grows for one hundred years? It barks and lays eggs. It eats decayed food, yet its glands are used to make exotic oriental perfume.

That nature's toe-dancer is the Klipspringer, a small antelope of the mountains of Africa? In its rocky home, it climbs, jumps and walks on the tip of its toes.

That it takes four days for a worm to travel a mile?

"PEGGY" FITZMAURICE, '42.

## KEEPING TRACK OF TRACK

A LARGE number of students reported for Indoor Track. Among them were many of last year's candidates such as: Eddie O'Rourke, Georgie Kennedy, Fred Barnard, and Claude Henry.

C. H. L. S. in a practice meet with Browne & Nichols School discovered great talent in Bonny Bonsignore, Jimmy Coake, and Joe Mallahan.

Kennedy and Mallahan set new schoolboy records in the Somerville meet at Dilboy Field. Kennedy ran the 600 in 1:22 and Mallahan ran the 1000 in 2:38.5.

At the Revere Meet, Cambridge Latin was trailing Revere by 10 yards in the relay race, but the amazing speed of George Kennedy made it end in a dead heat. Bonsignore was also outstanding on the track.

At the Rindge Meet, Coffey, Kennedy, Henry, O'Rourke, Coake, and Harrigan scored for Latin.

The Latin Boys received invitations to the Northeastern Track Meet and the Seaboard Meet, both held at the Boston Garden.

At Northeastern, Kennedy ran First in the 4th Heat in the 600 yard run and 3rd in the final.

At Seaboard, the C. H. L. S. relay team defeated Hyde Park and Revere.

Time—1:10:5.

## SCORING IN THE INDOOR TRACK

|                          |                        |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Kennedy . . . . . 15½ | 7. Coffey . . . . . 5  |
| 2. Henry . . . . . 12    | 8. Barnard . . . . . 3 |
| 3. Bonsignore . . . 11½  | 9. Horrigan . . . . 2  |
| 4. O'Rourke . . . . 10   | 10. W. Smith . . . . 1 |
| 5. Cooke . . . . . 8     | 11. Zadorian . . . . 1 |
| 6. J. Mallahan . . . 5   | 12. McManus . . . . ½  |
| 13. Fulginiti . . . . ½  |                        |

REVERE HIGH 34½—CAMBRIDGE LATIN 33½

### 35 Yard Dash

(1) Carmello (R); (2) Bonsignore (C); (3) Moore (R). Scoring—R. H. 6; C. L. 3. Time—4:3.

### 300 Yard Run

(1) Bonsignore (C); (2) Levine (R); (3) Coffey (C). Scoring—R. H. 3; C. L. 6. Time—36:6.

### 600 Yard Run

(1) Kennedy (C); (2) Jianak (R); (3) Horrigan (C). Scoring—R. H. 3; C. L. 6. Time—1:24:4.

### 1000 Yard Run

(1) Cooke (C); (2) Zacetto (R); (3) Smith (C). Scoring—R. H. 3; C. L. 6. Time—2:41.

## Shot Put

(1) Carmello (R); (2) Henry (C); (3) Levine (R). Scoring—R. H. 6; C. L. 3. Distance—37.6.

## High Jump

(1) Carmello; (2) O'Rourke; (3) Lewis. Scoring—R. H. 7; C. L. 2. Height—5 ft. 3 in.

## Broad Jump

(1) Henry; (2) Moresta; (3) Lewis. Scoring—R. H. 5; C. L. 4. Distance—8.93/4.

## Relay

C. H. L. S. Team—(1) Fulginiti; (2) McManus; (3) Bonsignore; (4) Kennedy. Revere Team—(1) Ferlony; (2) Moore; (3) Janack; (4) Carmello. Dead Heat. 2½ points each team.

Scoring—R. H. 34½; C. L. 33½.

## RINDGE 44—CAMBRIDGE LATIN 19

### 35 Yard Dash

(1) Conrad (R); (2) Coffey (C); (3) Russell (R). Scoring—R. 6; L. 3. Time—4:2.

### 300 Yard Run

(1) West (R); (2) Conrad (R); (3) Coffey (L). Scoring—R. 8; L. 1. Time—35:4.

### 600 Yard Run

(1) F. Kennedy (R); (2) Cooke (L); (3) Horrigan (L). Scoring—R. 5; L. 4. Time—1:23:2.

### 1000 Yard Run

(1) G. Kennedy (C); (2) Jackson (R); (3) Madden (R). Scoring—R. 4; L. 5. Time—2:29.

## Shot Put

(1) Nelson (R); (2) Henry (L); (3) Kil-lackey (R). Scoring—R. 6; L. 3. Distance—37 ft. 6 in.

## High Jump

(1) West (R); (2) O'Rourke (L); (3) Wilson (R). Scoring—R. 6; L. 3. Height—5 ft. 6 in.

## Broad Jump

(1) Russell (R); (2) Ransey (R); (3) Lewis (R). Scoring—R. 9; L. 0. Distance—9 ft. 43/4 in.

## Relay Won by Rindge Tech

R. Team—(1) Ramsey; (2) Taylor; (3) King; (4) Smith. L. Team—(1) Fulginiti; (2) McManus; (3) Shea; (4) Coffey. Scoring—R. 5; L. 0. Time—No time taken.

Final Score—R. 44; L. 19.

FRANCIS GRANDE, '40.





## ON FLYING

FLYING is of several varieties, of which wing-flying is common, broomstick-flying quite uncommon. The practise of flying has had a varied history. For example, years ago people did all their flying on broomsticks and, for so doing, were considered quite disreputable by their more stolid contemporaries; whereas today fliers have thrown away their broomsticks and have adopted the guise of respectability.

To any bright and eager lad whose fancy directs him heavenward, I might offer several suggestions about the method to be used in breaking the law of gravity. If the child is very small and is fond of flying kites, he might contrive to take hold of the string of an exceedingly large kite and take off, thus combining business with pleasure. This particular variety of aviation is not recommended to persons at all queasy or known to be the victims of nervous disorders, since it is difficult to manage the kite when it is on an equal footing with one, and is therefore inclined to be skittish.

There are, however, innumerable alternatives to this mode of flying. I recall one chap in particular, a Levantine (ran into him during the Egyptian campaign) who used to ride about on a large trained bird, a *rara avis*, which he affectionately called Roc, short for Eurico. I personally found the practise distasteful. The bird, I must confess, was of a pleasant enough temperament, but, to ride him, one had to tie himself to the leg of the bird and so suffer what inconveniences I shudder to recall. If, for example, the creature decided to take even one dust bath during a journey, I, for my part, could not weather it — and what an awful way to die, — succumbing in a “polvarium” — to coin a phrase.

By far the most satisfactory method of flying is that done with airplanes. The airplane is superior in many respects: it gives one a chance to use his airplane luggage, to appraise disturbingly lovely stewardesses; to terrorize herds of cattle, bison, or whatever he might be passing over; and last but not least, to make perfect three-point landings.

Of course if one gets to be a really proficient flier, there are more advanced fields of endeavor open to him. He may, for example, carry the mails, or take pot shots at condors, or (and this is for the true voluptuary) he may bomb civilians. For some reason or other no other type of human being is so suitable for this purpose as the Civilian. There is something about the little Babbitts, particularly that Elk in the gray suit, the devotee

of Westbrook Pegler, which makes him the target supreme, the *pièce de résistance* of the Junior Birdman. The only hope for the Vanishing Civilian seems to be that he take to the air himself to get out of the way.

Flying has, indeed, come up in the world since its broomstick days, but too, it has become infinitely more hazardous. And as for the element of speed, the travelling at a rate of four hundred miles per hour to “get there,” I have not heard of any place on this terrestrial globe sufficiently un-terrestrial to warrant it.

CHARLES MULVEY, '40.

## THE RAVIN' STUDENT

(A Pretty Poe Imitation)

## I

Once upon a school day's ending,  
While my every bone was bending,  
To unearth some new idea  
That would cause my marks to soar,  
While I slowly sank to sleeping  
Suddenly I fell to peeping,  
And I saw my chance was creeping  
Creeping upward evermore.  
“’Tis a hopeful chance,” I muttered.  
“Creeping upward evermore,  
“Fifty now, tomorrow more.”

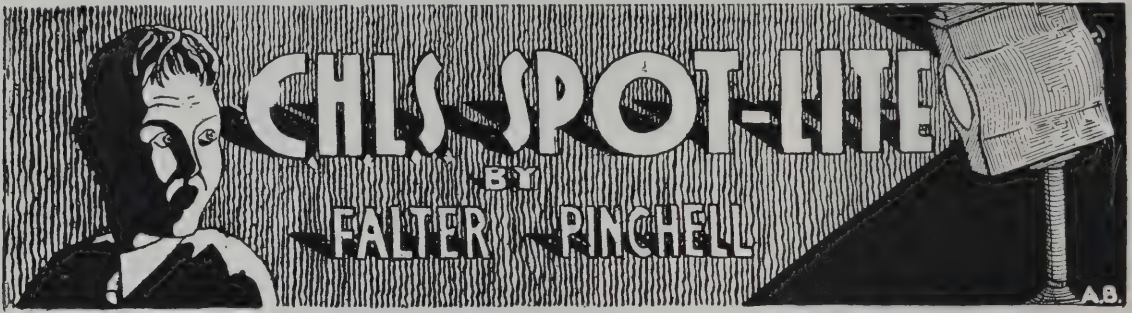
## II

With this recent stimulation  
I sought this worry's termination.  
And besought each separate teacher  
As I never did before.  
“Sir, your health I'd now be drinking  
If you'd differently be thinking  
And but stop my marks from sinking,  
Sinking, sinking evermore.  
Raise my marks, and halt their sinking  
Sinking, sinking evermore.”  
Quoth the teacher, “Nothing more.”

## III

Ever since, I've been beseeching  
Ev'ry teacher that's been teaching,  
So did I my stern instructors  
Ever on my knees implore,  
But I saw my chance was dying  
And my luck away was flying  
For each time I fell to crying  
Crying at each teacher's door.  
Quoth that teacher, “Nothing more.”

WIN HOLLAND.



TWO days ago I was walking through the depths of a virgin forest, when, suddenly, a beautiful woman, dressed in black, stepped from behind a tree and handed me a manuscript. When I translated said manuscript from the original Hebrew, I found the following: Slob Tynan is a speculator. He buys car checks and goes to hockey games, etc, where he sells them to stranded Latinites at a rich profit . . . Speaking of class, take a look at that boat Mary Feeley drives to school, and then for a contrast take a look at that . . . that . . . that thing Jason Rubin risks his neck in . . . For months Ted Adelson has been asking me to mention his hat in here; don't get excited folks, it's no worse than those things O'Connell wears . . . I just heard this one; some poor fellow, I think it was Julian Klashman, ate so many peas, that his joints are ball bearings. All right, don't laugh, see if I care . . . but to get back to business, this is what I've been seeing; Barbara Blevins, - bean me with a bean pot, Becky, an' stuff! ! . . . Bill Montgomery, trying to tell me a joke between periods . . . ditto Joe Stokes . . . "Oivink" Richards making plans to go to the opera . . . Ardella Morrison practicing how to flash a wedding ring forthcoming from a Latin alumnus . . . Moose Makris warming up for baseball by pitching books across the hall . . . Ruth Miller and Blossom Goyette playing parts of their opera for June Jackson and Peggy Miller . . . Paul Butler taking a nap in Chemistry class . . . Claude Henry climbing out a hall window on Joe Goulart's dare . . . Margie, pronounced Maggie, White smiling and making faces at people who pass through the hall . . . Sid Gross poking his well padded waistline at Fiddle Peros . . . Jules Vodo and Bill McMinneman coming in for the last five minutes of their study periods . . . Walter Haley throwing knives at Ed O'Rourke while O'Rourke is standing in a bath tub . . . that last may sound crazy, but it's what I hear . . . Harold Mercer showing everyone an unsolvable puzzle . . . Jackson Walter trying to kill people by banging doors in their faces . . . Dick Neale and

Jim Sheedy amusing themselves in debating class . . . Marjorie Coleman, mind you, Marjorie Coleman, asking people for cigarettes, and telling them that the cigarettes will be used for the benefit of the G.A.A. Letters to the readers (or is that reader?): Dear Little Helper, you are of no help to me and I will excuse those blots in your letter. Yours forgivingly, Uncle Faulty . . . Dear Pinky Boyle: A little less noise, please. Not yours, Uncle Fatty . . . Dear Nelson Waldman: Since this letter will appear in public, I won't be able to tell you what I would like to tell you, but it can be expressed in blanks. Blank, blank, blankity-blank. Love, Uncle Blank er Falty . . . Dear Bobby Naufts, I'm sure that a good many girls in Latin School would love to know how you get that lovely blonde hair. Will you tell us? Love, Uncle Love er Falty . . . Dear John Joyce: why don't you bring your sister to school more often? You don't know how much the school will love you, if you do. Love, Uncle Expectantly er Falty . . . Dear Fresh Air Conlin: This is a last warning. Keep that window in room thirty one shut, or you'll get your roof beaten in . . . Yours hatefully, Uncle Falty . . . There is nothing interesting to report about Lorraine Keefe this time so we'll just leave her out . . . I know that Betty Fawcett is running through all this stuff right now looking for her name. Won't she be surprised when she finds that it isn't here? . . . Pretty soon we're going to ask Lester Blonder to pay us for all the advertising we're giving him . . . This was overheard before eight thirty: "Hey, Borzake, let's go out for a . . .". "But, Dick, I can't; I've got some homework to do." Johnnie Randall will have to get used to not being a baseball captain next year . . . I feel that it's my duty to warn the teachers about the Leary Family. There are two of them now in school, namely Rocks and Pebbles. We understand that there are two more of them coming up, namely Gravel and Sandie . . . If Peggy Lowe is a good example, this page won't appear next issue. I'm going to Springfield! ! (woo, woo) . . . Won't George Garoin look swell when he's



a math teacher at C.H.L.S. . . . I'd like to take this opportunity to apologize to Tona Shea for almost pulping her hand between some swinging doors and pushing her downstairs . . . That guy with the different suit every day is none other than Philip William G. Baird, III, Esq. . . . Buck O'Connor's legs are getting so long that he has difficulty fitting them into subway seats . . . Onkel Falty by di dremeh and dence: Let's go backstage for a minute where we see Joe Connelly practicing with his sword . . . Tom Adams running everybody's errands . . . Flash Campbell taking shocking shots of the cast . . . Eddie Pelletier scaring people in his makeup . . . Lillian Blakeney and Barbara Gilbert as cool as the time worn cucumber . . . Mulvey looking for a pair of size twelve D shoes, which were up in Portsmouth, N. H., where they were used in lifting the Squalus . . . Jack Moriarty flogging himself with that club he called a riding whip . . . Ruth Twomey running over her lines . . . Mary Haney breezing around like a house on fire . . . Paula Hillery worrying how to reach candles too high for her . . . Bertha Humez and Emil Starr walking around out in the corridor where they should not be . . . Jacqueline Lane going crazy trying to keep up with things as they happen, and using reams of paper to do so . . . Rose O'Rourke falling gracefully (?) up the stairs . . . The PRESS advocating free candy . . . Barbara Edison wriggling into and out of an evening gown . . . Now, don't get the wrong idea. I didn't see her doing either of those things, I was told about them . . . Dick Freniere was there, too, sweating profusely and gum drops . . . Eos Spiropoulos and Dot Petito dancing around like . . . well, like anything . . . John Lyons telling yours truly about a certain "League" . . . Francis Hayes eyeing everybody to make sure that everybody has a ticket . . . Mim Harney acting the part of the lady in black . . . Bob Dick looking for Harvey Thomas who has left for home . . . Craig Williams dancing and asking John White for the next dance . . . Milt Silverman banging away on the piano and making much music . . . Audrey Hawkes being mobbed by about forty partners . . . Bob Shaine wandering around like a lost duck . . . Sellers came waltzing in about five minutes before curtain time and asked, "Where do us bouncers go?" . . . Dot McCarthy shook hands with everyone in the place before she left . . . Albert Moll was there, too, jitterbugging as per usual . . . The Denaros, Salvi Mangano, and Tom Donahue came up in style; the style being produced by the Denaros' Buick . . . That ribald creature, Frank Mallahan stood outside the door and

barked at his friends as they came in the door . . . My good friends Tom and Bob Croke were there looking like the proverbial million bucks in their respective sport coats . . . In short, a good time was had by all, particularly one John Stokes, eh, John? . . . In re the Frosh: Can you imagine seeing Dorothy Arthur without her little red bow . . . Jimmy Boyce without George Herlihy . . . Peggy Theising without her Algebra book? . . . Frances Davies is still reading her little red book while changing rooms . . . Congratulations to Mary Fougere for winning that short story contest . . . Gloria Freni's new Scarlett O'Hara hair-do is very becoming . . . Eugene Callender, who writes this on the Frosh, has an artistic sense, judging from that last item . . . Kate Bolger is wondering who started all this talk about fudge . . . She says that hers is as good as anyone else's . . . Well, Kate, why don't you bring some up to your ole Uncle Fluffy er Falty, and let him test for you? . . . George Bruen was seen struggling through the recent blizzard with his bicycle, proving that there are one or two sturdy men left in this school . . . Bernadette McCool is still trying to laugh at the jokes in her joke book . . . Answers to the Frosh queries: Dear Frank Stevens: Your question about not finding your name in the Spotliete is now answered . . . Love, Uncle Fatty er Falty . . . Dear Leo Boyle: Please do not write me any more letters; I do not read any foreign language. Yours, Uncle Falsely er Falty . . . Be ye all hereby informed that Bob Keonogh is number ace jitterbug . . . Jitterbugs are not too scarce among the Frosh, are they, Bruce Cameron . . . Somebody sez that Rose Flannagan has difficulty pronouncing the name Bruce; she says Brushe . . . John Cahill's study periods are devoted to the reading of funny books . . . He ought to get acquainted with Tom Mesore.

Ellen Gorman is the girl who is always full of pep, or is that Grape-Nuts? . . . Ellen Sullivan is the one who fishes the notes out of the Review box when the key can't be found . . . If Win Holland's writing were just a little more legible, I might be able to use Lillian somebody or other's name in here . . . Muriel Mahady is the smart little love story reader . . . By the way, Uncle Falty expects to see you all at the GAA dance, the Varsity Club dance, and stuff . . . by stuff I mean the Dramatic Club Alumni dance . . . What's this about Joe Harrington and gum drops? . . . That young guy with the puzzled expression is Jack Cantrell . . . Overheard: George McCauley, "Your teacher looks brilliant. She

must know everything." Super Hughes, "Don't kid yourself; she doesn't suspect a thing."

Merlyn Cook is going to be a firewoman; she's practicing by riding around on the running boards of people's cars . . . Something tells me that Jean Bilodeau is not going to visit a certain drugstore during the hours between eight thirty and twelve thirty any more . . . Warning . . . Everybody who does his or her chemistry homework should be on the lookout for Tamara Polevoy . . . Emerson Clarke is an informer. He knows beforehand about tests and goes around telling people about them . . . Furthermore, if Jackson Walter checks me again in the corridors, I'm going to set him right on his, well, his ear . . . That's a promise . . . Have you seen Bob Dick in those glasses? . . . During the fifth period Sophie Survillas lives in the main office and Virginia Davis lives in Miss McElroy's office . . . I don't know why I told you that, but it takes up space and uses two names, at any rate . . . Eddie Cunningham is back; I saw him in the corridors the other day . . . Did you know that Russ Brown receives visitors during school hours? Well, he does, even in chemistry class . . . Lefty Hart comes back to school in the afternoon and chats with the teachers . . . If he isn't crazy, he must like to go to school . . . John Bragga likes to go around giving people bloody noses, lips, and what have you . . . I've seen some of his handy work . . . (that was subtle), (or was it?) . . . Anybody who sez that Frank Henry cheats is a liar . . . He only copies . . . Well, Spring is here so I guess that Genevieve Herlihy is going to discard that fur rug of hers . . . All right, fur coat . . . Joe Bane's middle name is Patrick . . . Have you seen Jezerski's new slink . . . It's quite a thing . . . Ask Bob McAuliffe to show you the picture in his wallet . . . He likes to . . . You might ask Barbara Johnson why she is called "Slugger" . . . Don't forget to duck . . . Helen O'Brien isn't speaking to your noseboy any more; just walks by with her nose in the air . . . Yes, I know that Charlie Burgess needs a shave . . . Austin Roper thinks that if you lift up a shade and let some light in, you will be able to see movies better . . . Dolly Bergeron always comes through in emergencies . . . She sells me car checks when I need them . . . Oh yeah . . . And that was the end of the manuscript . . . And this is the end of the line, so we'll be snoopin' you . . .

WILLIAM STENZEL, Ed.

WIN. HOLLAND.

March 7, 1940

DEAR UNCLE FALTER:—

I will come to the point.

Why did you write that joke about the mother skunk, who, when approached by hunters, said to her children, "Let us pray, my children?" Not that I do not catch on—I did; heheh—but that it has thrown me into an eternal inferno from which there seems to be no possible escape. But let me explain. . .

While I was poring over the telephone book one night—or was it *The Forsyte Saga*—I heard the bell ring.

"It must be the door," thought I. It was. I naturally was quite surprised when I saw the friend of my childhood days, a very dear friend, Albert er (what's his name) er Trotsky enter my private den; private, I say, because it is shared with only six other brothers; Sammy, Moe . . . But that's immaterial.

As I say, it was quite a shock to see . . . er . . . Albert standing before me at that hour of the night; curfew had already rung. He nervously clutched a manuscript and stood trembling, his face unusually ashen.

"What's the matter, old boy?" I asked. I always call him 'old boy' He tried to speak but stopped. I sat him down on a chair and gave him a drink of water.

"My name," he gasped, ". . . My name—is in the—REVIEW," and he broke into a blood curdling laugh.

"Steady," I said; and I gave him some more water. It was an hour later—11:00—that he finally became quiet.

"Frank?" he asked. He always calls me Frank. Maybe because it's my name.

"Yes?"

"I want you to explain something to me. What does Falter Pinchell mean by this: . . . He showed me the REVIEW . . . 'which reminds us of the story of the mother skunk and her six little skunks who once met a huge hunter while strolling in the woods. I quote the mother skunk, 'Let us pray, children, let us pray' . . . for the benefit of Al Trotsky, who won't get this joke (?), we say, 'Al, put an 's' before pray.' . . . simple, isn't it? . . ."

"Don't you get it?" I asked. "Put an 's' before the word 'pray.' Then—"

"But that will change the word 'pray' to 'spray' and you lose the idea of praying. And if you add the 's' to the word 'us', you misspell the word 'us'—." As he spoke he brought forth from his hip pocket a small pocket edition of Webster.

"Ahem," I said.

Trotsky was puzzled. He looked as bewil-



dered as James Stewart, only not so handsome. I must take a different approach. I collected several dictionaries to explain each word; then two volumes on "Animals", one book by Roy Chapman Andrews, two Thornton Burgess stories, one Tarzan comic strip, and a few volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica to show the characteristics of "the pussycat with the white stripe."

A faint gleam flickered in Albert's eyes. Then I slowly repeated the joke . . . "Let usssspray." Surely this would be the be all and the end all now.

"Well?"

"Huh?"

"Get it?"

"Nope. Not exactly. You —." I fell into a soft chair. This will take time, I thought. Perhaps if I told him in a foreign language; Polish? No, I can't speak it. Algebra? No; that dope can't understand dead languages.

"Do you know Latin?" I ventured.

"A little," he said, and he recited by heart Caesar's Gallic War and Cicero's Second Oration. I interrupted him as he began the Aeneid:

"That's fine. I'll try it in Latin."

So while he read the Superman, I composed the following (with due modesty, I admit that I coined the word, Skunca, ae-f.=Skunk; well, if Caswell can make up Latin words, so can I):

*Mater Skunca Liberis Dixit: "Precemus."*

(What has Virgil got that I wish I had a translation of?)

As I was admiring my piece of Latin, it suddenly dawned on me that I had lost the pun in the translation. What to do? And Albert sits with his face a blank.

"You just don't understand puns." I said in exasperation.

"I do when Shakespeare tells them," he offered.

"Hooray," I hoorayed, "that's it." . . . I just remembered something . . . "Pardon me, coz." I gave Albert another glass of water and left the room. I went to my secret vault where I have in my collection — mind you, this is not to be repeated — the original manuscript of Shakespeare's incomplete *Hamlet Goes to Town*. When Albert mentioned the bard's name, I recalled this manuscript. I returned to my den where Albert was listening to a phonograph recording of Bonnie Baker.

"You wouldn't think she weighed over three hundred pounds," he stated, pointing to the revolving disk.

"Why no!" I exclaimed. "Does she?"

"No," said Albert, "but you wouldn't think it."

As the last strains of Jean Shumway's — I mean Bonnie Baker's voice (I can't tell the difference between their voices) died away, I told Albert to come closer to my desk. I cleared away the Latin translations and placed upon the desk the unfinished Shakespeare. I quickly turned the yellow sheets of paper which had dried and shriveled with age. "I remember seeing it on one of these pages," I muttered, — "Oh here it is." In the wide margin of the Shakespearian manuscript was written in the Bard's own handwriting . . . I quote the exact words:

"Patter (written whilst trying to think of a word that rhymes with 'orange') by William (Am I Gonna be Famous) Shakespeare:

Quoth King Arthur to the queen Sadie,

'Who was that last knight I saw you with, Lady?'

—farther down the margin:

"Spake the matron skunk

On the hunting day:—

'Forsooth, my children,

Let us pray'."

Still Albert didn't get it.

I took a drink of water.

"Listen," I said, feigning calmness, though I was quite nettled . . . "you dumb dope. I don't see how you can be so ignorant. Everybody knows and understands the pun but you. The ancient Greeks did". I showed him a Grecian Jug, one of my collection, with the joke inscribed thereon; "the Egyptians did" . . . I brought forth a mummy, which had the same pun inscribed with symbols; "Shakespeare knew it; even Confucius said it. . . ."

"I know a 'Confucius Say'," he said, "Wanna hear it?"

"NO!" —; I continued: "Joe Miller knew it" . . . I threw a *Joe Miller Joke Book*, 1763 A.D. at him. "Lincoln cracked the same joke in one of his debates with Douglas. Napoleon even . . . (blackout) . . ."

When I regained consciousness, I was supine on the floor; Albert was giving me a drink of water.

"Get out," I said in a whisper.

"Get out?"

"Yes," I screamed, "GET OUT!"

Albert left, still quite puzzled.

Perhaps you have seen me ramble listlessly through the school corridors; you've certainly noticed my sunken cheeks and the lines under my eyes; my hands tremble nervously and my eyes are bloodshot. People who pass me, turn and say:

"Coffee nerves." Others say: "too much homework." They do not understand.

But we know, don't we?

Very truly yours,

FRANK RADIN.

### COURTESY AS A SOCIAL ASSET

IN our earliest years, we find ourselves constantly beset by the imperative of fond parents to "say please" and to conform to numerous other rules which seem to us entirely pointless and even idiotic. Upon inquiry we find that these customs are "polite" or that everyone who is "well brought up" conforms to them. Still later we are told that other people will like us better if we are courteous. Either through force of habit or through conscientious attempt, we test this statement and find that it has some truth in it, though many people are truly at a loss to explain why, and still others refuse to believe in its verity.

The principle is really quite simple. Every man has, deep in his heart at least, one ineradicable belief, the belief that he is essentially good. This does not mean that he refuses to recognize his own faults; he may consider his very recognition an example of his goodness. This belief, however, though fundamental, is usually dormant and entirely unobtrusive; only in the haughty person does it become objectionable. From this conviction arises a certain self-respect which glows at praise and consideration. When we realize that courtesy is nothing other than a constant manifestation of kindness and consideration, the reason for its effectiveness becomes clear.

This point of view would seem to place courtesy in the light of a cheap trick to gain favor, but true courtesy is far different in that it is scrupulously reciprocal. A truly courteous person, experiencing the glow which arises from the considerate action of another, feels absolutely compelled to give his friend that same pleasure which he himself has enjoyed. Then again, there is another exceedingly great difference between obsequiousness and courtesy. No one likes to be flattered; everyone enjoys praise which he feels he has earned but the very thought that he might be foolish enough to enjoy flattery repulses him. Flattery, therefore, though it may serve to gain an immediate end, will invariably brand its employer as little better socially than the most unscrupulous of cheats.

Thus courtesy not only manifests kindness and consideration; it is also generously reciprocal and devoid of any petty desire to gain one's own ends by playing upon the qualities

in human beings which make true courtesy the buffer whereby the differences which must inevitably arise among individuals are smoothed over and that part of our life which is spent in the company of fellow men is rendered enjoyable for all concerned. All this was stated in a simple but exceedingly comprehensive sentence uttered nearly two thousand years ago; it is none other than the familiar Golden Rule.

PAUL RICHARDS, '40.

### COME SPRING

Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Ben Ames Williams

ACCORDING to Mr. Williams, all the characters in this book really lived, and all but one here go under their own names. The story is based on the actual history of the growth of a Maine town. Old Phillip Robbins and his large family, who come to the Maine wilderness shortly after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, are the central characters. Soon they are joined by numerous friends and relations, Phin and Mily Butler, Ezra and Experience Bowen, I'm Davis, Rich and Bet Comings, Mima Robbins' unwelcome suitor, 'Bijah Hawes, and the man she wants to marry, Joel Adams. Together, by building homes, raising children, sowing, reaping, hunting, clearing the forest, they found the frontier village, Union.

"Come Spring" is, undoubtedly, an epic of the frontier days, but several of the characters are singularly disappointing, especially the heroine, Mima, who seemed to us spineless. The story drags occasionally—in fact, we would have enjoyed it much more if it had been told in half the space used. "Come Spring" does, however, relate the struggles and perils of a frontier family. When the hard work of several years is wiped out by fire, causing his cattle to starve and his family to undergo unaccustomed privations, old Robbins decides that they can manage, and go on, with the help of the Lord, come spring. This calmness pervades the book—it is found in nearly all the characters. No one seems to get excited about anything. All the women think about is their men, and the men are chiefly concerned with farming and hunting. The strife of the post-Revolution days is secondary to them. Perhaps this was the right course, though. If our ancestors had stopped to figure out the hardships and pitfalls ahead of them, where would we be now? For those interested in an account of the struggle of frontiers men against nature, "Come Spring" is a fairly good book. MARGARET MILLER, '41.



# THE SENIOR DRAMA IN BLACK AND WHITE



OCTAVIUS  
KEEP YOUR  
HANDS OFF  
THE PILLOWS  
!!!

BERTHA HUMEZ  
AS HENRIETTA,  
SHOULD TAKE  
A DEEP BOW.  
SHE WAS  
SUPERB!

HOW LONG THIS  
CARDBOARD WILL  
HOLD OUT, I  
DO NOT KNOW



EVERYTHING  
HAPPENS TO ME

IF  
BARBARA  
GILBERT  
HAD KEPT THAT  
UP, THE PLAY  
WOULD SURELY  
HAVE COME TO  
A CRASHING,  
TRAGIC FINISH.

KIN I HELP IT  
IF SOME NUT DOESN'T  
RECOGNIZE GENIUS

EMIL  
STARR  
AS

MR. BARRETT  
STOOD OUT  
ON THAT STAGE  
LIKE A DIME  
ON A  
MAHOGANY  
TABLE  
- ATRULY  
GIFTED ACTOR



UDDAYA MEAN I YELLED  
SO LOUD - YOU WOULD'VE  
SAID THE WAY SHE KICKED ME

THAT  
WASN'T IN  
TH' SCRIPT

YOU LOOK  
RIPE ENOUGH  
FOR CANNIN'

YA MARY'S IN 'NAWFUL FIX  
SHE'S GOT OFFERS FROM HAL ROACH  
WALT DISNEY AND ARSENY KARPOVITCH



JIMMIE  
LAWLOR

EDDIE  
PELLUTIER



PAULA  
HILLERY



MARY  
HANEY

LILLIAN  
BLAKENEY

I HOPES  
MRS. GILBERT  
AIN'T LOOKIN'

THIS  
SUSPENSE  
IS  
AWFUL



CHARLES  
MULVEY

- THE MAN  
WITH STEEL NERVES

YEP YOU KIDS WHO DIDN'T GO MISSED  
A REAL OLD FASHIONED 1846 KISS!  
MULVEY AND MISS GILBERT DID VERY WELL



YOU  
BET

L'AMOUR TOUJOURS  
L'AMOUR 'N' I DON'T  
MEAN DOROTHY

I OUGHT  
TO BE IN  
PICTURES



JOE CONNELLY  
AS CAPT. COOK  
CLOAK, SWORD  
AND ALL, -  
HIS PANTS  
WERE PLENTY  
TIGHT! TOO



AN' WHEN I'M NEAR, THEY  
JUS' CAN'T SIT STILL A  
MINUTE, THEY JUS' SAY -  
'OH JOHNNIE' - HOW CAN  
A GUY TAKE PICTURES  
WHAT DOPES!

NOW DON'T  
ASK ME AGAIN  
'AT AINT "THE  
ANGEL" AT'S  
GEORGE  
MAKRIS!!

CHARLIE  
BURGESS

THEY'RE LAFFIN'  
IMUS' BE EITHER  
GOOD OR FUNNY LOOKIN'

- JIM LAWLOR  
LOOKS LIKE HE TRAINED  
BY SKIPPING A MEAL  
ONE DAY AND EATING  
FOUR THE NEXT.



EVERYBODY  
CLAP  
HANDS  
FOR  
RUTH  
TWOOMEY



With Premiere

- JOHN CAMPBELL GETS AROUND  
FASTER THAN A SCOTCHMAN DOING A  
SWORD DANCE IN A CACTUS PATCH!!!

## TORTURED

NIGHT had fallen on the ancient city of Jerusalem, and the narrow, dimly lighted streets were almost deserted.

Along one of the narrower thoroughfares hurried a bearded man, dressed in the sweeping garments of the day. It was evident to even a casual observer that he was struggling in the throes of violent panic for he glanced wildly from side to side, starting and trembling at every sound. One look into his bloodshot eyes was enough to show that madness was glimmering there and sanity was fast losing ground. There also could be seen terror and despair, mingled with remorse and sorrow.

The man rushed along as if pursued by a phantom, walking with no sense of direction in and out the winding streets and often moving in circles. Sometimes he sought the public square where pleasure seeking crowds congregated, as if he thought he might lose his invisible pursuer among the people, but soon fled back into the darker ways.

A few hours before dawn he passed out of the city gates into the country. As the moon waned and daybreak came nearer and nearer, he became even more agitated. Muttering a curse, he snatched the purse which hung at his side and hurled its contents with all his strength along the road. The thirty pieces of silver lay glittering in the dying moonlight, and the man burst into terrible body-wracking sobs at the sight. He sank to the ground and lay there groveling in the dust, foam flecking his swollen lips, but as the first flush of dawn lighted the sky, he staggered to his feet and set off again.

Suddenly he stopped under a large tree from which a long, tough vine hung. He climbed into the lower branches and fastening the loose end of the vine around his neck, cast himself forth into space. His face changed from a pale picture of despair to a blue mask of death; his tongue, the tongue which had betrayed his Master, swelled and turned black; his tortured body writhed and kicked for a time and as the blood red sun rose, flooding the heaven with rosy light, Judas Iscariot, the man who had betrayed his Master, hung dead, having paid the penalty for his greed.

JULIAN MOYNAHAN, '42.



## G. A. A. REPORT

SWIMMING has certainly been a success this year. While the temperature was wavering around 6 degrees, G. A. A. mermaids were splashing around in the Y. M. C. A. pool. An interclass meet was held, which, thanks to Mary Feeley, the Seniors won. Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen followed respectfully in their scores. The swimming team was granted extra time by Mr. Perdyne to prepare for a Swimming meet with Somerville at Somerville, April 4. Plans are being made with Medford but nothing is definite as yet.

While swimming has been very popular, no enthusiasm has been lacking by either the basketball players or their spectators. The teams deserve a great deal of credit. This is the first time they have ever played two court basketball, and they competed with girls who have played under these rules for a number of years.

The results of their games with neighboring cities were:

Waltham vs. C. H. L. S.—Seniors tied; Sophomores lost.

Medford vs. C. H. L. S.—C. H. L. S. won both games.

Somerville varsity vs. C. H. L. S.—Somerville won.

Needham vs. C. H. L. S.—Needham won both games.

The girls on the Senior basketball team are: Sophie Survilas is Captain and forward; Myrtle Brown, Sophie Dobrovolsky, and Jean Robertson are also forwards. Helen Suckiel, Irene Sigalos, Alberta Upshaw, Anna Galvin, Mildred Blacqiner, and Veronica Janiszewska, one of the strongest players on the team, are guards. Myrtle Brown, a new player this year, was elected Varsity captain. The Sophomores chose Audrey Bath as their captain this year.

March 30, at 7 o'clock, alumni basketball players will return and attempt to defeat this year's teams. It will be a hilarious evening of fun. Baskets scored are apt to be rewarded, but woe to the girls who make mistakes.

Refreshments will be served by the G. A. A. officers who are always on their toes ready to help others have a good time.

Basketball holds the spotlight! A luncheon reunion will be held April 6 at 2 o'clock at Howard Johnson's on Memorial Drive. Last year, due to complications, the reunion could not be held, but this year's Seniors insisted on having one. Jean Robertson will be the toastmistress and Anna Galvin will read the prophecy. It is far from being solemn as you

(continued on page 17)



## The Drama Cast



Left to right: Lillian Blakeney, Barbara Gilbert, Bertha Humez, Paula Hillery, Ruth Twomey, Emil Starr, Mary Haney, Charles Mulvey, Edward Pelletier, Jackie Moriarty

### DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

**A** GAIN fame has been the fortune of The Dramatic Club. For not one, but six members of the club were in the Senior Drama cast:

|                       |                     |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Barbara Gilbert ..... | <i>Elizabeth</i>    |
| Emil Starr .....      | <i>Barrett</i>      |
| Paula Hillery .....   | <i>Arabel</i>       |
| Ruth Twomey .....     | <i>Wilson</i>       |
| James Lawlor .....    | <i>Octavius</i>     |
| Joseph Connelly ..... | <i>Surtees Cook</i> |

Because of the ardent work of several members in gathering together a few graduated Dramatic Club members, the Dramatic Club has at last an Alumni. The Alumni are spon-

soring a dance to be held at Mount Hood Country Club on April 26. Christopher Burke, last year's president of the Dramatic Club, is the chairman of the dance committee. Aiding him making arrangements are the presidents of the Dramatic Club for the last five years. The fundamental purpose of the alumni is to gain funds for a scholarship to be awarded to some promising member of the club now in school. All members of the club are invited to attend the dance with their friends. Tickets may be obtained from any alumnus or from any of the present officers.

That's all for now, folks!

JOE CONNELLY, '40.

(continued from page 16)

can well imagine if you know the players.

Speaking of basketball, did you know that the Ellis school won the grammar school championship this year? The G. A. A. officers took complete charge and donated the cup. Edith Coady, a former G. A. A. officer and basketball player, now at Sargent school, provided the referees.

With Spring already here there are whispers of baseball in the air. Candidates will report April 1. If the players are as good as they are enthusiastic, we will have nothing to worry about. Most of last year's players graduated. This is a good time to build up a brand new team.

Tennis will be starting before long, and plans are yet to be made for competition with outside schools. Tennis singles are played in the

spring. Mary Haney won last year, and this year she will defend the tennis cup which it is necessary to win two years in succession before it may be kept.

Now the news of news! There is definitely going to be a G. A. A. informal April 18 in the Rindge gym. The officers have grand plans for decorations and promise that we won't even recognize the gym. Refreshments will be served.

It is time we began to consider whom we want for next year's officers. Nominations will be coming soon. Do you know whom you want for next year's President or Treasurer? You had better be thinking about it. Voting begins the week of April 6.

MIRIAM HARNEY, '40.



A man with eyes like a cat,  
Captured a rat in a hat.  
Said he with a grin  
When he dared to look in  
"People tell me I look like that."

"I got me leg broken in two places."  
"Well stay outa them places."

The radio station at Ayer,  
Resorts to strange tricks on the air.  
It gurgles and blurbs  
As if laying some ergs  
With quite a mechanical flair.

I wish I were a kangaroo  
Despite the funny stances.  
I'd have a place to put the junk  
My girl brings to the dances.

Tough? Why every time he stuck out his  
tongue, he broke a tooth.

*Similes:*

As depressed as a guy who burns a hole in  
the coat of a two pants suit.

Unconcerned as the Japanese general who  
sends his best silk shirts to a Chinese  
laundry.

Sincere as Uncle Don's radio laugh for the  
kiddies.

Quiet as the defeated candidate the morning  
after election.

Fluctuating as a hitch-hiker's time-table.

Charming as the president of a club, before  
you join.

*Teacher:* "A comet is a star with a tail. Can  
you name one?"

*Peggy:* "Mickey Mouse."

A dictaphone owner named Gark  
Made his vocal recordings a lark.  
His shrieks at their ripest  
Have made his poor typist  
Afraid to go home in the dark.

"Is this dance formal, or do I wear my own  
clothes?"

I passed.  
She looked  
And smiled.  
I was abashed  
And then  
She laughed  
Out loud  
And said,

"You dope, you're holding your cards back-  
wards."

There is a wild tale about Tess  
Who wore a black chiffon dress.  
Don't think for a minute  
There's anything in it!  
(That is, a thing except Tess).





# ~ C.H.L.S. HIGHLIGHTS ~



### WHILE OTHERS SPEAK

**W**HAT else awakens the sleeping artistry of the human soul like an elaborate, all comprehensive explanation of the evaluation of silver?

A temptingly thick pad of spotless paper, a pen, for emphasizing good points in the finished product, and a nicely blunted pencil lie before me. Who could resist the call of art? Has not fate, in the guise of the school department, provided all the necessary materials and do I not feel an inspiration sweeping over me? Against so strong a current I am powerless. I must leave, reluctantly to be sure, the examination of the rise and fall of silver to Wall Street while I grasp my pencil and prepare to explore the path of culture.

In drawing I favor the modern theory of specialization. Flowers, faces of little girls, and an occasional cat are my fortes. Inevitably my flowers are daisies of the common field variety. What can be more delightful (Fig. 1) than putting petals on a daisy unless it be pulling them off?



Often what starts out as a little girl—face only, for as far as I am concerned little girls exist only from the neck up—changes before completion to the ever blooming daisy. This phenomenon is easily explained. As do the best of artists, I occasionally make a mistake. When an error occurs in the production of a face, it is easily remedied even in the absence of an eraser. The circle, all little girls have round faces, is heavily filled in and framed with petals. The result after the addition of a stem and two leaves, no daisy has more than two leaves, is a very healthy, full blown hot house daisy.

Fig. 2.



When no obstacles present themselves, my little girl looks like Figure 3.

She always has braids and freckles because they fulfill my greatest childhood ambitions and besides it's fun to tie two perky bows on the ends. On the ends of the braids, I mean, not the freckles.



Cats are difficult. If one is not very careful, they have a decided tendency to turn into dogs. It is well to begin with the ears. Everyone knows with what engaging curiosity a cat's ears stand up. The head follows the familiar circle pattern. Small, indefinite dots make entirely satisfactory eyes, mouth, and nose. A cat's whiskers are not to be sneezed at. It usually requires a long, hard struggle to prevent them from taking on a distant resemblance to the handle bar moustache of the "Gay Nineties." An egg shaped body is accomplished by a mere twist of the hand. In the paws I meet a problem. Wherever they are put they succeed only in making my cat appear as if he were a contortionist. The tail is a gratifying conclusion since it curls upward in a most genial manner. (Fig. 4.)



If mere silver inspires the preceding works of art, I shudder at the thought of what the mention of gold might awaken within me.

MARGUERITE MOONEY, '41.

*Jockey* (who just won the Kentucky Derby): "I kept whispering in my horse's ear a little poem I made up — 'Roses are red, violets are blue, horses what lose are made into glue'."



## HONOR ROLL

### 1943

Anastos, William  
 Avery, Elizabeth  
 Bane, Margaret  
 Barbuto, Elena  
 Batten, Muriel  
 Benson, Ida  
 Callender, Jean  
 Camelio, Alessandrina  
 Chaulk, Dorothy  
 Christo, Helen  
 Churchill, Patricia  
 Collins, Eleanor  
 Cooper, Alice  
 Corey, Joseph  
 Davies, Frances  
 Deresky, Julia  
 Dervishian, Victoria  
 Di Pietro, Frank  
 D'Onofrio, Clara  
 Downward, Carol  
 Droletto, Margaret  
 Duperey, Lucille  
 Ebbs, Teresa  
 Ellsworth, Muriel  
 Emello, Elizabeth  
 Finn, Isabelle  
 Flanagan, Rose  
 Fougere, Mary  
 Gallimore, Alvin  
 Geller, Molly  
 Hannaford, Teresa  
 Hardy, Pauline  
 Hurley, George  
 Jablow, Mona  
 Johnson, Grace  
 Kagan, Frances  
 Kaminsky, Eli  
 Kelty, Diana  
 Korenthal, Esther  
 La Freniere, Leon  
 Larson, Charles  
 Lovett, Ann  
 Lozensky, Gertrude  
 McCabe, Richard  
 McMahon, Margaret  
 Menez, George  
 Messina, Mary  
 Miller, Franklin  
 Minassian, Florence  
 Moksu, Bertha  
 Mooney, Mary  
 Morazzi, Olga  
 Nikas, Dorothy  
 O'Brien, Jane  
 O'Brien, Mary  
 O'Brien, Robert  
 Oster, Edward  
 Palmacci, Ilia  
 Parris, Gwendolyn  
 Patch, Elizabeth  
 Patterson, Jean  
 Pearson, Walter  
 Pena, Esthuphania  
 Power, Walter  
 Prebensen, Eileen  
 Quint, Frances  
 Roach, Mary  
 Rodrique, Dorothy  
 Rodway, Emily  
 Romard, Evelyn M.  
 Roop, Juanita  
 Rose, Anthony  
 Rounds, Sally  
 Sawyer, Philip  
 Seidenberg, Philip  
 Shanahan, Frances  
 Shore, Marcia  
 Shrier, Beatrice  
 Sidlauski, Florence  
 Soper, Willis  
 Souza, Louise  
 Spinoso, Mary  
 Steeves, Robert  
 Stern, Rosalind  
 Trotsky, Bertha  
 Twomey, Richard  
 Voutiritsa, Marguerite  
 Walter, Loraine  
 Walters, Eric  
 Weinberg, Charlotte  
 Whitehouse, Norma  
 Zeles, Natalie

### 1942

Aspo, Banos  
 Ayer, William  
 Bartley, Hugh  
 Cahill, Anne  
 Christopher, Helen  
 Denaro, Marietta  
 Dias, Patricia  
 Di Fava, Oswald  
 Di Gioia, Frank  
 Faulkner, Mary  
 Fishlin, Edith  
 Grant, Eileen  
 Grenier, Phyllis  
 Guild, George  
 Hawkes, Frances  
 Hegemann, Idolene  
 Hillery, Kathleen  
 Krute, Aaron  
 Laskowski, Stanley  
 Lewis, Rosalie  
 Luzakas, Helen  
 Malvey, Mary  
 Markante, Thalia  
 Menezes, Lucy  
 Morris, Elizabeth  
 Neal, Dorothy  
 O'Donnell, Betty  
 O'Rourke, Paul  
 Osterberg, Ruth  
 Principe, Michelina  
 Ryan, Mary  
 Schiffer, Eva  
 Schmiz, Margaret  
 Schneider, Katherine  
 Strathopoulos, John  
 Sullivan, Francis  
 Sullivan, Mary E.  
 Tahmizian, Isabel  
 Varasse, John  
 Wallins, Beatrice  
 Zukas, Martha

### 1941

Abreu, Angelina  
 Agahabian, Arman  
 Aronson, Charles  
 Barbuto, Angelina  
 Ciccolo, Concetta  
 Costa, Pasqualina  
 Doe, Barbara  
 Drolet, Theresa  
 Dunccliffe, Margaret  
 Eichelroth, Eva  
 Ellis, Elizabeth  
 Fitch, Marjorie  
 Galvin, Eileen  
 Jankauskas, Aldona  
 Jones, Philip  
 Landry, Mary  
 Larson, Margaret  
 Martin, Randall  
 Morse, Ruby  
 Murphy, Irene  
 Pitingola, Antoinette  
 Rose, Florence  
 Ryan, Alma  
 Sheehan, Mary  
 Vrotsos, Bertha

### 1940

Athanas, Elpe  
 Barber, Cyron  
 Bee, Dorothy  
 Brown, Elizabeth  
 Dong, Marie  
 Edison, Barbara  
 Enos, Margaret  
 Fitzgerald, Helen  
 Foti, Mary  
 Fournier, Della  
 Goldberg, Bernice  
 Humez, Bertha  
 Jais, Helen  
 Januszevska, Veronica  
 Johnston, Frank  
 Jones, Elizabeth  
 Kiggins, Mary  
 Müller, Ruth  
 O'Rourke, Rose  
 Piston, Flore  
 Rafferty, Madeline  
 Richards, Paul  
 Saxe, Bernice  
 Silveira, Joseph  
 Silverman, Milton  
 Spiropoulos, Eos  
 Thomas, Elizabeth  
 Williams, Craig

## ON BUYING A HAT

ONE often hears about the trials and tribulations women go through when endeavoring to purchase a hat. No one ever comes to the defense of a man's or youth's perils while making the same purchase. A few days ago, after much paternal prodding, I braved the dangers of Boston's savage Christmas shoppers and went in town to buy a hat.

With grim determination, I battled the crowds until I reached the men's department of Filene's. As soon as the smiling and sleek salesman saw my interest in hats, he rapidly approached me with much handrubbing in anticipation of my buying one. With a deft twist of the wrist, he placed a lovely Tyrolean creation on my ears; just trying for size, you know. The next chapeau he sneakily cocked over my eye and made me look like Public Enemy No. 10. Seeing my dismay amid so glamorous an array of head-coverings, the salesman, told me that he could do nothing for me and that I should go somewhere else.

With sinking heart and a flagging determination, I headed for Jordan's. As usual, the Hat department had to be in the middle of a bargain sale of women's unmentionables and it took me all of fifteen minutes to reach it. Grabbing the counter for support for myself I saw a meek little man with that "I don't care, I'm going to retire next year" look who asked me if he could help me. Because I was breathless by this time, I could only point. He misconstrued me and thought I was a deaf-mute. With much gesticulating with his hands, he put a very sporty pork-pie invention on my pate. Again I was misunderstood, for when my head nodded from fatigue, he thought I nodded assent.

The next thing I can clearly recall is that I was standing, or rather swaying, with a hat box in my hand and minus three dollars, in the middle of a four cornered struggle for an automatically reduced slip. I evaded the clutching feminine hands and gained the subway exit in the basement, and thence to the comparative seclusion of Park St.

JOHN P. FRENCH, '41.

## EXCHANGES

## THE ITEM

Dorchester, Mass.

Dorchester High for Girls

Your mid-winter cover is very attractive. And we liked your short stories very much. We were glad to see the freshmen taking such an active part in the magazine. Good for them! After reading one of your numerous poems, we know "Why Teachers Get Gray." Who wouldn't? We'll be looking forward to your next issue.

## TRADE WINDS

Worcester Boy's Trade School  
Worcester, Mass.

Where, oh where, is your literary work, Worcester Trade School? Do get busy on some short stories and essays; for, otherwise, your magazine is fine. We think printing the words of the latest song hits is a very good idea. We especially liked your "Classroom Classics" from which we quote the following:

"Robert Louis Stevenson got married and went on his honeymoon. It was then he wrote *Travels With A Donkey*."

"Milton was a blind poet who wrote *Paradise Lost*. When his wife died he wrote *Paradise Regained*."

## THE BOSTONIAN

Roxbury Memorial High (Boys)  
Roxbury, Mass.

Numerous and varied are the articles in your magazine. Among your short stories we especially enjoyed *The Hawk* and *Condemned*. And how true is your *Study of a Senior Studying!* The column of Doctor Ive Bin Around certainly gives us fine advice. Keep up your good work!

## GOOD NEWS

Northeast Catholic High  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Bravo! Your Easter issue is splendid. Exceptionally fine is the editorial, *He is Risen*. Although your short stories and essays are good, your poetry is even better. Never have we read in a school magazine such an excellent piece of work as is your Easter poem, *The Clay and the Rock*. And we must not forget to include in this classification in the following short masterpiece:

Grr

When you started  
To read this  
I'll bet you  
Thought that  
It was a poem.  
Of course, by now,  
You can see that  
You were  
Very much  
Mistaken.  
Isn't it foolish  
How people will  
Continue to read  
A thing even when  
They know they're  
Being foolish?

Grr!

BERTHA HUMEZ, '40.  
EOS SPIROPOULOS, '40.



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### 101 WAYS TO SKIN A BANANA

Get banana sunburned. It will soon start peeling.

Scare banana. Grab skin when banana jumps out of it.

Tell banana ghost story. It will tremble like a leaf. Skin will soon drop off.

Hypnotize banana. Tell banana it is a snake. It will shed skin.

Call banana yellow. It will want to fight. Will shed jacket.

(If none of these work, give banana to monkey, or back to the fruit peddler you stole it from.—Ed.)

A squirrel who received through the mail

A bid to a dance from a quail

Said, "It's one of my faults,

That I never could waltz

But, boy, can I spin on my tail!"

Bill: "Were you trying to catch that street car?"

Nels: "Oh, no indeed! I was merely frightening it away from this corner."

A Chinaman name of Ah Sing

Fell off of a street car—bing, bing.

The conductor, he said

Not turning his head

"The car's lost a washer—ding, ding!"

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"HONEYMOON DEFERRED"

**A NATION'S VISIT TO LONGFELLOW**

**T**HROUGH the miracle of radio, Americans from Oregon to Florida visited the Longfellow home-  
stead and listened once more to his immortal and  
lovable poems. I decided to make my call person-  
ally since I live in the neighborhood of Craigie  
House.

With his friendly "Hello, there" Ted Malone, well-known for his programs "Between the Book Ends" and "Pilgrimage of Poetry," opened the broadcast that brought a nation across the threshold of the historic dwelling on Brattle Street into the aristocratic rooms that once echoed to the sweet laughter of Longfellow's children. In spite of the ultra modern trappings necessary for a 1940 radio broadcast, the atmosphere of the poet's home, together with the sympathetic interpretation of his poetry by Ted Malone, contrived to hold me in pleasant retrospect.

There, at the writing desk, Longfellow sat, head bent in concentration, writing "This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks . . ." I saw Longfellow, jubilant with satisfaction, as he finished the last line of the poem, "The Arrow and the Song." I watched him as he sat on the window seat gathering the inspiration for his word picture

"The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night,

As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.  
I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my heart cannot resist."

Did that beautifully carved chair given by Cambridge school children to their beloved poet, remind him of the staunch, humble man he created in his poem "The Village Blacksmith?"

"Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour."

Longfellow smiles to himself as the delicate chimes of the grandfather clock on the stairs hardly conceal the patter of little feet. The three massive doors open simultaneously to admit "grave Alice and laughing Allegra and Edith with golden hair." The great game of make-believe is on. What a lovely scene! I wish it could live forever.

But it does! For the voice of Ted Malone calls me back to the twentieth century as he tells all America, "As long as there are clocks to tick, as long as there are poems to be read, as long as there are children to listen, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow will live."

ROSE O'ROURKE, '40.

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### OUR BACKBONE

MOST of us probably think that when we have read the articles in the REVIEW on books, sports, and events at C.H.L.S. we are through with the magazine. Accordingly, we ignore one of the most vital parts of any publication, the advertisements. We decry them as unnecessary, and fail to realize what we owe to the advertisers in return for what they are doing for the REVIEW.

You who are graduating this year should be interested in the school advertisements. College ads, summer school ads, private school ads form a large part of our advertising section. If you are behind in your studies, there are several private tutors or special schools to help you catch up. No matter what course you may take, or what your ambition may be, you will find some school to satisfy your needs.

For you who need tuxes, tails, or any other evening dress, there are renting services to aid you. Typewriters, radios, victrolas, records, beauty shops, flower shops, amusements, all are well represented in the REVIEW. Who can say now that advertisements are unnecessary?

MARGARET MILLER, *Advertising Mgr.*

JUNE JACKSON, *Asst. Advertising Mgr.*

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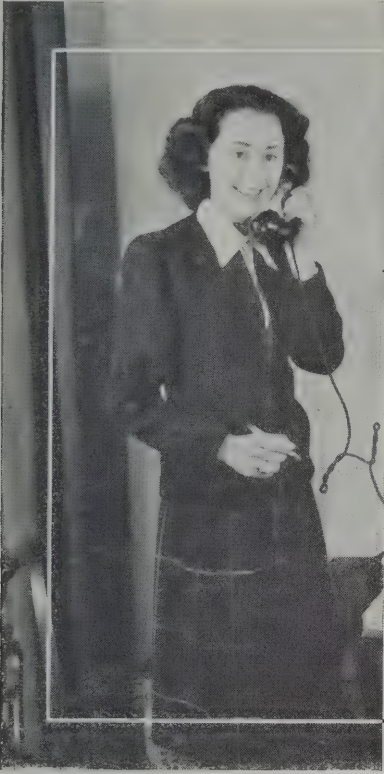
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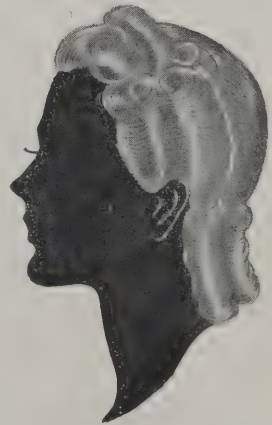
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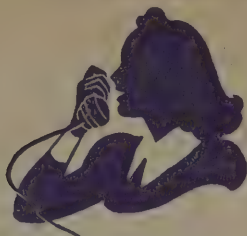
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Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts

June  
1940

Commencement Number

by John Campbell



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# The Cambridge Review



CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

JUNE, 1940

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 54

NUMBER 5

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## Editorials

### PLANS

WELL, fellow Latinites, another year is almost over and temporary liberation is near. For a few of us, these last few days may spell the difference between success or failure, but for the greater part that question has already been decided. The question now is not what can we do with the remainder of this year, but what will we do next year. Now don't tell me; I know. You are going to turn over a new leaf. From what I hear, there will be nobody working on the old leaf next year. No one needs to be encouraged to begin a new task with high hopes and ambitious schemes, but next year when you sit down to do the first homework assignment, don't forget to ask yourself, "Am I really going to do this every day of the week for nine months?" Also don't forget to check up again a few weeks later and make sure that your fiery ambition hasn't cooled just a little. In other words the thing to ask yourself now is not, "What am I going to do next year?" Everyone has promised himself a marvelous answer to that question. The real problem is, "Am I going to carry those plans out for nine whole months instead of for just the first three weeks as I did last year?"

Then again, what about this summer? Most of us should make sure that these next three months are truly a vacation from Latin, mathematics, English, etc.; we will work better next year if they are. Many, however, are planning to study. Fine! When do you intend to start? Here again, it is not the plans but the carrying them through that is the real test; any day-dreamer can make plans, and don't forget: don't set yourself any project unless you really intend to carry it through, because it does more harm than good to have a vague idea in the back of your mind that you "really mean" to tackle that French but that there is plenty of time yet. Look at what you learned by spending about one and a half hours a day — if that much — for nine months under a trained teacher. How much do you think you can cover in three months by yourself? Not much unless you get busy!

### SCHOOL SPIRIT

LAST year, we learned through the REVIEW Questionnaire that "that which griped the seniors most in C. H. L. S." was the lack of school spirit. It seems pitiful that the students of the school are so obviously aware of this fault, and yet are willing to do nothing to correct it. After all, who makes school spirit? This is something which each student should instil into himself; he should take an active part in all affairs, studies, clubs, socials, and sports. Many times I have heard pupils thoughtlessly complain that the reason they do not attend our games is that our teams never win anything. Well, whose fault is this? I know that our boys and girls on the various teams do their utmost for success, but how can they win when they know that support is lacking? Why, sometimes at our games I was actually able to count in a few seconds the number of interested spectators. It is a shame that in so large a school there are so few who are really concerned about the success of our athletic teams. I grant that we cannot all be outstanding sports and basketball heroes, but what we can do is to offer encouragement and support to those who are.

Now, if "the lack of school spirit" gripes you, too, this year, Seniors, here is your chance to do something about it. In order that you who are about to graduate may not lose complete contact with the school an opportunity is being offered you to be REVIEW Sponsors. By this we mean that for the sum of \$1.00 the five issues of the magazine will be mailed to you next year, and your name will appear as sponsor in each issue. You must admit that this opportunity which is being offered you is really a wonderful one. Then, come on! Take it! Next year, when some of us will be in college, others working, it will be very interesting to know what is happening in our old school, and what our former classmates are doing. Then come on, Seniors, show your school spirit! Subscribe immediately as a REVIEW Sponsor!!

### SENIOR HONOR ROLL

*First Honors*, Richards, Paul (Graduated in 3 years)

Buono, Elizabeth  
Coleman, Marjorie  
Cook, Merlynn  
deRoode, Theodore  
DiStephano, Marie  
Dong, Marie (Graduated in 3 years)  
Edison, Barbara  
Fitzgerald, Helen  
Fournier, Delvina  
Freni, Antoinette  
Gilbert, Barbara  
Grynkiwicz, Catherine

Hegemann, Eva  
Humez, Bertha  
Muller, Ruth  
Shea, Helen  
Silveira, Joseph  
Slepian, Paul  
Smerlas, Lena  
Spiropoulos, Eos  
Swinamer, Doris  
Thomas, Elizabeth (Attended 2 years)  
White, John  
Williams, Craig (Graduated in 3 years)



## Caroline Close Prize Essay Contest

### ENGLISH IV:

Winner—Paul Richards.

Honorable Mention — Bertha M. Humez,  
Milton Silverman, Eos Spiropoulos, Eliza-  
beth Shaw Thomas.

### ENGLISH III:

Winner—June Jackson.

Honorable Mention—Marjorie Fitch, David  
L. DuncanHall, Margaret Larson, Mar-  
garet Miller, George Sokol.

### ENGLISH II:

Winner—Jane Hayes.

Honorable Mention—Anna Cahill, Barbara  
Chester, William Dowling, Mary McDon-  
nell, Corinne Melanson.

### ENGLISH I:

No award made.

### THE GLORY THAT WAS

WE all have read of the days of old when courtesy and a righteous desire to conquer the forces of evil abounded among the knights and nobles, when honor, not mere honesty, was the rule for all who were not utterly despised. Dumas, Scott, and Tennyson have caught for us this spirit of the desire to champion the right and have showed it to us at its best in the characters of D'Artagnan, Ivanhoe, and above all, King Arthur. Even less frankly romantic literature, such as Shakespeare's many dramas, seem to abound in the struggle of purity against grossness and honor against malevolence. Othello, Hamlet, and even Brutus show us a fiery wish to uphold good and crush evil, a desire which seems entirely lacking in our drab present day existence.

Then again, to come nearer to ourselves, Cooper and a host of others, some frank romanticists, others mere historians, have shown us spirits fired with the glory of championing a great expanding country and of being willing to make any sacrifice for her benefit. Among these we find Daniel Boone, Rodgers' Rangers, and the more picturesque figures such as William Cody or "Buffalo Bill" as he is called. We even have an outlaw, Jesse James, less widely, but no less zealously celebrated than his English counterpart, Robin Hood.

Even nearer to our own lives we find the glorious experiences of which our fathers and grandfathers love to tell, that time when they bluffed their way into a type-setter's job in order to earn enough money for a square meal or how they travelled hundreds of miles "on a shoe string". In fact our earlier memories seem to hold a store of days far more glorious

than any we now experience, of summers when the air was always pleasantly cool, of winters when the snow was always at least two feet deep, of vacations that seemed to last twice as long as any we ever have in the drab, uninteresting present.

Yet this is all illusion. If we take the trouble, we find that the common man's life in the days of Ivanhoe must have been insufferably monotonous and harassed; that Robin Hood must have had many a moment of despair though he may have shown this fact to no one; that Daniel Boone's life could hardly have been anything but utterly discouraging; that our fathers would, in general, have no very great desire to repeat their experiences if they were actually offered the opportunity. Finally we would find that all the stories are but the half truth. To cite but one example, the historian never mentions how Boone may have felt after a disastrous Indian attack. Boone was human, and the loss of many human lives could hardly leave him indifferent; being human, he must have had many ambitious dreams, and like the rest of us, he could not look upon their being dashed to the ground without experiencing the deepest discouragement. The history book merely states that undaunted he continued on his dark but eventually triumphant course, conquering all by sheer force of spirit. True, he did continue on his way, but he would be hardly human if his decision to press on was not preceded by a period of despair at his temporary failure.

Thus we have come around to the old maxim, "Other fields always look greener". Troubles and sorrows, like mountains, look far bigger and more imposing at first hand than they possibly could in mere narration or recollection. One of the most universal of human

traits, hope, arises from this. Hope could not exist without the occasional thought that the future *must* hold promise and that the past was not really so bad as we thought at the time. Therefore, there never really was any glory greater than that of the present and there never will be any. But which of us wants to think about that fact? Who could really grasp its significance if he wanted to do so? We are not made that way. We will ever yearn for the life of the past and will never be content with what we have. Perhaps that is the only reason there is progress. At any rate, as long as there are human beings, they must and will continue to revel in the illusionary glory that was.

PAUL RICHARDS.

### SCIENTIFIC EXHIBITS

MAN, at every stage of life, is filled with that curiosity which urges him, at different ages, to tear apart his rattle, dismantle his train or his electric stove, tinker with the motor of his car. Thus, to satisfy, in some measure, that ever present curiosity, the committees of the New York World's Fair placed special emphasis on scientific exhibits of every kind.

Here, in one building, was a demonstration of the advancement of the radio and of the automobile, from the days when they were luxuries until now, when they are the veritable servants of the world. There, in that brightly lit room, was an almost human robot who sang, talked, walked, and followed directions explicitly. Named after the great German scientist, Steinmetz Hall proved to be a most instructive, but, nevertheless, frightening exhibit building. There, wise scholars had been finally able to do what had hitherto been a job solely for the Deity, to make lightning. Sitting anxiously expectant, visitors to Steinmetz Hall were suddenly startled as a gleaming streak shot across the dark ceiling, shone brightly in flashes of red and gold, and then disappeared as quickly as it had come. It seemed that modern man, in quest for learning, led by his lasting curiosity, had conquered worlds of which his ancestors had stood in awe.

Yet, every day, we have continually with us a display of science which a Fair exhibitor might well envy. Ever changing, always arousing wonder, the sky reveals the loudest thunder, the brightest lightning, the most brilliant sun we have ever glimpsed. Only there in the heavens can we see the arc on the sun as the moon's shadow darkens Old Sol. The sky has the sole right to all eclipses,

comets, and meteors. Is that celestial scientific exhibit not more thrilling, more terrifying, and yet more beautiful than any the most imaginative author can fancy or the most wistful dreamer visualize?

JUNE JACKSON.

### STORM CLOUDS

"OH, Peter, I hope this day never ends," said a young girl smiling happily at her companion. Running her bronzed hand through her wind-tossed locks, she continued, "This day has been so perfect." Breathing a deep sigh of contentment she settled back on the cushions.

All day they had bobbed along on the sea. Lighthearted and gay, the two had laughed merrily; their young voices had invaded the quiet of the lazy summer day.

The young man skillfully managed the boat, taking advantage of every wave, large or small, that rolled their way. Glancing at the sky, the usual cheerfulness of Peter's countenance was disturbed by a frown. After shifting his well tanned body so as to get a better view of the sky, fear clutched his heart. Nancy, not realizing the suddenness of squalls, and the danger of being on the open sea when one hit, could not know the terror that ruled Peter's body when he saw the angry, black clouds hovering in the distance, ready to swoop down on the unsuspecting craft, ready to turn the gliding waves into mad, turbulent monsters. All who knew the sea loved it; all who knew it feared it equally.

Not wanting to worry the young girl at his side, he controlled his fear and nonchalantly brought up the subject of returning home.

"We should turn back now, Nancy," smilingly said the youth. "Although those clouds probably mean nothing, I do not want to take any chances." Inwardly he fervently prayed to be able to outride the storm and to be able to cheat the ogre of the sea from devouring more victims.

Turning the boat, Peter, his face set in stern, grim lines, started his race with death. One of two endings would be the outcome, success and life or failure and . . . With a mighty gesture of disapproval the wind began its battle; angrily the waves lapped at the sides of the boat.

Nancy visualizing a ghastly death, sobbed hysterically as Peter continued the battle.

It seemed an eternity before they reached the harbor and safety. "Oh, Peter, Peter," wailed Nancy, "I am glad this day is over."

Peter, his eyes misted with tears, merely muttered, "Thank God."

JANE HAYES.



## Review Questionnaire for Seniors



Edward O'Rourke



Barbara Edison

ON Thursday, May 16, the seniors voted on certain subjects which have certainly been discovered to be of great interest.

Both the college and commercial students designated dancing to be by far their favorite form of amusement, while movies and reading appealed to them next in the order mentioned. The boys prefer to dance with Katherine Mahoney, everybody's choice for *best girl dancer*; the girls would rather be led about on the dance floor by "Jitterbug" Red Powers, heartily acclaimed *best boy dancer*.

When at the movies all students, both college and commercial, prefer to gaze upon the charm and talents of Bette Davis. Second with the college boys were Hedy Lamarr and Olivia de Havilland, while the commercial boys prefer Lana Turner and "Oomph" Sheridan. Among the men movie stars, Spencer Tracy is by far the most popular with all students, with Mickey Rooney, Clark Gable, Errol Flynn, and Mickey Mouse following consecutively.

All our seniors have certainly been well trained by their excellent English teachers. Shakespeare, believe it or not, was almost unanimously voted favorite author. When in a lighter mood our girls like to revel in the novels of Kathleen Norris and the boys prefer to read the tales of the adventurous Zane Grey.

Naturally enough, practically all our seniors prefer the melodies of Glenn Miller and his

band, their choice for *favorite orchestra*. Next to Glenn, they prefer to listen to Kay Kyser, that old southern gentleman of swing whose program "The College of Musical Knowledge" was third in the list of favorite radio hours. Too bad for the old professor, but our seniors prefer Bob Hope and Yahoudi to any other radio program. Many students were also very enthusiastic about the 9-20 Club, their second choice.

When the seniors have enough time to spare from their studies, they turn to their periodicals. Among the college students, *The Reader's Digest* is most popular; the commercial boys and girls prefer *Life*. When they get the daily paper, all pupils with the exception of the commercial girls turn to *Li'l Abner* first and *Blondie* second. The above mentioned girls prefer *Blondie* to *Li'l Abner*.

With the girls, swimming and tennis are, by far, the most popular sports, while the boys find both inferior to baseball. In our athletics John Randall is everybody's choice for *best all-round boy athlete*. Ellen Sullivan is our *best all-round girl athlete*.

"Prexy" Eddie O'Rourke was, naturally enough, unanimously adjudged most popular boy. Barbara Edison is *most popular girl*. The girls in our class are exceptionally good-looking, for trying to single one out was an extremely difficult task. Therefore, we were obliged to have a tie with Claire Nugent and



Barbara Blevins sharing top honors for *prettiest girl*. John Kelly was judged *best looking boy*. Virginia Bench was acclaimed by all as *best dressed girl*; Walter Haley has the great distinction of being *best dressed boy*. Up and down the corridors Phillip Strowman, *the slowest student*, holds up traffic, while Paula Hillery of Senior drama fame is our *wittiest student*. The best nature in the class is possessed by Treasurer John Moriarty. Paul Richards has the double distinction of being adjudged the *best scholar* and the person *most likely to succeed*.

Evidently, the double sessions have met with the approval of the seniors, for *that which impresses them most in C. H. L. S.* is getting out at 12:30. *That which gripes us most* are the new "swinging doors," swinging swiftly into everybody's face.

Many thanks to Nelson Waldman, Paul Richards, and Craig Williams for their greatly appreciated assistance in tabulating these results.

LENA SMERLAS, '40.

#### A SMATTERING OF INFORMATION

"A SMATTERING of Ignorance" and Oscar Levant came to Boston at the same time, both with immediate success. The former having been reviewed in a recent issue, Astute thought that the latter ought to make *his* debut in the REVIEW. Accordingly, she proceeded to the store where the young musician was *supposed* to be signing copies of his book, only to find that, a few minutes earlier, he had tired of this pastime and had just got up and walked away. Now Astute is quite optimistic, almost too much so, it seemed. The next fifteen minutes she spent occupying herself by phoning all the respectable lodging-houses, hotels, and inns, within a radius of three miles, until she finally found the object of her quest at a hotel not three blocks distant. This occupation proved rather expensive and even more boring but it did lead to Mr. Levant.

Yes, I say again: It did lead to him. But, in the meantime, much ensued. At last, after more phone calls, innumerable elevator rides, and anxious moments of waiting, Astute and Mr. Levant met.

Mr. Levant (He is slight, dark, with very deep brown eyes): Oh, yes, well I'm sorry, but I'm very busy and I can't tell you much.

Astute (She's losing her optimism now): Well, do — are — er — have you any ambition?

Mr. Levant (Pacing the floor nervously): Any what? Oh, you mean *an* ambition? Yes,

I should like to have time, time to compose, time to write, but not to write books, or even operas like that LE CRAYON EST SUR LA TABLE. That was just a joke with High School French. Opera never enters my mind.

Astute (Her courage regained): Was everything you said in your book true?

Mr. L. (Swinging his arm about): Everything was very exaggerated; in fact, everything about me is exaggerated.

Astute (Surprised): Even your wit? So you mean you don't make up puns right out of thin air?

Mr. L. (He'll knock over that vase if he doesn't stop moving his arm): Even if I wanted to, I couldn't make up jokes right now. They depend upon the mood I'm in and now I'm very tired and I've writer's cramp besides. I'm a very uninteresting person; I can't see why anyone wants to interview *me*.

Astute: Tell me something about your music.

Mr. L.: Of all my eighty some-odd songs, I don't like "Lady, Play Your Mandolin" best. My favorite is "Don't Mention Love to Me". As for the others, I don't even recall some of the titles. I've always liked music, from the time when I studied in Pittsburgh, right up to now. Besides the popular songs, I have written two string quartets, a nocturne, music for pictures, and some piano pieces recently. That's all.

Astute: Do you have any favorites?

Mr. L.: I admire Koussevitsky because of his willingness to help American composers. Then, of course there's a radio program I'm rather fond of . . . comes on Tuesdays . . . now what is the name of it? (Rubbing his arm and straddling a chair).

Astute: You ought to listen to Infor . . . oh! OH! . . . Do you have any dislikes?

Mr. L.: (He looks intently at Astute, and then says): Not *now*.

Astute: I don't want to take up all your time, so I'll leave. Thank you for the interview.

Astute declares that the dialogue may not be pun perfect, but you can undoubtedly get the general idea. Thank you again, Oscar Levant, for your time, your consideration, and the Smattering of Information you gave the REVIEW.

JUNE A. JACKSON, '41.



## EDITOR'S NOTE

*These poems were written in Miss Butler's English Class in imitation of Browning's "Andrea Del Sarto".*

## THE FIRST DUCHESS

*(The first duchess appears to the Duke after her death)*

Ah, there, foul Duke, you sleep a peaceless sleep

Upon that golden bed where I was wont  
To lay my head in sorrow and in grief;  
WHICH NOW WITH GHOSTLY FOOT-  
STEPS I DO HAUNT,

And as a blue-bird looks upon its dying mate  
With sightless eyes and tortured heart,  
Grievously chirping and moaning its fate . . .  
So I do look upon your bloody hands . . .  
But speak in taunting tones and say, "She  
sleeps,

Your first Duchess, pulling your life apart.  
You like my portrait painted on the wall?  
Awake and see me now! You sigh and  
weep . . .

What for? Am I not dead? My name you  
call?

Sleep, sleepless man? Why you murdered  
that sweet sleep

When you had murdered me! Do you re-  
member

The cool dawn, when strolling by your loving  
side

I plucked a lily from its stem of silver?  
I smiled? The lily withered and I died!  
You sigh once more and she, your duchess  
dreams,

How fair she is! What lovely skin, as white  
And clear as are the drooping lily's petals  
That slowly yellowed towards the coming  
night.

Farewell, Ferrara, 'tis time for you to wake  
And with the duchess gently kneel to pray.  
And for her love, for her poor gracious sake,  
Let not my picture hang another passing day.

TAMARA POLEVOY, '40.

## THE GARDENER SPEAKS

How say you, Sire? Why yes, there is a  
spring,

A short way down that path. — Come now, I  
Will guide your steps. Will't please you lead  
the horse

To drink, or will you leave him grazing here? —  
Then you must be the envoy of the count,  
Sent to arrange the nuptials of his fair  
Daughter. I only hope the rosy dreams  
Of youth repose not in *her* heart of hearts. —

You start? You have not heard? The last  
Duchess . . . ?

Ah yes! 'Tis said he takes much pleasure to  
Display that work; it feeds his ugly pride,  
Already gorged with sweets of his — not of  
our —

Making. His last *exhibit* for the court  
Was far too artless for his haughtiness  
To comprehend: — Her simple joy in all  
The living things she heard or saw or smelt,  
To him the sign and seal was of the low!  
He sought to teach her to revere his name,  
His silly favors, but to no avail:  
In these, as in all else, a-striving for  
A glimpse of Him above, she could not see.  
She loved him though, bewildered yet true in  
all.

I pitied her and tried to ease that life  
Which wearied her kind heart, by little tokens  
from

The grounds of which I had the charge . . .  
He did?

"Officious fool?" But never a word to me,  
Though well I knew that he did not approve!  
But to show a sign would be to stoop! —  
Ah yes. — May this, your journey, Sire, but  
bring

As much of happiness to all as did  
That last of utter sorrow to a one  
More worthy of the other world than this!

PAUL RICHARDS, '40.

## WHY I CAN'T WRITE POETRY

THERE is a limitless elasticity to prose; it  
can be bent, pulled, hauled and shaped to  
any desired form under a particular heading;  
its realm is vast and varied, ranging from the  
slapstick to the profound. Thought, style, and  
mood have free rein and an author may  
wander at will over the vast domain. Not so  
poetry! Poetry in general is difficult to write,  
but when constricting limitations as conform-  
ing to a definite type, patterning after a cer-  
tain master and even dealing with dictated  
subject matter are imposed, the task is trebled.  
Were I to write a poem of but two lines, I  
could only with the greatest difficulty marshal  
my ragged thoughts and shapeless style to con-  
form to the polished brilliance of a master.  
Where a theme might seem almost tolerable,  
being original, imitative poetry would be starkly  
illuminated in all its shortcomings by com-  
parisons to the original. A dime is a fortune  
to a beggar, but try to offer it to a millionaire.

Within the hour I have tried my hand at  
emulating Browning in at least five different  
attempts. Each resembles the Salvation Army



Band playing symphony: shallow, meagre of thought, atrocious of style and horrible in meter. In deference to the good Mr. Browning, I turn toward the more dependable prose.

Poetry springs from within. It must be prompted by genuine, intense emotion and coupled with a natural ability to match prosaic words, attune them to worthy sentiment, and elevate them to the sky. To do this under the difficulties of strict limitations is well nigh impossible, for poetry is still the most elusive sprite of literature. Anything intensely moving leaves me inarticulate and gladly so. Silence, as at Gettysburg, is yet the perfect tribute. Why spoil the effect, to experience the sense of frustration that goes hand in hand with inability? Nevertheless, the wise men say that only by failure do we succeed; but in my case, being a humanitarian, I feel obliged *not* to write poetry. Why go out of my way to look for trouble?

I gather, moreover, from class discussions that my taste in poetry is crude and unformed. When asked to select my favorite American poets, I picked Sandburg and Whitman to the evident consternation of all those wise in the ways of the meter mongers. Shucks! Whenever I hear a tearful rendition of "I'm Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage" or "Heaven Help the Poor Working Girl" I always exclaim: "Them's purty sentiments!" So how can a person whose taste is cultivated to pickles and "hot dogs" enjoy caviar and black olives? I am convinced that I shall never be an "Enamored Architect of Airy Rhyme" and am happily resigned to my obscure fate.

PAUL KIRBY, '39.

### BASEBALL

AT the beginning of the season, many boys reported for practise to coach James "Sonny" Foley. Among those were veterans Johnny Randall, John Powers and "Bernie" Fox, as well as other famous names such as "Deacon" Doyle, "Mitch" Babajtis, "Russ" Boudreau, "Art" Coffey, Claude Henry, "Red" Flannery, "Bonny" Bonsignore, George Makris, Larry Latanowich, Billy Reardon, and John Harrington. The boys practise daily at Russell Field.

#### Brookline 3 — Latin 0

Cambridge Latin opened its baseball season by losing a close game to Brookline High. Our boys were weak at the bat, but showed some remarkable fielding. Jock Harrington pitched a grand ball game, and received a well deserved hand when he was taken out in the eighth for a pinch hitter.

#### Arlington 4 — Latin 3

Despite two homers by Randall and Boudreau, Latin lost this heartbreaker 4-3. The Arlingtons could get only 4 hits from "Red" Flannery and "Deacon" Doyle, yet they made them count. Latin led until the last of the ninth and then with two outs and all that old story — well, you know the rest.

#### Newton 14 — Latin 10

Newton robbed Latin of a victory, when in the last of the 8th, they got 5 runs on a combination of passes, errors, and singles. It's kind of hard to take, but — oh well, maybe next year, we'll get more than two pitchers who can finish a game.

#### Latin 7 — Revere 6

In this home game, Harrington gave Latin a win, with the aid of Doyle and Coffey on the mound and Makris, Fox, and Randall at the plate. Latin started out with a bang when "Randy" doubled in two runs. Latin was on top the rest of the way. McCool helped the cause by singling his way onto base three times and scoring that number of runs.

#### Somerville 7 — Latin 4

This was the first of a two game series which proved unlucky both ways for Latin. McCool and Fox got three baggers, but aside from these Latin's hitting was scattered.

#### Somerville 7 — Latin 2

With Randall on base, Bill McCool clouted one over the fence across the brook and far away to score Latin's only runs. Summary: Somerville: 11 hits, 7 runs, 0 errors. Latin: 7 hits, 2 runs, 6 errors. Some series!

#### Rindge 11 — Latin 3

The only way to describe this game is: LATIN MADE T-E-N ERRORS. This is hard on Babajtis and Flannery, who did well on the mound. Bill McCool again can be mentioned for his good batting eye, getting two hits.

#### Latin 6 — Chelsea 4

Powers, Randall, Fox, and Boudreau sort of combined to make the life of the Chelsea pitcher miserable. I suspect he was expecting a pushover. Latin's playing was flawless, and it seemed as though we might be starting to go at last.

Although Latin lost most of its games, don't get the idea that we are easy to beat. Far from it!





# IT'S THAT RINDGE TEAM AGAIN



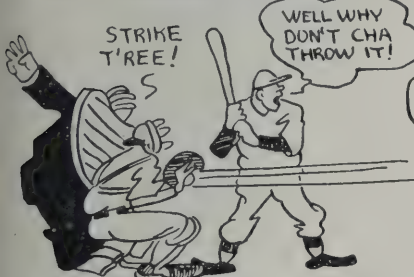
- RINDGE TECH WENT ON A RAMPAGE IN THE SEVENTH INNING SCORING **9 RUNS ON 5 HITS 3 WALKS AND 3 GLARING ERRORS!!**



RINDGE WANTED TO HAVE JOHN POWERS SEARCHED FOR FIRE ARMS AFTER THIS PEG



- THERE WAS NOTHING WRONG WITH RANDALL'S FOOTWORK



RINDGE'S TOM WALTON STRUCK OUT NINE OF OUR PETS

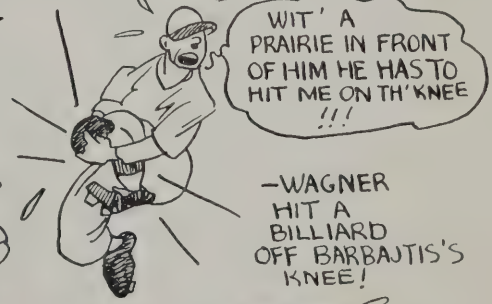
SONNY FOLEY'LL LOVE THIS



A NICE TIME YOU PICK TO PLAY CATCH

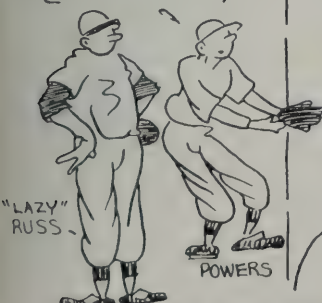


POWERS DID WELL TO EVEN TOUCH POWERS'S DRIVE TO LEFT CENTER

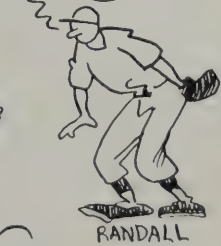


- WAGNER HIT A BILLIARD OFF BARBAJTIS'S KNEE!

HAS SHE GOTTA FRIEND



DID YOU SAY SHE WUZ A BLONDE



TOSCANO THREW TO C.F. TO GET LANGE AT SECOND!

WE ORTA HAVE TWO MEN COVERIN' THIS RIGHT FIELD



ALL I KIN SAY IS IF THEY'RE GONNA HAVE A TRACK MEET WHY NOT ADVERTISE IT !!!



P.S. WE LOST 12 TO 3

IN THE 7TH OUR BOYS DIDN'T SEEM TO WANT TO COOPERATE ON THAT BLOOPER - IT WAS THE BEGINNING FOR RINDGE AND THE END FOR LATIN

## OUTDOOR TRACK

## CAMBRIDGE LATIN 38—WALTHAM 30

100 Yd. Dash: (1) Scott (C), (2) Rutter (W), (3) Dimaris (W). Time 10 6/10 seconds. Scoring—(C. L. 5), (W. 4).

220 Yd. Dash: (1) Scott (C), (2) Rutter (W), (3) Bennett (W). Time 24 4/10 seconds. Scoring—(C. L. 5), (W. 4).

440 Yd. Run: (1) Bennett (W), (2) Cooke (C), (3) Faraday (W). Time 56 8/10 seconds. Scoring—(C. L. 3), (W. 6).

880 Yd. Run: (1) Mallahan (C), (2) Kennedy (C), (3) Smith (C). Time 2 minutes, 14 seconds. Scoring—(C. L. 9), (W. 0).

Shotput: (1) Chanduat (W), (2) Sauderson (W), (3) Henry (C). Distance 34 ft., 11 inches. Scoring—(C. L. 1), (W. 8).

Broad Jump: (1) Norton (W), (2) Bennett (W), (3) Gabriel (C). Distance 19 ft., 11 inches. Scoring—(C. L. 1), (W. 8).

High Jump: (1) Scott, (2) Barnard, (3) Bulger (C). Height 5 ft., 3 inches. Scoring—(C. L. 9).

Relay won by C. H. L. S. team consisting of Scott, Bonsignore, Cooke, and Kennedy.

Total—C. H. L. S., 38; W., 30.

## CAMBRIDGE LATIN 35—REVERE 28

100 Yd. Dash: (1) Scott (C), (2) Moore (R), (3) Henry (C). Time 10 8/10 seconds. Scoring—(C. L. 6), (R. 3).

220 Yd. Dash: (1) Moriarty (R), (2) Scott (C), (3) Fulginiti (C). Time 24 5/10 seconds. Scoring—(C. L. 4), (R. 5).

440 Yd. Run: (1) Kennedy (C), (2) Janick (R), (3) Moriarty (R). Time 54 5/10 seconds. Scoring—(C. L. 5), (R. 4).

880 Yd. Run: (1) Kennedy (C), (2) Janick (R), (3) Shea (C). Time 2 minutes, 7/10 seconds. Scoring—(C. L. 6), (R. 3).

Shot Put: (1) Zacchino (R), (2) Tie, Henry (C), Levine (R). Distance 36 ft., 7½ inches. Scoring—(C. L. 2), (R. 7).

Running Broad Jump: (1) Barker (R), (2) Kennedy (C), (3) Mahoney (C). Distance 20 ft., 5 in. Scoring—(C. L. 4), (R. 5).

High Jump: (1) Barnard (C) and Scott (C) tie, (2) Lewis (R). Height 4 ft., 10 in. Scoring—(C. L. 8), (R. 1).

Total—C. H. L. S., 35; R., 28.

## WHAT I LEAVE BEHIND

APPROACHING a stairway which flaunts a sign reading "Down Only," I discover that everyone is going up. On the door of room eighteen, I see a large, definite twenty-five painted. Could anything be more bewildering to a freshman?

I gaze in wonder at the upper classmen, those daring creatures who disregard signs, autograph desks and statues, and take walks during study periods. Life is not entirely without its compensations, however, for have I not a desk whose cover lifts up and I do not carry a great many books; am I not in high school? Just when I have learned to find my way about without asking assistance and my former torturers, the sophomores, have begun to content themselves with ignoring me, it is June.

What am I doing on the second floor? I am a sophomore struggling with geometry, attending assemblies every other week, and waxing poetic in eloquent, descriptive paragraphs. I ooze school spirit, experience, and French phrases. Teachers no longer terrorize me, for by using the trial and error theory, I have worked with a very adequate system for dealing with them.

Suddenly I have my sixth report card again, and I find myself a Junior. Everything bores me. I spend my time envying the Seniors and attempting to decide what vocation to pursue in life. Everyone feels it his painful duty to warn me about fourth year English. Disinterestedly I view the endless parade of class pictures, rings, and year books carried on by the seniors; then I label it all as so much more commercialized sentimentality.

Now, at last, I am a senior, a member of the ruling class. But is this I, the cynic, entering so heartily into the game of graduation, I, who last year had sneered audibly at anyone who dared to imply that I might feel different when my turn came? In fact, if my protestations had been a little less audible, I might now be able to retreat with more grace, for I have fallen a hopeless victim of pre-graduation sentimentality. Never-the-less the thought that even pardoned prisoners have been known to miss their dungeon is balm to my wounded pride.

MARGUERITE MOONEY, '40.





# PUTTING THE PEEP ON THE VARSITY CLUB DANCE

I DON'T WANT TO GO HOME FOR AN HOUR YET - I'M SOFTENING UP THE BALL 'N' CHAIN FOR THE JUNIOR HOP AND THE SENIOR SOCIAL

WHY MAKE ALL THE OTHER GIRLS MISERABLE BY TAKING ONE OUT WHEN I CAN MAKE 'EM ALL HAPPY THIS WAY

RED POWERS

CLAUDE HENRY

GOING GOING GOING FOO - RA - DA - O

GINGER ALE  
JIM MAHONEY

PAT HERLIHY

JOE GOULARD

EVERETT HART

JOHN RANDALL

THE STAG LINE MADE UP OF THOSE GUYS WHO HAVE SO MANY FEMMES

ANGELO BONSIGNORE MUSTA PAID FOR HIS TICKETS - HE GOT HERE AT EIGHT AND DIDN'T STOP TILL TWELVE!!!

-JOE HARRINGTON GETTING INTO SHAPE TO GO THE ROUTE

WHO ME?  
KIN AH HAVE YO AUTOGRAPH MONSIEUR TILLET

JIM CULHANE WAS BITING HIS FINGERNAILS EVERYTIME SOMEBODY TOOK HIS GERTRUDE

THE ELKS BALL-ROOM CEASED TO BE A BALL-ROOM WHEN THE ORCHESTRA SWUNG "IN THE MOOD" "QUAKER CITY JAZZ" AND "BACK BAY SHUFFLE"

LET'S NOT GET EXCITED SIT DOWN 'N' TALK THIS OVER CALMLY

-SO THERE I WAS WITH BASES LOADED 'N' TWO OUT LAST OF THE NINTH YALE LEADING 3-0 - I TOOK TWO AND HIT TH' NEXT! WHATA CLOUT

LET'S YOU 'N' ME STEP DIS ONE OUT BABY

'MAGINE MILLIN' IN HERE HE'S FLIRTIN' WIT A SLUG IN TH' MUSH!

PARDON ME TOOTS WHILE I TROW DIS BUM OUT

RAY BORDEN

LEO GALLAGHAN

ANGEL GRASSIA

MR. WHORISKEY

GENE LOVETT

THIS CALLS FOR A CHEER

GERTIE CROWLEY WAS EVERYBODY'S SWEETHEART AND NOBODY'S GAL

GENE LOVETT WHO HAS CONVINCED THE H.A.A. OF HIS ATHLETIC ABILITY WAS THERE IN ALL HIS GLORY!

THE AMIABLE MR. GARRETT FOLEY

YA GOT SUMPIN' THERE

JUST FEEL OF TH' GOODS

YOU'RE SO HOT, BOYLE, YOU COULD MAKE A GYPSY TAKE A SHOWER BATH

JACK MURVARTY

RED FITZGERALD

FRANNIE HAYES

GORSH

TIMES UP EVERYBODY LE'S SEE HOW DO YA SPELL RESIGNATION !!!

"GOO' BYE FELLOW STUDENTS"

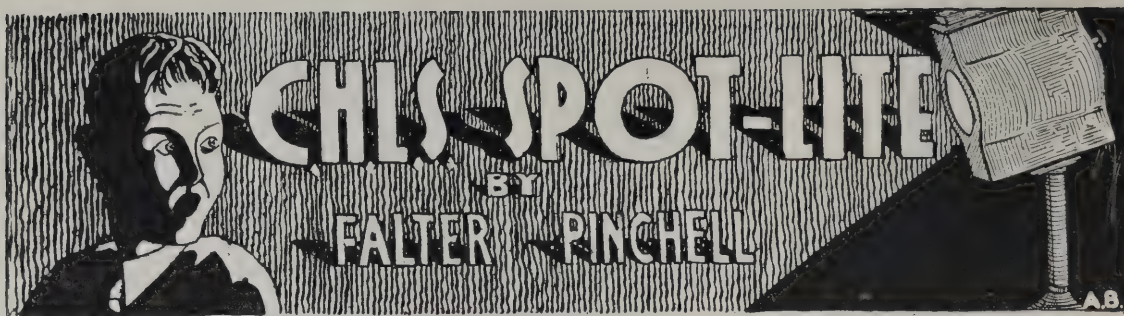
AT LAST

JIMBOYLE DEMONSTRATES WHAT THE WELL DRESSED JITTER-BUG SHOULD WEAR

Nick Province AT THE ELK'S BALLROOM

THE VARSITY CLUB'S COMMANDER





Well, Latinites, this is the last issue of the Spot-lite that your Uncle Falter is going to send you. It isn't particularly easy to pound out this stuff when you realize that you won't be doing it any more—but at any rate—here it is: Before I tell you anything else let me say that Claude Henry is going to publish a book, shortly, entitled "How to Take Care of Your Kitty", and we do mean Kitty . . . Muriel Mahady has been seen sporting a brand new haircut . . . The way O'Rourke works that Rotary Club gag is all right; he springs it every time he has a test coming up . . . I overheard someone describe a certain someone as, and I shall quote, "Slick, slim, and Blitzkrieg" . . . Woo! woo! . . . I also heard someone describe Jim Fitzpatrick as, "CENSORED" . . . More woo! . . . A grape on my vine, name of Lucille Freniere, tells me that she uses her house as headquarters for a certain Pickle Club, in which Garland, Borzakian, Fawcett, and Twomey are prominent names . . . There is a long, juicy story behind this next one . . . Paul Butler has a great following on the driving ranges around town . . . Frank Henry is a go-getter—There's a story behind that two, or is it too . . . I saw Super Hughes last vacation; he had just had a fight, with his conscience—he lost . . . Win Holland, who by the way is going to feed you this stuff next year, goes over by the library every afternoon and makes things . . . Every time Bill Hebert opens his mouth he puts his flute in it . . . That was good, Audrey Hawkes, have another laugh . . . You can't say that Jacqueline Lane, Muriel Blackhurst, and Mary Kiggins weren't instrumental in getting caps and gowns for our graduation. So, if you want someone to blame, just go to one of them . . . Jean Bilo-deau and her gang have been ornamenting our baseball games of late . . . and I do mean . . . Yes, and capably, too . . . Sarah Denaro feeds people candy peanuts during the seventh periods and practice college board sessions . . . I wonder what would happen to the stairs outside room seventy four if Sophie Servillas and Sophie Dobrovolsky came up them separately? . . . Ruth Mueller and Babs Edison have been having it easy these last few weeks. They've been get-

ting out of classes to work on the Year Book . . . Beth Cullinane is that blonde flash that fights its way through the masses outside room twelve every A. M. . . Frank Mallahan's latest sport is that of throwing snakes at people, particularly people at Dot Nugent's house . . . Millie Fairburn is the one who hides behind those big sun glasses . . . Any time you want information about teachers, just go to my very good friend Dick Morris . . . He knows . . . Nancy Hudson is amused at the folk dances I originate for her, or do you laugh because I almost break my neck, Nancy? If there were a prize for the screwiest picture autographs, it would go to Mim Harney without a doubt, believe me . . . Doc Lawlor is going to throw a big blowout pretty soon, and from what he says it's going to rival Grover Cleveland's field day . . . I find that Jean Schumway is getting in a little pre-reception dirty work . . . I also find that Karpovitch is doing a little muscling in on other peoples' territories, aided and abetted by Craig Williams and a certain Bach concert . . . Bob Fishman and Ted DeRoode are really surprising people; don't let that superficial calmness pull the time worn wool over your eyes . . . Rosamond Nigro doesn't offer you peanuts, candy, and like delicacies. No, she just forks out cocoa-beans . . . Ann Singer is being scouted by Paramount along with Margie White . . . but M.G.M. is after Yvonne Walker . . . It might interest you to know that Helen Hall may be found in the very near vicinity of Harvard Square between seven and nine of an evening . . . ditto Tona Shea . . . Wonder why Margaret Stubbs always walks past the Fogg Art Museum at such a slow pace . . . Marjorie Sears has great powers of concentration. If she can do chemistry in her fifth period study, she must have . . . Am I not right, Dot Petitto, and Eos Spiropoulos . . . You could have flattened me with a toothpick when I saw Lovett leaving the last Latin exam at the end of two hours . . . Ellen Sullivan is going to start a glamour school . . . Having a father who is a teacher in the school you are attending is not so much fun as one would think, is it, Betty Sullivan? . . . What's this about Lawyer Adelson's not getting into a certain group picture? . . .

What's this about Tamara Polevoy's refusing dinner invitations and breaking down all the bounds of propriety in so doing . . . Ann Najarian is a good example of an eccentric authoress. She wears that coat of hers all the time . . . In case you are interested I'm giving you warning. Catherine Mahoney's father was a census taker, so be careful of what you say in derogatory fashion about census takers . . . If you find any windows broken in your houses, depend on it that Jimsie-boy O'Connell has been driving golf balls off his roof again . . . Claire Nugent is not downcast about anything; that broken look is customary . . . Hold onto your wig, Bob Tynan, and listen; Tom Finnegan really does play the piano! . . . There has been a rumor flying aroun' school to the effect that Dick Freniere and Bertha Pilkins, along with Ray Fitzgerald, are going to paint the murals in the new auditorium . . . I'd like to know how many dollars Trotsky spends on gum in one week . . . Betty Jones is the one who gets clipped by cars that like to climb sidewalks . . . that luckless trait is manifested by broken bones and slings that she drags around . . . Caswell, the scourge of his Latin class, is throwing around those corny jokes of his again . . . And, so help me, Mangano is going to kill me with that guff that he calls ad-libbing . . . You may not know it, but, Harry Williams, Jerry Collins, and Tom Kelleher are known to certain as "The Three Musty Seers", and I do mean Seers . . . Did you hear the wild story about Justin William's being caught on the New York boat and having to make the whole trip? . . . That's a mellow one . . . Esther McLoin was at the debate, but a lot of good it did her. She didn't take a note all the time she was there, but she took notes later on . . . What's this about Jimmie Carter and a long, long walk? . . . The ambition of Jack "Clutch" French seems to have turned from studies to "sleeping on some nice, green grass" . . . an idea with which Lester Blonder seems to agree one hundred per cent . . . Seen around: Mary Lovett and June McMann sneaking around the corridors during the P. M. session . . . Milt Silverman splitting his sides over a joke cracked in his English class . . . Jackson Walter ambling around about as slow as a streamlined pursuit plane . . . Tom Mulaney kicking because he has to play in the outfield on Dick Neale's baseball team . . . Christine Brundage with an arm load of books that would stagger even Moose Makris . . . Jimmie Whalen gently tucking a cracked bat into the bat bag for future reference . . . Billy Mullins wandering around and wondering "When will I ever get

this homework done?" . . . Tusky Tuscano, our catcher, orating at a poor, little umpire . . . George Sokol marvelling at the way his name was misspelled on the debate program . . . "Losol" no less . . . Harry Oster having himself a little nervous breakdown before the same debate . . . Bill McCool modestly declining praise for the homer he hit in Somerville . . . Helen Roach making eyes in her History class . . . Danny Shrago absorbing some ultra violet on his roof top . . . Eddie Randall pestering the daylights out of yer uncle Falty . . . Ardemis Bedrosian agreeing with all that her pals say . . . Bernice Saxe laughing up her sleeve as she walked out of school every day at twelve fifteen for two weeks . . . Sid Gross still pushing his stomach at people . . . Charlie Mulvey teaching people how to typewrite . . . Waldo Sateriale with a scandalous whistle . . . Joe Bane looking down on John White, or should I say the belligerent John White . . . Bob Dick cleaning his glasses . . . Bill McLaughlin bragging about his prowess as a ball player . . . Bob Shaine looking half asleep . . . Bill McMinneman with a ghastly tie or whatever you can call it . . . Tom Donahue making a fool of himself in English class . . . Bertha Humez firing poetry at the Year Book . . . Marjorie Sears looking worried about something . . . Mary Feeley looking very, very tired . . . Merlynn Cook not wearing the same clothes twice . . . Marjorie Coleman staying out on some story about a sinus . . . X Hayes doing reference work for a teacher . . . Jack Moriarty carrying a debate medal around with him . . . Virginia Davis hiding out in Miss McElroy's office . . . Eva Hegeman and Mary Farrell swapping pictures, pictures of other people, though . . . Bob Perry puffing on a pipe that was used by some stone age brute . . . Joe Stokes looking for books which Harvey Thomas has carried off . . . Phil Baird not worrying about an initiation in which he is on the business end . . . Betty Groden looking as vivacious as ever . . . and I do mean as ever.

And thus closes the last issue of the Spotlite for the year nineteen thirty-nine-nineteen forty. Next year a new skipper and his crew will take over. Well, have a good time for the rest of your lives, anyhow, and if you ever get the blues, just pick up an issue of the REVIEW and thumb through it; that'll cheer you up. S'long now, and lots of luck!

WILLIAM STENZEL, *Ed.*

WIN. HOLLAND.



## THE AGE OF THE CONTEST

“JUST complete this line, ‘I like Corn Flakes because . . .’ That’s all you have to do, ladies and gentlemen, to win a thousand dollars in cash!” With the twentieth century and the radio came a new kind of advertising, an advertising that lured the public by offering enormous sums of money, a new Buick with a supply of gasoline, or even a trip to Hollywood. Clever business men think up enticing prizes which the suave radio announcers in their persuasive tones make appear extremely easy to win; however, I have never met one of these lucky winners. Always they live in Colorado or in Texas.

There is a second type of contest about which much is written in the newspapers. Is there anyone who hasn’t seen the picture of a pretty girl showing almost all her pretty teeth, and holding a silver cup with the title, “Miss America”? These beauty contests are so numerous that the novelty of the idea has faded, a pseudo-silver cup is regarded with contempt, and now the girls, no longer in a sporting spirit, but with a determination to win at any cost, enter the fray, desirous of gaining not merely a cup, but rather an attractive movie contract.

A competition of another sort is the jingle contest. Comparatively speaking, very few people have the talent to write poetry. As a result the verses attempted are generally childish and contain neither rhyme nor rhythm. The majority of contestants resort to the alphabet method that we all know so well: ill, Bill, cill, dill, gill, hill, and so on to Z. This hit-or-miss fashion is not usually inspired and seldom produces poetry that stirs the emotions.

Of all existing contests, the best are, I believe, those sponsored by radio stations: namely, the spelling bee, the sidewalk quiz, and the question bee. These are of educational value, yet they are also a source of great entertainment. Sensible, not sensational, prizes are awarded to competitors and also to those who compose the “brain teasers”. These contests test the intelligence and wit not only of the participants, but of the audience as well. The many and varied questions open vast new fields of interest. Altogether, these programs are great fun and by far the most sensible of all modern day contests.

BARBARA DOE, ’41.



## OBITUARY

ONE evening, a summer ago, I was passing through a lazy, little Virginia town, tucked away among the lush fields of Dixie. As it was dinner time and I was far from my hotel, I stopped there, at a small inn, to eat. While waiting for my meal to be brought to me, I picked up the local daily paper and in it I read the most extraordinary obituary that has ever come to my notice. So extraordinary was it, that I am going to try to repeat it here.

“Fred Hicks is dead. He died late last night in his little cabin at the edge of the town. Doctor Cummings and I were there during his last moments, and at that time, Fred gave me his will. I don’t know whether it would be regarded as strictly legal, given as it was by word of mouth, yet I doubt if anyone will contest it, for his possessions are beyond the jurisdiction of the courts. I rather think a great many folks in this town will be surprised to learn that Fred left anything at all. Only a few of us knew that he was one of the wealthiest men you could find. Maybe we realized dimly when we were children and old Fred showed us the best brooks for trout, and where the water-cress grew the greenest and where you could find white violets, but we sort of lost touch with Fred’s riches when we ‘grew up’. Maybe after reading his will, some of us will be able to appreciate all that Fred has had.

“First, to the children he left all of nature. He left them the warm, yellow sunshine and the sparkling waters of the pools and brooks. He left them the secrets of the forest and the clean air of the fields. He left them the joys of the changing seasons, the autumn nutting, the winter sledding, the spring fishing, and the summer swimming.

“And to us older people, he bequeathed the beauty of the sunsets, the freshness of the dawn, and the sweet fragrance of the summer night. He bequeathed us the loveliness of the blossoming orchards, the gold of the sunlight, the silver of the dew. And most important he left us an awareness of freedom. He left us a land of mighty rivers, high mountains, broad prairies, and precious liberty, of great tradition and splendid history.

“That was Fred’s will. Yes, he was a mighty wealthy man. And he was the one man of large possessions I ever knew whose wealth brought him happiness. May we inheritors learn to know Fred’s riches as he did and value them as much.”

PHILLIS GILMAN, ’41.





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## ON BEING CHEERFUL BEFORE BREAKFAST

FROM various books, I have learned that to be an early riser is to be king of the world. The authors of these books assumed that if they arose early enough, they could have the whole earth to themselves while other people were still deep in dreams. Before I graduated from the cradle, my mother told me that the early bird was the only one who caught a worm. As a general rule, I believed every word my mother said; this statement alone did I doubt. Who, besides the bird, would ever want a worm?

I have never ceased to wonder over that question. I think of it every morning. Why should I attempt to be cheerful? "The little bird always is," mother had said. There are so many things which annoy me early in the morning. At about five o'clock, the steam begins to hiss in the radiator near the head of my bed. At six, I am roused by the noisy clack-clack of the feet of some milkman's horse. As soon as I manage to drift off to sleep again, the dog who lives next door wakes up with a noise which faintly resembles the siren of a fire engine. As a crowning insult, my alarm clock rings at seven o'clock. Sleepily, I realize that I must get up. In the bathroom, I start to wash my face. Although the water should be hot, I feel certain that if I were to explore, I could find at least one cake of ice. As I pull on a stocking, I discover a run. I dash off in search of a needle and thread. When I turn on the radio in search of the correct time, the announcer says that things look dark in Europe. I look out the window, fearing that the sun has ceased to shine.

At last, I am presentable. I have stood in front of a mirror for five minutes, trying to make my face smile. I meet success on the fiftieth attempt. Triumphant, I carry my grin away to the breakfast table. I greet each member of my family cheerfully. I smile dreamily into my grapefruit. Then comes a catastrophe. I hear a voice saying from a great distance, "Now, you must be a good girl. I want you to eat all your cereal this morning." I resolve never to try to be cheerful again. What's the use?

MARGARET LARSON, '41.



## IT TAKES ALL KINDS

THIS book is a collection of novelettes and short-stories by Mr. Louis Bromfield, written in that author's own sophisticated, somewhat leisurely manner. As is inevitable in any collection of short stories, some of them rather lack vigor when compared to the others. One of these is *Bitter Lotus*, which I mention because it is an interesting experiment of Mr. Bromfield's. In it, the author places three of the main characters from *The Rains Came*, Lord and Lady Esketh and Tom Ransome, on an island of the Malayan group and helps them work out their destinies in a different fashion. This second solution of the tangled lives of the Eskeths and Ransome makes tolerable reading, but has none of the suspense and color of *The Rains Came*. The one bright spot in the story is the character of Mees Opp, the ugly, half-caste woman doctor, who is, in her way, as striking a figure as was the Marahani, in *The Rains Came*.

However, the good pieces of writing in *It Takes All Kinds* by far outnumber the bad ones. A stand-out among these is *Better Than Life*, which is currently appearing on Boston screens as *It All Came True*. It is the amusing tale of what happens when two elderly women proprietors of a sedate, genteel, down-at-the-heels-boarding house unwittingly harbor a criminal who decides to turn the boarding-house into a night-club. It is a gentle story, told in a gentle way, yet its characters, whom you will long remember and chuckle at, remain true to life, without Mr. Bromfield's using the grimly realistic style of many of today's writers. *Better Than Life* is but one of the gems in *It Takes All Kinds*. There are among others *Aunt Flora*, *Good Time Bessie*, and *New York Legend*. If you like your reading without too much hurry, too much suspense, and, at times, too much plot, I heartily recommend *It Takes All Kinds*.

PHYLLIS GILMAN, '41.

## LESSONS FROM A BROOK

WALKING along in the country, a few weeks ago, beside a gently flowing, gurgling brook with its incessant happy murmur, I was struck by the contrast between the tranquility of nature, and the utter chaos and pandemonium of the world of mankind.

Today, Mars smears his bloody finger over two-thirds of the globe. The forces of Germany, and those of England and France are at each other's throats. The territorial aims of Germany, in spite of the efforts of Great Britain and France to prevent them, have suc-



ceeded in wreaking complete havoc in Poland, Norway, and Denmark. No nation feels itself safe. The Baltic states are all held in the iron clutches of fear of invasion. Even a country as distant and as opposed to war as ours runs the risk of being drawn into the maelstrom of this conflict. Impelled by fright of fighting unprepared, we are beginning to increase our armaments.

Already in Europe, many of those soldiers and civilians who, short hours ago, lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow, are now rotting, bloated corpses. The word *blitzkrieg* has ceased to have just the meaning of "lightning". Today it signifies an attack, swift as and unexpected as lightning, the type of attack which every nation abroad, whether the mightiest or the weakest, dreads.

In spite of the appalling confusion and desolation prevalent today in Europe, Nature, in the form of a brook, or any other form, still goes on. I would almost suppose that the brook with its happy murmur and gurgle is laughing at mankind for its folly, since it knows that all conquests soon become hoary memories.

HARRY OSTER, '41.

### JOKES

"Are you doing anything for your cold?"

"Yes, I sneeze whenever it wants me to."

\* \* \*

"My father's a doctor. I can be sick for nothing."

"Well, mine's a preacher, so I can be good for nothing."

\* \* \*

### UP

A fellow of actions untoward

Did come to a cliff in a Foward

A pretty gas pedal

Did tempt him to meddle

And now he's up seeing the Loward.

\* \* \*

Two brothers there were of Sioux City;

Each one thought the other tioux prity.

So each took his knife

And the other one's life.

Now which of the tioux dioux yioux pity?

\* \* \*

*Father*—When I was a young man, I thought nothing of chopping wood all day.

*Paul Richards*—I don't think so much of the idea myself.

I think the CCC  
Will never plant a tree  
Lovely as a poem.  
And so it seems to me  
'Twere best the CCC  
Should pack up and go hoem.

\* \* \*

### SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE

"Who are those people doing all the cheering?" asked the recruit.

"Those," replied the veteran, "are the people who aren't going."

\* \* \*

The student gets the paper,  
The school gets the fame,  
The printer gets the money,  
The staff gets the blame.

\* \* \*

We editors may dig and toil  
Till our digits are sore,  
But some poor fish is sure to say  
"I've read that joke before."

\* \* \*

Problem ten, college board exam, advanced Algebra for 1940 will read:

"If a squirrel is in a cage a yard long with an opening at either end large enough to stick his head through, and he traverses the length of the cage in one second, but becomes excited when somebody approaches and covers the distance in one half the time on each successive run, how long will it be before he'll have his head sticking out both ends at the same time?"

\* \* \*

### EMPTY

The coca-cola bottles stand

Like restive ghosts within my den;

They leer in silence at the hand

That holds them in this weary land

And spurns the lowly refund yen.

They might have graced a grocery store

Again, or known the picnic blanket,

But now, in sulky groups of four,

They muse that what they held before

Might still be theirs (except I drank it).

\* \* \*

### THE END-ALL

Roses are red

Violets are blue

And other flowers

Are other colors.

\* \* \*



*Teacher* (warning pupils against colds): "I had a little brother seven years old, and one day he took his new sled out in the snow. He caught pneumonia, and three days later he died."

Silence for ten seconds.

*A voice from the rear*: "Where's the sled?"

\* \* \*

"Waiter, bring us two orders of Spumoni Vericelli, please."

"Sorry, Bud, that's the boss."

### DRAMATIC CLUB

As a grand finale to this year's activities the Dramatic Club went in a body to Tufts College and witnessed the presentation of J. B. Priestley's latest play, "Johnson over Jordan," which may be called a modern morality play. It deals with the after-life of any middle-aged man, Robert Johnson, revealing in three acts, the basest and then the highest in him. This is the first time that the English author's newest work has been presented in this country.

Now the curtain is closing; another performance is over; another year is done. We members of the Dramatic Club who are seniors bid a reluctant farewell to Cambridge High and Latin School and to the Dramatic Club. We leave, however, with the knowledge that with the new auditorium, now complete, the Dramatic Club will rise to hitherto unreachd heights.

As the last words of this year's Dramatic Club it is only fitting that we extend our hearty thanks for the tireless work and undying friendship of our Coach and faculty advisor, Miss Lillian Hartigan who truly is a genius in her chosen field, and also to her two most able assistants, Miss Margaret Breau, and Miss Mary O'Keefe.

JOSEPH CONNELLY, '40.

### K. B. NOTES

K. B. girls enjoyed their second annual progressive supper April 13. The supper consisted of four courses, which were served at the homes of Marjorie Sears, Betty Harrington, Rose O'Rourke, and Miriam Harney. The brisk walk to the different houses between courses sharpened everyone's appetite for the delicious food.

On Saturday, June 1, the K. B. barn dance is to take place. The committee in charge

of arrangements includes Jean Davidson, June Dansereau, Miriam Harney, Dorothea Doyle, and Mary Feely. News of this dance has met with such enthusiastic approval that it is sure to be a grand success.

Plans for attending one of the Pops Concerts at Symphony Hall were considered at an informal meeting at Barbara Jones' home. After the business meeting refreshments were served and dancing followed.

The girls are now making active preparation for their annual beach party. At this time the election of the K. B. officers for next year will be held and a place and date for their installation will be decided upon.

With these plans, the K. B. activities near the finish line in the home stretch of another successful year.

ROSE O'ROURKE, '40.

### G. A. A. JUNE REPORT

THE G. A. A. as usual, in order to close its activities in a gala manner, is holding its annual picnic at Kendal Green. This, if at no other time in the year, is a time when the girls can do pretty much as they please.

A full and exciting program will be provided by Miss Brown and the officers. Races and competitions are popular with those who feel energetic, and those who feel rather lazy will find plenty to amuse them around the house.

The "Scavenger Hunt" is one of the main events of the day. Notes and signs send us through swamps, across fields, and over fences, and a few of us even go wading in an attempt to complete our lists.

You have never seen a play until you have seen one enacted by the G. A. A. officers. The officers' play is one of the feature events—take notice, Hollywood Scouts!!

The G. A. A. installation of officers is individual in its impressiveness. This year Barbara Emmons will succeed Genevieve Herlihy as president. Marjorie Coleman will pass the bank book on to Evelyn Hoyte, and Thelma McMellon will receive the Secretary's charts from Mary Feeley.

Congratulations, and best of luck to the new officers!

I think this would be a very opportune time to express the G. A. A.'s appreciation for the grand cooperation shown by the three main officers, as they made this year a most successful social as well as athletic year.

The executive officers have not as yet been elected so they will have to wait until next fall to reap their laurels.

Lena Smerlas is one of last year's executive officers. She is graduating this June, and we

want to wish her the best of luck.

Most of the plans for tennis competitions are yet to be made. Our team, which consists of three girls who play singles, and six girls who play doubles, will however compete with Somerville High on May 20.

Our regrets to Madeleine Cajolet for not giving her credit for winning the singles tennis match last year.

The informal dance was a huge success. Quite a variety of dance steps were in evidence. They began at the Virginia Reel and didn't stop until they were swinging to the latest steps in jitterbug.

Waltzes, as you might well imagine were very popular. "Tales from Vienna Woods" was played three times, upon request.

Mary Sullivan was in charge of the decorations, but Patricia Dias and Thelma McMellon deserve an equal amount of credit for their clever ideas and artistic work. Those programs that everyone was signing were made by the officers.

Delicious refreshments were served, and from the expression on some of the faces the time was very appropriate.

For the past two years, Mrs. Coleman, Marjorie's mother, has been most generous with both her time and her suggestions. Miss Brown and the officers want to take this opportunity to thank her for helping to make the informal a success.

Both Anne Sullivan, one of last year's officers and Sue White helped to lighten the worries of the officers the night of the dance. (Didn't they look depressed?)

Bicycle enthusiasts had a picnic at Kendal Green May 11. Steak and hot dogs were cooked over an open fire. After spending a pleasant day the girls and their bicycles were piled onto a truck and driven home to Cambridge.

Baseball is well underway. The varsity has been chosen. It consists of: Geraldine Riley who is both Captain and Pitcher.

Margaret Ford .....Catcher  
Mary Mallet .....First Baseman  
Rose Macaro and Jannette Jan

.....Second Basemen  
Catherine Mahoney .....Third Baseman  
Olga Zacharcuck and Mary White

.....Shortstops  
Vivien Marcotte and Virginia Herlihy

.....Rightfield  
Sylvia Piltech .....Centerfield  
Dorothy Boltelha .....Leftfield  
Ruth Survilas is the manager.

A game was played between the Sophomores and a combined team of Juniors and Seniors. The Sophomores won.

Varsity will play Somerville May 21 and Arlington May 24. Both of these games will be played here. Plans for a game with Winchester have not been completed.

It has been a pleasure to write these reports. I hope you have enjoyed reading them as much as I have enjoyed writing them.

MIRIAM HARNEY, '40.

## Exchanges

THE SAYRENADE  
Sayre High School  
Sayre, Pa.

In the magazine with the clever cover in black and white we were pleased to find several excellent short stories, essays, and mirabile dictue, poems! Hearty felicitations, *Sayrenade*, on being one of the best magazines we know.

THE WRIGHT CHRONICLE  
Sophie B. Wright High School  
New Orleans, La.

Hurrah for a magazine with really fine short stories! Your story of crime and retribution, "The Vision in the Garden", gave us chills; non solum essays and poems sed etiam original jokes, from which we quote:

Owen Moore left town one day  
Owin more than he could pay;  
Owen Moore came back one day,  
Owin more.

Also . . .

Silas Clam  
Lies on the floor  
He tride to slam  
A swinging door.

THE QUARTERLY  
Stanford, Connecticut

Well, *Quarterly*, we hand you the prize for the best collection of essays. Our silly spring hat is off to you for them, as well as for your fine articles and poems—although we wish there were more of the last. On the whole, we are very much pleased to meet you.

THE ITEM  
Dorchester High  
Dorchester, Mass.

Can we believe our eyes? *Poems!* Several hearty cheers for you with three whole pages of poetry. . . . And we rise to remark that yours are always some of the finest we know. "Thar," said the deacon. 'Naow she'll dew!"

EOS SPIROPOULOS,  
BERTHA HUMEZ.



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### UNIVERSITY THEATRE

Harvard Square Cambridge

Sun - Mon - Tues - June 2, 3, 4

Deanna Durbin

"IT'S A DATE"

"House of Seven Gables"

Wednesday, Review Day - June 5

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"CIMARRON"

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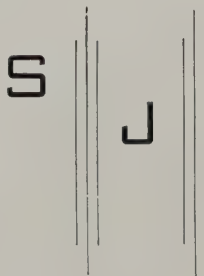
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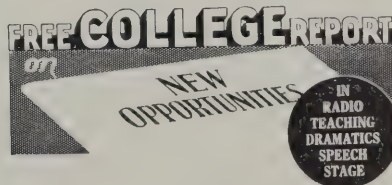
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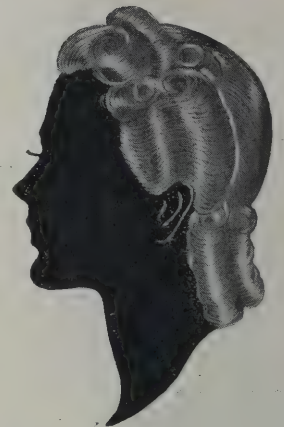
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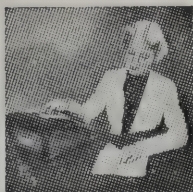
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